WEEK ENDING MARCH 12, 1927

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

"Phoney Stuff"

In this Issue

THE ROMANCE *of a* BULB SQUEEZER *by* P.G. WODEHOUSE

Also REUNION a Story of WAR BIRDS *by* ELLIOT[illegible]TE SPRINGS

Barber, barber, shave a pig—
Health first class and appetite big!
Barber, don't fill his mouth with lather—
Give him a stick of Double Mint, rather!

MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE.

For REAL PEPPERMINT Flavor

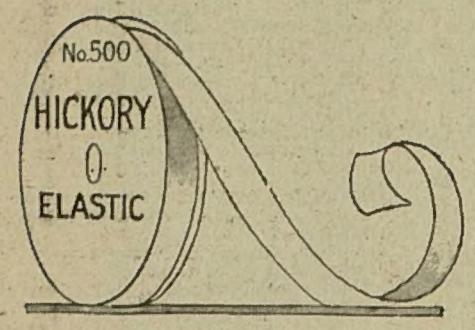
Get Wrigley's Double Mint. See how GOOD good peppermint gum can be!

You'll not forget that long-lasting, joy-full, cool, delicious flavor.

It's good to chew and good for you.

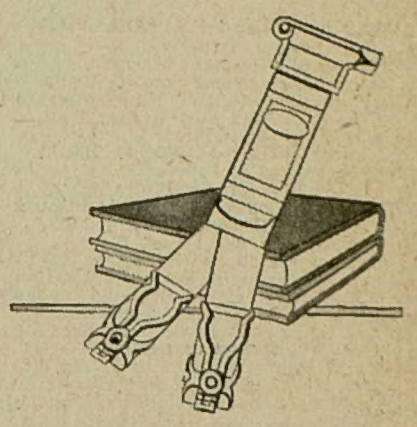
H23 ···*After every meal*···

Let HICKORY PRODUCTS *help you*



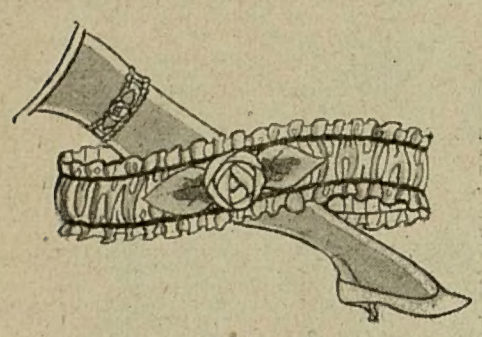
Hickory Elastic by the Yard

"Is strongest, lasts longest". The same firm, snappy elastic used in Children's Hickory Garters. Keeps its "stretch", often outlasting the garment into which it is sewn. Buy a 12 yard reel and have it always handy in your sewing basket. Black and white, in all widths, by the yard.



Hickory Children's Garters

The firm friends of every Mother are these strong, stretchy, live rubber Hickory Garters, made of genuine Hickory Elastic. They hold the stockings trim and secure. The patented cushion clasp prevents tearing. As low as 25c a pair.

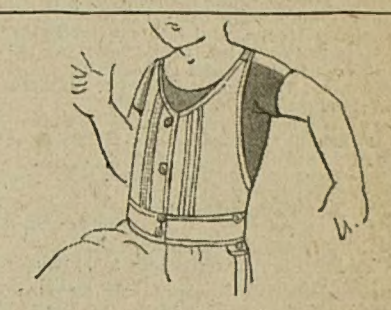


Hickory Ribbon Garters

Garters are no secret, these days of short, trim skirts. That's a very good reason for buying the prettiest, daintiest kind, and having half a dozen pair to go with your various outfits. Lovely color combinations in Hickory Ribbon Garters, 25c to $2.50 a pair.

Getting dressed, Baby needs a pair of cool, ventilated Hickory Baby Pants, made of extra grade rubber that never cracks nor gums! In wanted sizes and colors, 25c up. Also a pair of Baby Garters, 10c and up.

Every baby should have a nice, clean, comfortable little bed. Hickory Rubber Crib Sheets are such a help to Mother and such a comfort to the child! They're thoroughly moisture and acid proof and wash and wear better. Size, 27x36, 75c up.



Hickory Under Waists

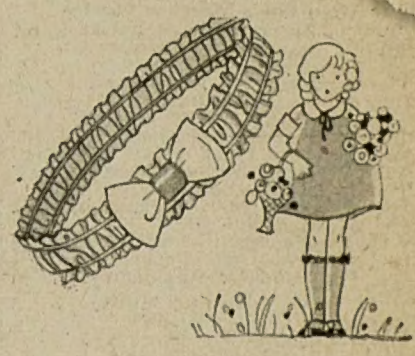
Wear well and wash wonderfully; made in all popular styles. The unbreakable bone buttons are taped on. Quick to get into—helping children to dress themselves with ease. And they're comfortable! At 50c and up.

Hickory Tea Aprons

You'd never think that *rubber* could be used in so many, flowery, frilly, yet practical, ways! Hickory rubber Tea Aprons, in the happiest colors, are ornamented with deftly made flowers—every kind from roses to lilacs. This rubber washes and wears well, too. $1.00. Hickory Rubber Household and Tea Aprons, 50c up.

Things of Big Importance

are these Hickory Products. Their cost is negligible . . . but how useful they are! . . . what helpful, even indispensable, service they perform! Have you looked over the notions in a good store recently, just to see the new things of this kind? You'll probably find some Hickory item that fills a long-neglected need . . . something that you didn't even know was included in the Hickory line. Most good stores carry Hickory Products. If you do not find them, write, mentioning your dealer's name. Address, Mrs. Ruth Stone, 1181 West Congress Street, Chicago.



Hickory Sock Garters

They're increasingly popular. In many color combinations that delight the youngsters. Frilly styles for girls, tailored styles for Brother. Priced at 10c a pair and up.

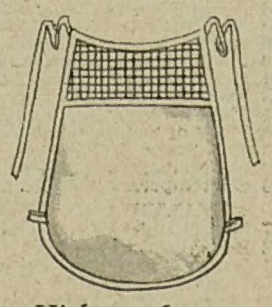
A. STEIN & COMPANY

CHICAGO NEW YORK LOS ANGELES TORONTO

HICKORY PERSONAL NECESSITIES

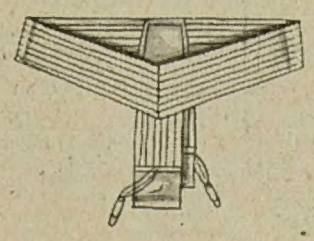
Hickory Corset So-On Garters

A Corset is no better than its supporters, and these Hickory So-Ons are the best you can buy. Made of high quality, durable elastic with tab tops, in white or flesh, for replacement on corset or girdle. 25c and up.



Hickory Aprons

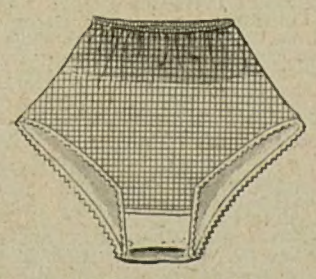
An extra light, cool, rubber apron with deep mesh top. Designed for wear under all frocks on all occasions, to protect your skirts from creasing and mussing. In flesh or white, as low as 50c.



Hickory All-Elastic Belt

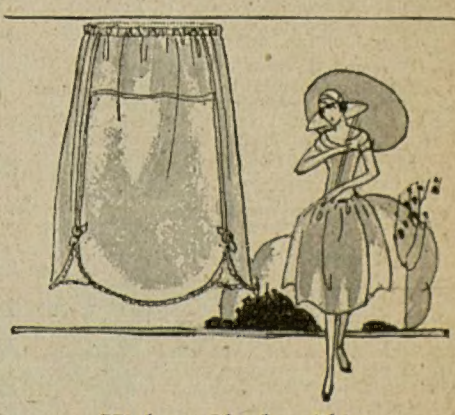
"The Belt That Never Binds"

Made of soft, conforming elastic and mesh, with firm pinning tab. Strong safety pins taped on. Flesh or white; medium, large or extra large. As low as 25c.



Hickory Step-In

A neat, tailored-line protector with a minimum of mesh—no bulk whatever. Extra wide opening at sides . . . cool . . . convenient. In flesh or white, medium or large. This model $1.00. Others as low as 50c.



Hickory Shadow Skirt

A light little step-in petti-skirt of cool lingerie material with lower back panel of fine grade rubber. Shadow-proofs and wrinkle-proofs all fabrics. Especially helpful under sheer summer frocks. Flesh or white, as low as $1.

5c NEW POLICY! AS FEW OR AS MANY EACH

This Is a Complete List of 1,150 Little Blue Books, Newly Classified—New Sales Policy to Attract New Readers!

ADVENTURE and EXPLORATION
23 Great Stories of the Sea
483 Battles of a Seaman. Marryat
301 Sailor Chanties and Cowboy Songs
1157 The Sea Beast (Moby Dick). Melville
516 A Book of Real Adventures
558 A Book of Great Pirates
642 New Atlantis: Lost Island. Bacon
943 Masterpieces of Mystery
944 Masterpieces of Adventure
559 Robinson Crusoe: Marooned on Island
945 Fascinating Tales of Oriental Life
946 Thrilling Tales of Desert Places
602 Great Pyramid and Sphinx of Egypt
580 The Romance of Polar Exploration
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469 Egypt of Yesterday; Excavation
343 The Diary of Columbus in 1492
150 Facts About Lost Civilizations
1124 On the Bum: Sketches of Tramp Life
482 Five Weeks in a Lost Balloon. Verne
485 Thrilling Voyage to the Moon. Verne

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57 Rip Van Winkle. Irving
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646 A Daughter of Eve. Harris
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968 The Upturned Face. Crane
967 The Pace of Youth. Crane
1037 Get Ready the Wreaths. Hurst
1038 T. B. Fannie Hurst
1039 "Ice Water. Pl——!" Hurst
1062 Humoresque. Fannie Hurst
1083 Dying Like a Gentleman. Howe

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1055 Horseman in the Sky and Other Tales
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1100 The Civil War and Its Horrors

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March 12, 1927

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Vol. 3 No. 45

Printed and entered as second class mail at Chicago, Illinois. Western Office: Tribune Square, Chicago. Superior 0100

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices: 247 Park Avenue, New York City. Telephone: Ashland 4160

Please address all communications to 247 Park Avenue, New York City

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

RENUMBERING THE COMMANDMENTS—*An Editorial*

Recently the 835 girls of Simmons College, in Boston, were asked to study the Ten Commandments and then rearrange them in the order of their importance according to their individual views. The result was somewhat startling. The arrangement by the girls was:

1. Honor thy father and thy mother.
2. Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.
3. Thou shalt not kill.
4. Thou shalt not commit adultery.
5. Thou shalt not steal.
6. Thou shalt not bear false witness.
7. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.
8. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image.
9. Thou shalt not covet.
10. Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.

The most significant thing in the poll is that, by a greater proportion than in any other, the girls placed the command to "honor thy father and thy mother" first.

In an age when the younger generation is charged with many delinquencies, and when the parents are blamed for a large portion of the shortcomings of the children, it is hopeful to find that, after all, the children rate us high—perhaps higher than we deserve.

The fact that a great majority of the Simmons girls, who are girls from many sections of the country and many sections of society, think that honoring father and mother is the most important commandment, indicates that ancestor worship still exists as an instinct, and that, in spite of their freedom, their seeming lack of reverence or respect, the children do love us and appreciate what is done for them.

Many parents, misled by the habit of children of calling them by their given names and of flouting their opinions, and by their absolute ignoring of parental property rights, incline to despair over them and wonder what we are coming to. Instead of indicating that the boys and girls are bound for the demnition bowwows, is it not probable that the fact they call father Jimmy and mother Edie, and appropriate everything we own from shaving soap to evening gowns, shows that they love us and admit us to their select sacred circle?

The up-to-the-minute youngster works very, very hard at bringing up his parents—and likes them because he feels so responsible for them. A case in point is a seven-year-old friend of mine whose mother noticed him staring at her. To her "What's the matter, Dick?" she received a grave answer: "You'll do all right as a mother, but you've *got* to get more intelligent."

A neighbor has a little granddaughter, aged four, of whom he is very proud. She came to visit him recently, and her greeting was: "Harry, blow me to a malted milk, will you?"

We old gaffers may be shocked, and reflect on what would have happened had we dared address our grandfathers in that fashion. But the chances are that Harry's granddaughter will love him and admire him, instead of fearing and partially respecting him, as we did ours. The evidence is that, until they fly from the home nest at least, our children love us more than children used to love parents, even if they fear us less.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Are Baseball Games Framed?

TY COBB, Tris Speaker, and Joe Wood have been the storm center of a whirlwind of discussion, despite Judge Landis' exoneration. In an effort to let the public itself be the judge, Hugh Fullerton, well known sports writer, whose revelations of crookedness in the World's Series of 1919 caused a nation-wide sensation, comes forward to tell what he knows about these men and about present-day baseball. When you've finished his absorbing series, you'll be able to decide for yourself whether or not games are "thrown."

You'll be sorry for the young chap in Royal Brown's latest story, The Sixth Hat. He really messes his life up pretty thoroughly, and how he eventually finds himself, with the help of a girl, makes as exhilarating a tale as you've read in years.

Sax Rohmer makes us sharers, once more, of the thrills and romance of that picturesque and gallant couple, *The O'Shea* and *Nanette*. In The Grass Orphan he writes a story of love and duty that got tangled when one man tried to play both games. Don't miss this glowing tale.

Smuggling is the title of an article revealing the tricks and adventures in the gamble for millions at the nation's gates. It tells just what chance Mr. Average Traveler has in a game of hide and seek with Uncle Sam. Jo Pennington wrote it.

March 12, 1927 LIBERTY Vol. 3, No. 45

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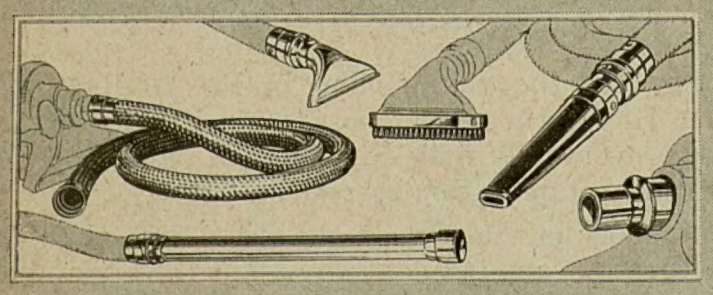

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

College Morals

GIRLS "drink only to keep pace with the men," they say.

Revelations of a Coast-to-Coast Survey of Our Boy and Girl Undergraduates

An Article by

Catharine Brody

Pictures by EDWARD RYAN

WHETHER our colleges are or are not given over to a low-lived group of youngsters who specialize in petting, drinking, and parties so unrestrained as to get on the front pages of the newspapers, has caused hot discussion for almost ten years. It is a classic topic, like prohibition and the morals of youth in general.

A young divinity student named Wilfred Cross brought the talk to high tide again a short time ago. He wrote an article for a church paper. He said that, unquestionably, immorality was increasing in the universities. He described incidents on a trainload of sleeping coaches bound to an interuniversity football game. He told of drinking among the co-eds, who "with their pretty clothes and charming chatter might, with little difficulty, persuade even a St. Anthony to renounce his desert." He mentioned the "petting sessions."

This story brought an avalanche of comment. Here was no shameless newspaper man or fiction writer wallowing in the mud of the campuses for filthy lucre. Here was no "older person" indulging in sensual gossip. And here was no outsider, retailing what he could have had little or no opportunity of observing for himself.

Between seven and eight hundred thousand men and girls go to college. A good proportion go to universities supported by hundreds of thousands of taxpayers. If college life is what it is said to be, several million people whose money is invested in the colleges and whose children are attending them have a right to know.

LIBERTY chose 163 colleges for its survey of student morals.

By questionnaire and by personal interview we have gathered a vast amount of information about 116 of these colleges. Every kind of university is represented. Every State is included, except Arkansas, Montana, and New Mexico; and twenty-four of the largest cities and seventy-four small cities and towns.

We have consulted deans, student editors, fraternity and sorority presidents, ministers, police officials, the owners of amusement places, and societies that work among the students.

The most important questions asked of deans were:

1. How many students were expelled during the last year (1925-26) for misconduct?
2. What were the offenses?
3. Have you noticed an increase in misbehavior at college social affairs in the past three years?
4. Have any special steps been taken to enforce the prohibition law on the campus?
5. Does more trouble arise from drinking now than before prohibition?
6. Much gossip of the supposed lax conduct of college students has no doubt reached your ears. Do you believe it to be founded on facts?
7. Have any cases of actual immorality among students been called to your attention during the past three years?
8. Has the college made any attempt to regu-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[COLLEGE MORALS
Continued from Page Nine]

late those social activities of its students which might lead to misbehavior, such as late automobile rides, unchaperoned parties, etc.?

9. Do you agree that the attitude of the student body toward the social conventions has changed?

10. If so, in what way or ways does this change most strikingly exemplify itself?

Questions 6, 9, and 10, through which we tried to find out whether the gossip about lax conduct was based on facts—whether the attitude of the student body toward the social conventions had changed and in what ways—were also asked of the student editors and fraternity and sorority presidents. We added:

1. What proportion of the students violate the prohibition law?

2. Have social affairs at the college during the past two years been wet or dry?

3. Is liquor easy to get on or near the campus?

4. What proportion of the girls of your acquaintance will engage in petting parties?

5. What proportion of the girls of your acquaintance will drink intoxicants?

6. Of the latter number, what proportion buy intoxicants?

7. Do you think girls who drink intoxicants are more likely to permit advances from men than those who don't?

8. Do you regard petting parties as injurious to the morals of either men or women, or both?

9. If so, do you know of any influence that is effective in discouraging this?

10. Among girls who sanction masculine familiarities, what proportion do you believe guilty of more serious moral infractions?

11. Is smoking general among women students of your acquaintance?

12. Has the faculty attempted, within the past two years, to lay down any dictums of conduct which the faculty later was obliged to withdraw because of opposition from the student body?

13. What are the questions of morals or conduct that cause the most discussion on your campus?

14. Is misconduct more prevalent among members of fraternities and sororities, or among nonmembers?

Smoking among the girls is another question that may confront the deans soon, if it hasn't already.

From the answers, it becomes certain that there is some truth in articles such as that of Mr. Cross, and in the books published about the colleges. The deans are not disposed to say that the gossip is *not* based on facts. The students are pretty sure that it is.

This is what our survey shows:

Let us take the Eastern group of colleges first. Here, drinking, in the past year, has called for more disciplinary action than any other violation of rules.

Only 22 per cent of the deans in the Eastern co-educational colleges say that no cases of immorality among students have come to their official notice in the past three years.

In the East they have more trouble with stealing than with immorality. Gambling, and that acute concern of not so long ago, hazing, are unimportant in undergraduate life.

Less than half of the girls pet.

Women students smoke and drink very generally.

The new rules in the East have mostly to do with student ownership of cars.

Official college parties here get drier all the time. The boys make certain sad comparisons: "Pretty dry, especially in comparison with four years ago"; "Two years ago damp; last junior prom only moist"; "Wetter 'n hell last year! Dry as a desert now!"

THE students are rather languid in discussing the chief questions of morals and conduct that figure on every campus—sex and liquor. What concerns the Eastern students most is the subject of women smoking.

We travel west, through Ohio, which seems to be singularly averse to liquor.

Drinking in the Middle Western colleges is general, but it gives the deans less trouble than cheating and the breaking of academic college rules.

Only 14 per cent of the deans note that they have not had to deal with immorality. Among the reasons mentioned by the deans for the disciplinary measures they had to take during the past year, immorality figures as prominently as drinking.

The Middle West has not had much trouble with stealing. There is almost no gambling, and little hazing.

The majority of the girls pet.

Smoking among the girls appears to be gathering momentum. Drinking is not so very general, except in metropolitan districts.

The Middle West has made attempts to restrict the student ownership of cars. A few colleges have campus policemen and detectives to enforce prohibition.

Official parties here tend to be dry.

The Mid-West students are not averse to talking about morals and conduct. Drinking seems to concern them most; then sex. Denominational colleges mention dancing, and one in Ohio adds gambling.

From Kansas we go on to the Far West colleges.

Drinking is fairly widespread here. It causes a great deal more disciplinary action than cheating.

The Far West has much trouble with stealing.

On the other hand, one-third of these colleges report that they have had no occasion to deal with immorality.

Hazing assumes an important place, but there is little or no gambling.

Less than half of the girls pet.

Many girls smoke. Not many, however, will drink.

The Far West tries very hard to control student behavior, particularly as regards prohibition.

Official parties are likely to be dry.

The Far West students talk about drinking more than anything else, and are a bit worked up about smoking for women.

In the Southern colleges, drinking is very general indeed. It makes more trouble than anything else.

Cheating and stealing come second and third in the reasons for discipline.

For the first time, gambling appears to be a popular sport. Hazing also thrives.

Most of the Southern girls pet.

Very few girl students smoke, except in sophisticated cities like New Orleans, Baltimore, and Washington, D. C. Few drink, except in the same cities.

The surveillance of student activities is not so very rigid, and official parties are not so apt to be dry.

The South talks impartially about liquor and sex. But the Southern colleges are the only colleges that, to any noticeable extent, discuss cheating. Gambling and dancing figure in the talk, too.

Certain things stand out in this analysis: The Middle West seems to lead in immorality. The South excels in drinking, with the East a close second. The Far West concentrates on stealing. The East takes first place as to drinking and smoking among the women.

Perhaps the greatest number of students in all sections are disciplined for cheating and breaking academic rules; the next greatest number for drinking.

The geographical groups into which we have divided the colleges include schools for men only and for women only, as well as the co-educational universities. Now, a great many people believe that students in the former colleges breathe a purer air than in the schools where guileful co-eds practice up on "how to persuade even a St. Anthony to renounce his desert." Is this true?

Our data show that in the men's colleges immorality is more apparent than in any of the co-educational institutions, except those in the Middle West. Only 18 per cent of the men's colleges (excluding day schools) reported no such cases. The great majority of the men's colleges are in the East; and drinking, cheating, and stealing figure among the reasons for expulsions and other discipline to the same extent, and in the same order, as they do in the Eastern co-ed schools.

OUR records for the women's colleges are more incomplete than those for the other schools. We could get no official information from such schools as Bryn Mawr, Smith, Vassar, Wellesley. Among those that did respond there seems to be less immorality than in any of the other groups of colleges. Forty per cent of the deans of these colleges had no such cases.

But by far the greatest number of the girls expelled from the women's colleges had broken rules designed to protect their morals, such as signing up in the dormitories as bound for one place and going to another; staying out all night without adequate explanation; disregarding rules about unchaperoned automobile rides at night; or being "generally undesirable," which covers a multitude of sins. It looks as if these schools have their troubles, too.

One illuminating fact appears: Among the twenty girls expelled from these institutions, not a single case of drinking is reported. The deans of the co-educational colleges mentioned here and there a girl disciplined for drinking.

The girls don't seem to drink except when there are men about. Students notice this, too, and offer voluntary reasons. Girls only "drink to keep pace with the men," they say. They drink mostly "because they think it gets over big with speedy males." And the men students are just a bit contemptuous about the prowess of the girls in this respect, anyway. "They talk in gallons," one student editor sneers, "and faint at the smell."

When it comes to the men, liquor is still a great problem in the colleges. It is true that, except in a few localities, the deans say that prohibition has not increased the trouble caused by drinking, and the complaints of these places are more than balanced by the larger number of colleges in which prohibition has lessened trouble.

But intoxication still heads the offenses against morals by which college students come into contact with the police. The colleges still

battle for enforcement. They are much more strict with liquor offenders.

As a consequence, perhaps, the students try to be more careful. All the new rules recorded by the fraternity presidents who answered our questionnaire have to do with liquor—and with the homecomings of alumni, when much liquor is consumed.

Voluntarily, by their own report, with an occasional reminder from the faculty (as some admit), they have made an effort to keep liquor out of their houses and away from their parties. Even the organized girl students, the sorority sisters, have tried sporadically to keep men who drink (at least so it shows) away from dances. That is, they have resolved to do so.

One young man sums up what may be the underlying student opinion: "Parties are wet when possible; dry through necessity." Necessity prevails, and all the rules and resolutions succeed—sometimes—mostly at official parties. The fraternity and club dances and affairs held off the campus vary. It looks as if the majority have at least a moist quality, and some are even pretty wet.

Next to liquor, it is the automobile that worries the college authorities. There is a mass of rules everywhere having to do with automobiles—automobiles and girls: no unchaperoned auto rides; no automobile dates after seven-thirty; no automobile dates at all.

WEST

The dean of a large Southern school for women—a State school, which has 1,400 students from "every stratum of society"—gives this eloquent outline of the situation:

"The offenses against college discipline in the great majority of cases here consist of clandestine meetings with the boys about town, who pick up the girls in automobiles and take them to ride."

In New Haven, automobile accidents in which students, roadhouse drinking, and questionable women companions figure, have become a feature of current undergraduate life.

The students themselves take what Daisy Ashford would call a "sneerish" attitude toward these rules—when it isn't downright rebellious. In some cases their clamor has caused a repeal of the dictum against ownership of cars. And where the deans remark on the automobile rules at all, they are apt to say, with a sigh, that they are certainly hard to enforce.

Smoking among the girls is another question that may confront the deans soon, if it hasn't already. Except in small Southern towns, the students write that most of the girls they know smoke, or that it is "getting more general." Curiously, the girls, though they drink mostly when there are men about, appear to smoke more among themselves. In the schools for girls only, smoking is much more of a problem than in the schools for both sexes. A majority of the former still forbid it entirely, but the majority grows smaller every year.

On the other hand, in the co-ed colleges (except in large cities) the public sentiment of the women students seems to be against smoking. Or else the deans declare that there are so few offenders as to make a definite ruling against it unnecessary.

NORTH

Perhaps this Southern student has stumbled on the reason why. He writes that a questionnaire at his university disclosed the fact that "male students much preferred the girls who didn't smoke." Moreover, he volunteers that "male students will attempt more familiarity with the girl who smokes." But still—and yet—he writes that smoking among the girls of his acquaintance (the college is in a large Southern city) is general!

Three of our questions were designed to find out whether the students of today behave better than the young men and women who went to college, say, twenty years ago, and are now the anxious fathers and mothers and the critical alumni of today.

The testimony of the deans and of people who have traveled about the campuses for several decades is almost unanimous: There is no longer that revelry in the colleges which caused such commotion and such an outpouring of literature a few years back. The boys and girls are more staid than they were seven years ago. Compared with the students of twenty years back there has been this distinct change in attitude: Whatever students are now, they are no longer hypocrites.

THE words "frankness," "freedom," "independence," "self-reliance," are sprinkled through the answers of the deans. "The students are as frank and free as a former generation was secretive." That is how one dean puts it. It is the gist of the opinions. And, by an overwhelming majority, the deans approve and are grateful.

As for the students themselves, they attack the question about their change toward the social conventions with vigor and with scorn. To be sure, some girls drink and many smoke. Men and girls consider topics fit for general conversation that their elders coyly walk around. In the South the girls even "talk about underclothes in front of men," as one dean notes. But the deans are not at all sure that they have a different feeling about the accepted standards, fundamentally. In the Far West and in the South, in fact, they are pretty sure students are really just as conventional as they always were.

SOUTH

And have they changed so much, even on the surface, from those students of long ago? Well, the deans don't know about that either.

Smoking? They've talked with alumni, they write, and have heard that even in the Middle West, eighteen years ago, daring college girls would sneak a cigarette.

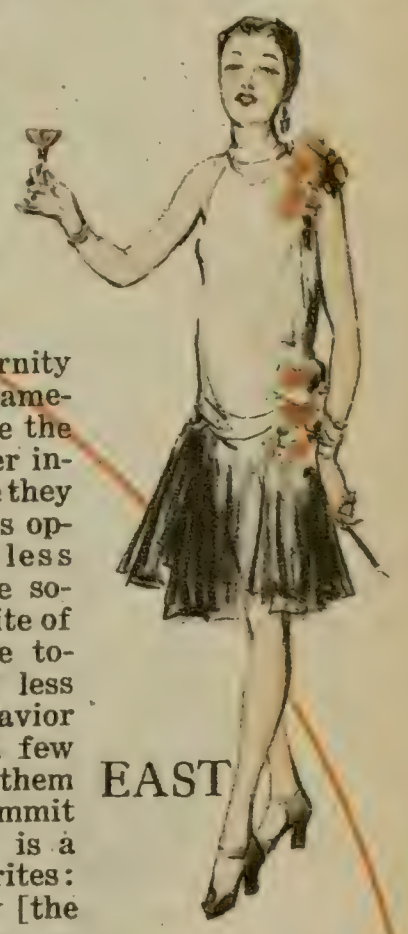
Drinking and immorality? "The faculty remembers when there were nineteen saloons and thirty-two houses of ill fame in town," remarks a Virginian. "The present generation secretly depresses them."

"My eldest sister went to a college in a small town," a recent alumna, who works with a student organization, says; "and from what she tells me, there were certainly girls there whose marriages were rather hurried."

"No change," declares an Eastern cynic. "We've always wanted to be immoral—secretly, behind closed doors."

Petting? "You can't kid me," another skeptic asserts with a bang, "that the older generation didn't go in for spooning just as much as we go in for necking. The difference is that we are more open."

In their answers the students certainly did their best to live up to the openness with which they are credited. A question they seemed to find very hard was the last: whether fraternity men and sorority girls behave worse than the "barbs"—the unorganized students. Many belonged to these societies themselves, but they tried to be fair about it.



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Altogether they thought the fraternity men were more blameworthy, not because the "barbs" have purer instincts, but because they are apt to have less opportunity and less money. About the sorority girls (in spite of this freer attitude toward women, and less gentlemanly behavior remarked on by a few students) most of them gallantly won't commit themselves. Here is a young man who writes:

"As a rule, they [the sorority sisters] are as pure as driven snow, and no man would be tempted to drive them too far."

Some admit an opinion, but they are very divided. A few think the sorority girls may be worse; a few think they're all the same; and a couple of young men declare that the fraternity men and the non-sorority girls are the most culpable.

One of the latter concludes on this thoughtful note: "It is surprising that the fraternity man demands more of most non-sorority women than of sorority women. There are many exceptions to this."

OUR own comparison between those colleges where either fraternities or sororities, or both, are banned, and the colleges where they exist, throws the final gleam of light on the subject: The colleges that have no societies don't seem to be a bit more sedate than the schools that have them.

Several conclusions might be drawn from this. The popular idea is that the fraternities and sororities represent the wealth and aristocracy of college life. Assuming this to be a fact, the question arises: Is the gilded youth any wilder than his poorer brother? And does wealth and social position inspire infractious conduct at school? If we are to rely upon what the schools themselves maintain, they do not.

This is the first of three articles on a survey of morality—or lack of morality—as found in American colleges. Part Two, in which the opinions of the presidents and deans of colleges, and the police chiefs of various college towns and cities, are quoted, will appear in next week's issue.

The Romance of a Bulb-Squeezer

Being the Inside Story of the Last Click in Clarence Mulliner's Camera

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

Pictures by WALLACE MORGAN

SOMEBODY had left a copy of an illustrated weekly paper in the bar parlor of the Anglers' Rest, and, glancing through it, I came upon the ninth full-page photograph of a celebrated musical-comedy actress that I had seen since the preceding Wednesday. This one showed her looking archly over her shoulder with a rose between her teeth, and I flung the periodical from me with a stifled cry.

"Tut, tut!" said Mr. Mulliner reprovingly. "You must not allow these things to affect you so deeply. Remember, it is not actresses' photographs that matter, but the courage which we bring to them."

He sipped his hot Scotch.

"I wonder if you have ever reflected," he said gravely, "what life must be like for the men whose trade it is to make pictures. Statistics show that the two classes of the community which least often marry are milkmen and fashionable photographers—milkmen because they see women too early in the morning, and fashionable photographers because their days are spent in an atmosphere of feminine loveliness so monotonous that they become surfeited and morose. I know of none of the world's workers whom I pity more sincerely than the fashionable photographer; and yet it is the ambition of every youngster who enters the profession some day to become one.

"At the outset of his career, you see, a young photographer is sorely oppressed by human gargoyles, and gradually this begins to prey upon his nerves.

"'Why is it,' I remember my cousin Clarence asking, after he had been about a year in the business, 'that all these misfits want to be photographed? Why do men with faces which you would think they would be anxious to hush up wish to be strewn about the country on whatnots and in albums? I started out full of ardor and enthusiasm and my eager soul is being crushed. This morning the Mayor of Tooting East came to make an appointment. He is coming tomorrow afternoon to be taken in his cocked hat and robes of office, and there is absolutely no excuse for a man with a face like that perpetuating his features. I wish to goodness I was one of those fellows who only take camera portraits of beautiful women.'

"His dream was to come true sooner than he had imagined. Within a week the great test case of Biggs vs. Mulliner had raised my cousin Clarence from an obscure studio in West Kensington to the position of London's most famous photographer.

"You possibly remember the case? The events that led up to it were, briefly, as follows:

JNO. HORATIO BIGGS, O. B. E., the newly elected Mayor of Tooting East, alighted from a cab at the door of Clarence Mulliner's studio at four-ten on the afternoon of June the seventeenth. At four-eleven he went in. And at four-sixteen and a half he was observed shooting out of a first-floor window, vigorously assisted by my cousin, who was prodding him in the seat of the trousers with the sharp end of a photographic tripod. Those who were in a position to see stated that Clarence's face was distorted by a fury scarcely human.

A week later the case of Biggs vs. Mulliner had begun, the plaintiff claiming damages to the extent of ten thousand pounds and a new pair of trousers. And at first things looked very black for Clarence.

It was the speech of Sir Joseph Bodger, K. C., for the defense, that turned the scale.

"I do not," said Sir Joseph, addressing the jury on the second day, "propose to deny the charges that have been brought against my client. We freely admit that on the seventeenth instant we did jab the defendant with our tripod in a manner to cause alarm and despondency. But, gentlemen, we plead justification. The whole case turns upon one question: Is a photographer entitled to assault—either with or, as the case may be, without a tripod—a sitter who, after being warned that his face is not up to the minimum standard requirements, insists upon remaining in the chair and moistening the lips with the tip of the tongue? Gentlemen, I say Yes!

"Unless you decide in favor of my client, gentlemen of the jury, photographers—debarred by law from the privilege of rejecting sitters—will be at the mercy of anyone who comes along with the price of a dozen photographs in his pocket. You have seen the plaintiff, Biggs. You have noted his broad, slablike face, intolerable to any man of refinement and sensibility. You have observed his walrus mustache, his double chin, his protruding eyes. Take another look at him, and then tell me if my client was not justified in chasing him with a tripod out of that sacred temple of Art and Beauty, his studio.

"Gentlemen, I have finished. I leave my client's fate in your hands with every confidence that you will return the only verdict that can conceivably issue from twelve men of your obvious intelligence, your manifest sympathy, and your superb breadth of vision."

The jury decided in Clarence's favor without leaving the box; and the crowd waiting outside to hear the verdict carried him shoulder high to his house, refusing to disperse until he had made a speech and sung Photographers Never, Never, Never Shall Be Slaves. And next morning every paper in England came out with leading articles commending him for having so courageously established, as it had not been established since the days of Magna Charta, the fundamental principle of the Liberty of the Subject.

The effect of this publicity on Clarence's fortunes was naturally stupendous. He had become in a flash the best known photographer in the United Kingdom, and was now in a position to realize that vision which he had had of taking the pictures of none but the beaming and the beautiful. Every day the loveliest ornaments of Society and the Stage flocked to his studio; and it was with the utmost astonishment, therefore, that, calling upon him one morning on my return to England after an absence of two years in the East, I learned that fame and wealth had not brought him happiness.

I FOUND him sitting moodily in his studio, staring with dull eyes at a camera portrait of a well known actress in a bathing-suit. He looked up listlessly as I entered.

"Clarence!" I cried, shocked at his appearance. "What is wrong?"

"Everything," he replied. "I'm fed up."

"What with?"

"Life. Beautiful women. This beastly photography business."

I was amazed. Rumors of his success had reached me. In every photographers' club in the metropolis, from the Negative and Solution in Pall Mall to the humble public houses frequented by the men who do your picture while you wait, I had heard, he was being freely spoken of as the logical successor to the Presidency of the Amalgamated Guild of Bulb-Squeezers.

"I can't stick it much longer," said Clarence, tearing the camera portrait into a dozen pieces with a dry sob and burying his face in his hands. "Actresses nursing their dolls! Countesses simpering over kittens! Film stars among their books! . . . In ten minutes I go to catch a train at Waterloo. I have been sent for by the Duchess of Hampshire to take some studies of Lady Monica Southbourne in the castle grounds."

A shudder ran through him. I patted him on the shoulder. He spoke on:

"And I bet she will want to be taken offer-

THE Mayor was observed shooting out of a window, vigorously assisted by my cousin.

ing a lump of sugar to her dog, and the picture will appear in the *Sketch* and the *Tatler* as Lady Monica Southbourne and Friend."

"Clarence, this is morbid."

He was silent for a moment.

"Ah, well," he said, pulling himself together with a visible effort, "I have made my sodium sulphite, and I must lie in it."

I saw him off in a cab, looking, I thought, like an aristocrat of the French Revolution being borne off to his doom on a tumbrel. How little he guessed that the only girl in the world was waiting for him round the corner.

No, you are wrong. Lady Monica did not turn out to be the only girl in the world. If what I said caused you to expect that, I misled you. Lady Monica proved to be all his fancy had pictured her. In addition to her two dogs, which she was portrayed in the act of feeding with two lumps of sugar, she possessed a totally unforeseen pet monkey, of which he was compelled to take no fewer than eleven studies.

No, it was not Lady Monica who captured Clarence's heart.

IT was in a traffic jam at the top of Whitehall that he first observed *the* girl. His cab had become becalmed in a sea of omnibuses. Within a few feet of him was another taxi. There was a face at its window. It turned toward him, and their eyes met.

To Clarence, surfeited with the coy, the beaming, and the delicately chiseled, it was the most wonderful face he had ever looked at. All his life, he felt, he had been searching for something on these lines. That snub nose —those freckles—that breadth of cheekbone—the squareness of that chin—and not a dimple in sight. He told me afterward that his only feeling was one of incredulity. He had not believed the world contained women like this.

And then the traffic jam loosened up and he was carried away.

It was as he was passing the Houses of Parliament that the realization came to him that the strange bubbly sensation that seemed to start from just above the lower left side pocket of his waistcoat was not, as he had at first supposed, dyspepsia, but love. Yes, love had come at long last to Clarence Mulliner; and he loved a girl whom he probably would never see again.

Next day Clarence was back in his studio, diving into the velvet nose bag as of yore, and telling peeresses to watch the little birdie, just as if nothing had happened. And if there was now a strange, haunting look of pain in his

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[THE ROMANCE OF A BULB-SQUEEZER
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eyes, nobody objected to that. Indeed, inasmuch as the grief that gnawed at his heart had the effect of deepening and mellowing his camera-side manner to an almost sacerdotal unctuousness, his private sorrows actually helped his professional prestige. Women told one another that being photographed by Clarence Mulliner was like undergoing some wonderful spiritual experience in a noble cathedral; and his appointment book became fuller than ever.

AND yet he was not happy. He had lost the only girl he had ever loved, and without her what was Fame? What was Affluence? What were the Highest Honors in the Land?

These were the questions he was asking himself one night as he sat in his library, somberly sipping a final whisky and soda before retiring.

He had asked them once and was just going to ask them again, when he was interrupted by the sound of someone ringing the front-door bell.

He rose, surprised. It was late for callers. The domestic staff had gone to bed, so he went to the door and opened it. A shadowy figure was standing on the steps.

"Mr. Mulliner?"

"I am Mr. Mulliner."

The man stepped past him into the hall. And, as he did so, Clarence saw that he was wearing over the upper half of his face a black velvet mask.

"I must apologize for hiding my face, Mr. Mulliner," the visitor said as Clarence led him to the library.

"Not at all," replied Clarence courteously. "No doubt it is all for the best."

"Indeed?" said the other, with a touch of asperity. "If you really want to know, I am probably the handsomest man in London. But my mission is one of such extraordinary secrecy that I dare not run the risk of being recognized." He paused, and Clarence saw his eyes glint through the holes in the mask as he directed a rapid gaze into each corner of the library. "Mr. Mulliner, have you any acquaintance with the ramifications of international secret politics?"

With a gesture Clarence indicated his well stocked shelves.

"I have read everything E. Phillips Oppenheim ever wrote."

"And you are a patriot?"

"I am."

"Then I can speak freely. No doubt you are aware, Mr. Mulliner, that for some time past this country and a certain rival Power have been competing for the friendship and alliance of a certain other Power?"

"No," said Clarence; "they didn't tell me that."

"Such is the case. And the President of this Power—"

"Which one?"

"The second one."

"Call it B."

"The President of Power B is now in London. He arrived incognito, traveling under an assumed name; and the representatives of Power A, to the best of our knowledge, are not yet aware of his presence. This gives us just the few hours necessary to clinch this treaty with Power B before Power A can interfere. I ought to tell you, Mr. Mulliner, that if Power B forms an alliance with this country, the supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon race will be secured for hundreds of years. Whereas if Power A gets hold of Power B, civilization will be thrown into the melting-pot. In the eyes of all Europe—and when I say all Europe I refer particularly to Powers C, D, and E—this nation would sink to the rank of a fourth-class Power."

"Call it Power F," said Clarence.

"It rests with you, Mr. Mulliner, to save England."

"Great Britain," corrected Clarence. He is half Scotch on his mother's side. "But how? What can I do about it?"

"The position is this: The President of Power B has an overwhelming desire to have his photograph taken by Clarence Mulliner. Consent to take it, and our difficulties will be at an end. Overcome with gratitude, he will sign the treaty, and the Anglo-Saxon race will be safe."

CLARENCE did not hesitate. Apart from the natural gratification of feeling that he was doing the Anglo-Saxon race a bit of good, business was business; and if the President took a dozen of the large size finished in silver wash it would mean a nice profit.

"I shall be delighted," he said.

"Your patriotism," said the visitor, "will not go unrewarded. It will be gratefully noted in the very highest circles."

Clarence reached for his appointment book.

"Now, let me see. Wednesday? No, I'm full up Wednesday. Thursday? No. Suppose the President looks in at my studio between four and five on Friday?"

The visitor uttered a gasp.

"Good heavens, Mr. Mulliner!" he exclaimed. "Surely you do not imagine that, with the vast issues at stake, these things can be done openly and in daylight? If the devils in the pay of Power A were to learn that the President intended to have his photograph taken by you, I would not give a straw for your chances of living an hour."

"Then what do you suggest?"

"You must accompany me now to the President's suite at the Milan Hotel. We shall travel in a closed car, and God send that those fiends did not recognize me as I came here. If they did, we shall never reach that car alive. Have you, by any chance, while we have been talking, heard the hoot of an owl?"

"No," said Clarence; "no owls."

"Then perhaps they are nowhere near. The fiends always imitate the hoot of an owl."

"A thing," said Clarence, "which I tried to do when I was a small boy and never seemed able to manage. The popular idea that owls say 'Tu-whit, tu-whoo' is all wrong. The actual noise they make is something far more difficult and complex, and it was beyond me."

"Quite so." The visitor looked at his watch. "Shall we be making a start?"

"Certainly."

"Then follow me."

"I can't stick it much longer," sobbed Clarence.

"MR. MULLINER, are you a patriot?" inquired the masked visitor.

It appeared to be holiday time for fiends, or else the night shift had not yet come on, for they reached the car without being molested. Clarence stepped in, and his masked visitor, after a keen look up and down the street, followed him.

"Talking of my boyhood—" began Clarence.

The sentence was never completed. A soft, wet pad was pressed over his nostrils; the air became a-reek with the sickly fumes of chloroform; and Clarence knew no more.

When he came to, he was lying on a bed in a room in a strange house. It was a medium-sized room with scarlet wall paper, simply furnished with a wash-hand stand, a chest of drawers, two cane-bottomed chairs, and a God Bless Our Home motto framed in oak. He was conscious of a severe headache, and was about to rise and make for the water bottle on the washstand, when, to his consternation, he discovered that his arms and legs were shackled with stout cord.

AS a family, the Mulliners have always been noted for their reckless courage; and Clarence was no exception to the rule. But for an instant his heart undeniably beat a little faster. He saw now that his masked visitor had tricked him. Instead of being a representative of His Majesty's Diplomatic Service (a most respectable class of men), he had really been all along a fiend in the pay of Power A.

Clarence gritted his teeth and struggled vainly to loose the knots that secured his wrists. He had fallen back, exhausted, when he heard the sound of a key turning, and the door opened. Somebody crossed the room and stood by the bed, looking down at him.

The newcomer was a stout man with a complexion that matched the wall paper. He was puffing slightly, as if he had found the stairs trying. He had broad, slablike features; and his face was split in the middle by a walrus mustache. Somewhere and in some place, Clarence was convinced, he had seen this man before.

And then it all came back to him: An open window with a pleasant summer breeze blowing in; a stout man in a cocked hat trying to climb through this window; and he, Clarence, doing his best to help him with the sharp end of a tripod. It was Jno. Horatio Biggs, the Mayor of Tooting East.

A shudder of loathing ran through Clarence.

"Traitor!" he cried.

"Eh?" said the Mayor.

"If anybody had told me that a son of Tooting, nursed in the keen air of freedom that blows across the Common, would sell himself for gold to the enemies of his country, I would never have believed it. Well, you may tell your employers—"

"What employers?"

"Power A."

"Oh, that?" said the Mayor. "I am afraid my secretary, whom I instructed to bring you to this house, was obliged to romance a little in order to insure your accompanying him, Mr. Mulliner. All that about Power A and Power B was just his little joke. If you want to know why you were brought here—"

Clarence uttered a low groan.

"I have guessed your ghastly object, you ghastly object," he said quietly. "You want me to photograph you."

The Mayor shook his head.

"Not myself. I realize that that can never be. My daughter."

"Does she take after you?"

"People tell me there is a resemblance."

"I refuse," said Clarence.

"Think well, Mr. Mulliner."

"I have done all the thinking that is necessary. England—or, rather, Great Britain—looks to me to photograph only her fairest and loveliest. History has yet to record an instance of a photographer playing his country false, and Clarence Mulliner is not the man to supply the first one. I decline your offer."

"I wasn't looking on it exactly as an offer," said the Mayor thoughtfully. "More as a command, if you get my meaning."

"You imagine that you can bend a lens-artist to your will and make him false to his professional reputation?"

"I was thinking of having a try."

"Do you realize that, if my incarceration here were known, ten thousand photographers would tear this house brick from brick and you limb from limb?"

"But it isn't," the Mayor pointed out. "And that, if you follow me, is the whole point. You came here by night in a closed car. You could stay here for the rest of your life, and no one would be any the wiser. I really think you had better reconsider, Mr. Mulliner."

"You have had my answer."

"Well, I'll leave you to think it over. Dinner will be served at seven-thirty. Don't bother to dress."

AT half-past seven precisely the door opened again, and the Mayor reappeared, followed by a butler bearing on a silver salver a glass of water and a small slice of bread. Pride urged Clarence to reject the refreshment, but hunger overcame pride. He swallowed the bread, which the butler offered him in small bits in a spoon, and drank the water.

"At what hour would the gentleman desire breakfast, sir?" asked the butler.

"Now," said Clarence, for his appetite, always healthy, seemed to have been sharpened.

"Let us say nine o'clock," suggested the Mayor. "Put aside another slice of that bread, Meadowes. And no doubt Mr. Mulliner would enjoy a glass of this excellent water."

For perhaps half an hour after his host had left him, Clarence's mind was obsessed to the exclusion of all other thoughts by a vision of the dinner he would have liked to be enjoying. All we Mulliners have been good trenchermen, and to put a bit of bread into it after it had been unoccupied for a whole day was to offer to Clarence's stomach an insult which it resented with indescribable bitterness. Clarence's only emotion for some time, then, was that of hunger. His thoughts centered themselves on food. And it was to this fact, oddly enough, that he owed his release.

FOR, as he lay there in a sort of delirium, picturing himself getting outside a medium-cooked steak smothered in onions, with grilled tomatoes and floury potatoes on the side, it was suddenly borne in upon him that this steak did not taste quite so good as other steaks he had eaten in the past. It was tough and lacked juiciness. It tasted just like rope.

And then, his mind clearing, he saw that it actually was rope. Carried away by the anguish of hunger, he had been chewing the cord that bound his hands; and he now discovered that he had bitten into it quite deeply.

A sudden flood of hope poured over Clarence Mulliner. Carrying on at this rate, he perceived, he would be able ere long to free himself. It needed only a little imagination. After a brief interval to rest his aching jaws, he put himself deliberately into that state of relaxation which is recommended by the apostles of Suggestion.

"I am entering the dining-room of my club," murmured Clarence. "I am sitting down. The waiter is handing me the bill of fare. I

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE ROMANCE OF A BULB-SQUEEZER
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have selected roast duck with green peas and new potatoes, lamb cutlets with Brussels sprouts, fricassee of chicken, porterhouse steak, boiled beef and carrots, leg of mutton, haunch of mutton, mutton chops, curried mutton, veal, kidneys sauté, spaghetti Caruso, and eggs and bacon, fried on both sides. The waiter is now bringing my order. I have taken up my knife and fork. I am beginning to eat."

And, murmuring a brief grace, Clarence flung himself on the rope and set to.

Twenty minutes later he was hobbling about the room, restoring the circulation to his cramped limbs.

Just as he had succeeded in getting himself nicely limbered up, he heard the key turning in the door.

Clarence crouched for the spring. The room was quite dark now, and he was glad of it, for darkness well fitted the work that lay before him. His plans conceived on the spur of the moment were necessarily sketchy, but they included jumping on the Mayor's shoulders and pulling his head off. After that, no doubt, other modes of self-expression would suggest themselves.

The door opened. Clarence made his leap. And he was just about to start on the program as arranged, when he discovered with a shock of horror that he was being rough with a woman. And no photographer worthy of the name will ever lay a hand upon a woman, save to raise her chin and tilt it a little more to the left.

"I beg your pardon!" he cried.

"Don't mention it," said his visitor in a low voice. "I hope I didn't disturb you."

"Not at all," said Clarence.

There was a pause.

"Rotten weather," said Clarence, feeling that it was for him, as the male member of the sketch, to keep the conversation going.

"Yes, isn't it?"

"A lot of rain we've had this summer."

"Yes. It seems to get worse every year."

"Doesn't it?"

"I hate rain."

"So do I."

"Of course, we may have a fine August."

"Yes, there's always that."

THE ice was broken, and the girl seemed to become more at her ease.

"I came to let you out," she said. "I must apologize for my father. He has always yearned to have me photographed by you, but I cannot consent to allow a photographer to be coerced into abandoning his principles. If you will follow me, I will let you out by the front door."

"It's awfully good of you," said Clarence awkwardly. He was embarrassed. He wished that he could have obliged this kind-hearted girl by taking her picture, but a natural delicacy restrained him from touching on this subject. They went down the stairs in silence.

On the first landing, a hand was placed on his in the darkness and the girl's voice whispered in his ear.

"We are just outside father's study," he heard her say. "We must be as quiet as mice."

"As what?" said Clarence.

"Mice."

"Oh, rather," said Clarence, and immediately bumped into a pedestal of some sort with a vase on top. There was a noise like ten simultaneous dinner services coming apart in the hands of ten simultaneous parlor maids. And then the door was flung open. The landing became flooded with light, and the Mayor of Tooting East stood before them. He was carrying a revolver, and his face was dark with menace.

"Ha!" said the Mayor.

But Clarence was staring open-mouthed at the girl. She had shrunk back against the wall, and the light fell full upon her.

"You!" cried Clarence.

"This—" began the Mayor.

"You! At last!"

"This is a pretty—"

"Am I dreaming?"

"This is a pretty state of af—"

"Ever since that day I saw you in the cab I have been scouring London for you. To think that I have found you at last!"

"This is a pretty state of affairs," said the Mayor—breathing on the barrel of his revolver and polishing it on the sleeve of his coat—"my daughter helping the foe of her family to fly—"

"Flee, father," corrected the girl faintly.

"Flee or fly—this is no time for arguing about insects. Let me tell you—"

Clarence interrupted him indignantly.

"What do you mean," he said, "by telling me that she took after you? She is the loveliest girl in the world, while you look like Lon Chaney made up for something. Your face—if you can call it that—is one of those beastly, blobby, squashy sort of faces—"

"Here!" said the Mayor.

"—whereas hers is simply divine. Your eyes are bulbous and prawnlike—"

"Hey!" said the Mayor.

"—while hers are sweet and soft and intelligent. Your ears—"

"Yes, yes," said the Mayor petulantly. "Some other time, some other time. Then am I to take it, Mr. Mulliner—"

"Call me Clarence."

"I refuse to call you Clarence."

"You will have to very shortly, when I am your son-in-law."

The girl uttered a cry. The Mayor uttered a louder cry.

"My son-in-law!"

"That," said Clarence firmly, "is what I intend to be—and speedily."

He turned to the girl.

"I am a man of volcanic passions, and now that love has come to me there is no power in heaven or earth that can keep me from the object of my love. It will be my never-ceasing task—er—"

"Gladys," prompted the girl.

"Thank you. It will be my never-ceasing task, Gladys, to strive daily to make you return that love—"

"You need not strive, Clarence," she whispered softly. "It is already returned."

Clarence reeled.

"Already?" he gasped.

"I have loved you since I saw you in that cab. When we were torn asunder, I felt quite faint."

"So did I. I was in a daze. I tipped my cabman at Waterloo three half crowns. I was aflame with love."

"I can hardly believe it."

"Nor could I, when I found out. I thought it was threepence. And ever since that day—"

THE Mayor coughed.

"Then am I to take it—er—Clarence," he said, "that your objections to photographing my daughter are removed?"

Clarence laughed happily.

"Listen," he said, "and I'll show you the sort of son-in-law I am. Ruin my professional reputation though it may, I will take a photograph of you too!"

"Me!"

"Absolutely. Standing beside her with the tips of your fingers on her shoulder. And, what's more, you may wear your cocked hat."

Tears had begun to trickle down the Mayor's cheeks.

"My boy!" he sobbed brokenly. "My boy!"

And so happiness came to Clarence Mulliner at last.

He never became President of the Bulb-Squeezers, for he retired from business the next day, declaring that the hand that had snapped the shutter when taking the photograph of his dear wife should never snap it again for sordid profit.

The wedding, which took place some six weeks later, was attended by almost everybody of any note in Society or on the Stage. and was the first occasion on which a bride and bridegroom had ever walked out of church beneath an arch of crossed tripods.

THE END

He swallowed the bread, which the butler offered him in small bits in a spoon.

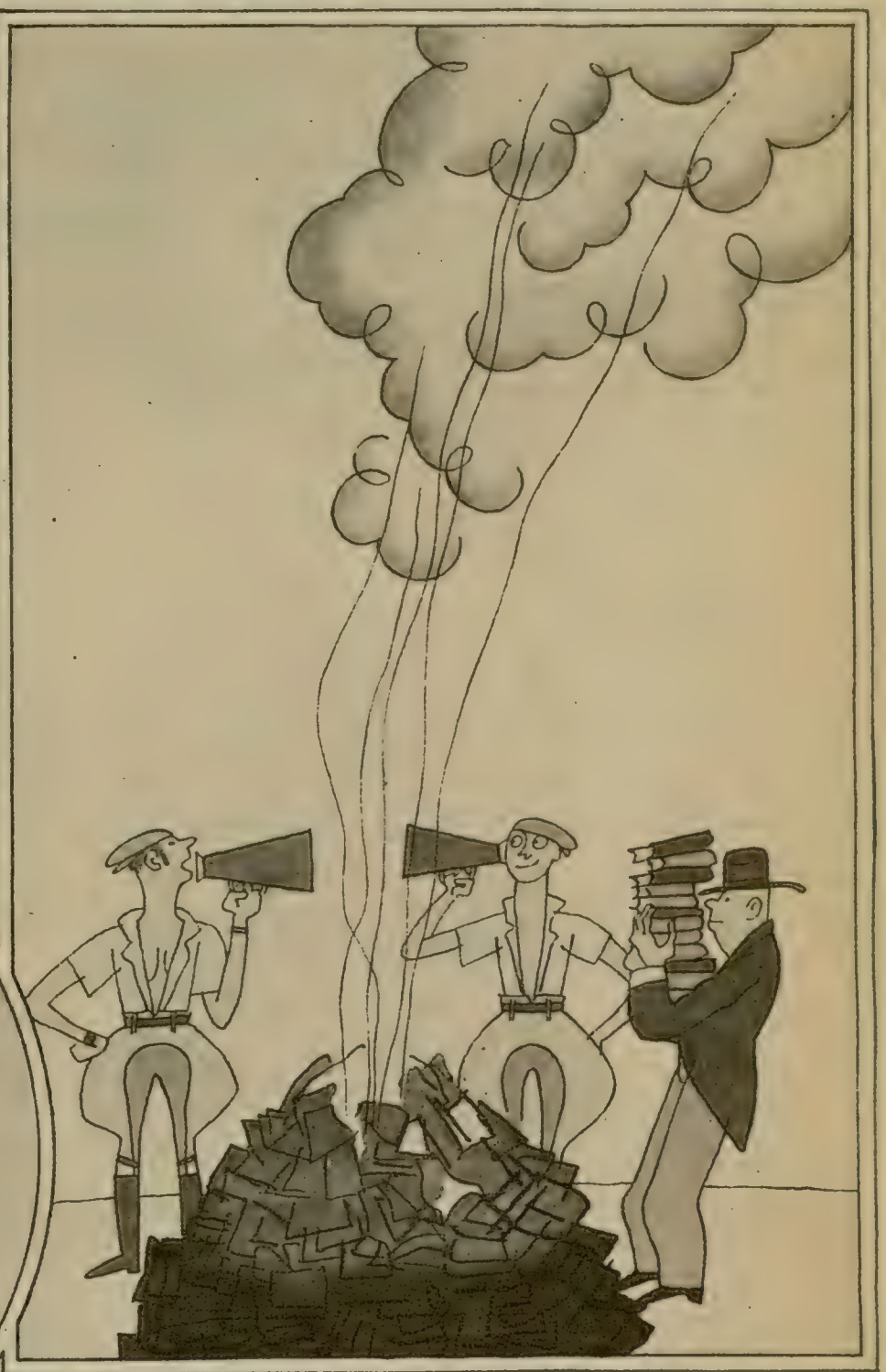
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

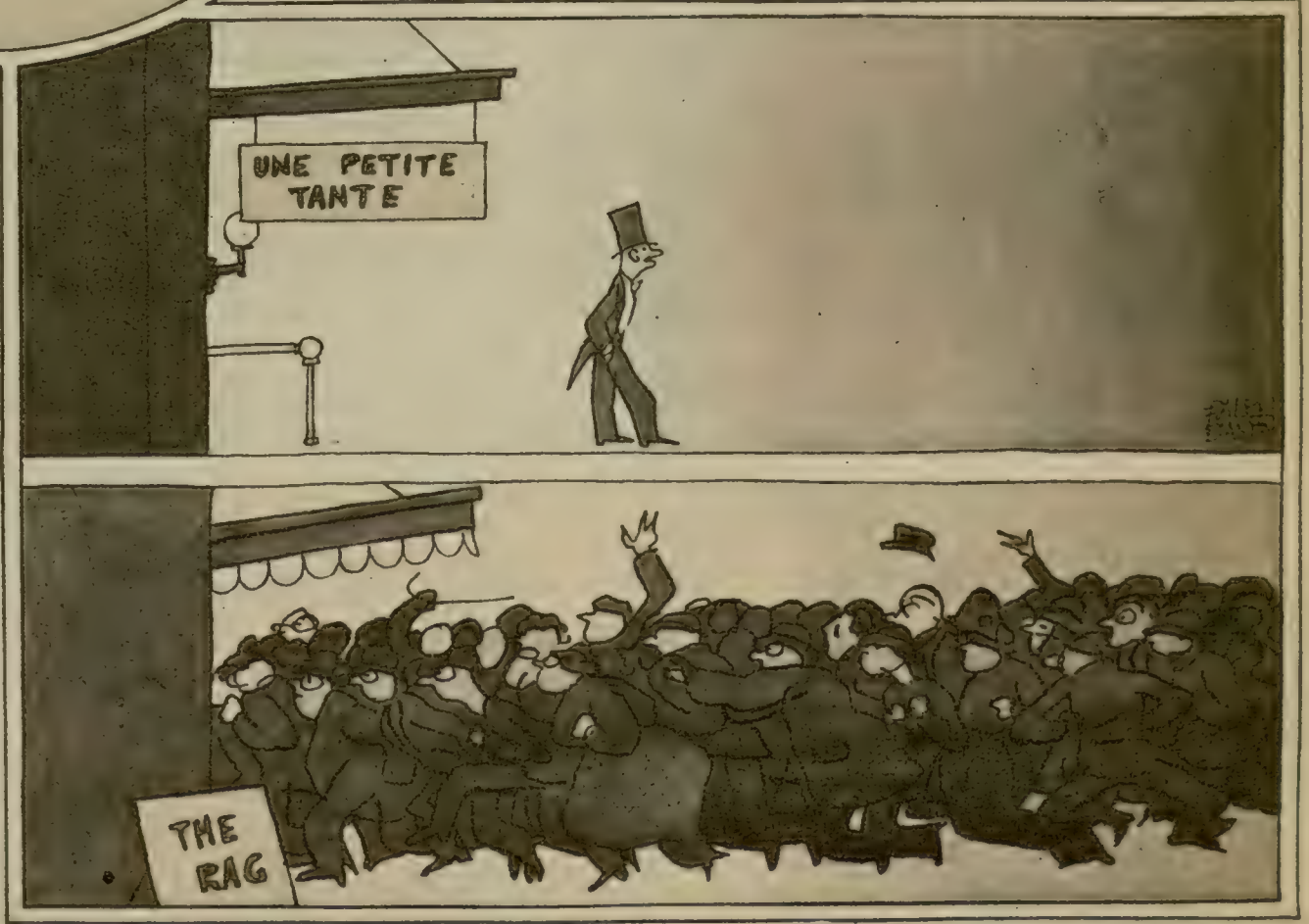
SPOKESMEN OF THE CARTOONISTS' LEAGUE call upon Mr. J. W. Legg, discoverer of the fact that lightning is spiral instead of zigzag, to protest against his making the discovery public.

FIRST EXPERIMENTS with *Gambushia patruelis*, a small fish that eats mosquito larvæ, recently imported from Hawaii to New Jersey, result in victory for the New Jersey larvæ.



FOLLOWING THE PROUD BOAST that California no longer looks to France for guidance in literature and art, public-library officials burn books by Balzac, Hugo, Molière, etc., their places to be taken by illustrated movie novels.

OFFICERS ASSIGNED TO SPECIAL DUTY in the Criminal Court, charged with supplying clean handkerchiefs to weeping juries and carrying acquitted lady murderesses off in triumph.



CENSORS MAKE THE BEST PRESS AGENTS. *Above:* How a cheap and filthy play is patronized in France, which has no reformers and no censorship. *Below:* How a cheap and filthy play is patronized in America, which is watched over and tended by reformers who want censorship.

Riding the Winds on a BUBBLE

Wide World photo

Two martyrs of ballooning, Lieutenants Lewis J. Roth (left) and Telford B. Null (right), U. S. N., who were drowned in Lake Erie in 1923. The map shows the approximate territory over which the ill-fated balloon traveled.

Comedies and Tragedies in the Lives of Balloon Men

An Article by

LIEUTENANT WALTER HINTON

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Lieutenant Walter Hinton, a former naval aviator, has three exploits to his credit that made aviation history. As pilot of the naval plane NC4, he was first to fly across the Atlantic Ocean. Afterward, as a civilian pilot, he flew from New York to Rio de Janeiro, blazing the air trail between North and South America. And in March, 1924, he flew over the unexplored jungles of Brazil on a scientific expedition. In this article he tells of a branch of flying that has given him as many thrills as his flights in heavier-than-air craft.]

TWO naval balloonists were drifting low over land one day. Passing a group of buildings that appeared to be an almshouse or possibly an institution for the demented, they sought to determine their exact location by learning its name. One of them leaned over the edge of the basket and shouted to a man on the ground:

"Hey, there! Where are we?"

Throwing back his head until the aeronauts could see his collar button, the man replied:

"Ah, you can't fool me: you're up there in that balloon, and I am not half so crazy as you are."

When, in 1783, the Montgolfier brothers sent

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

If every woman realized how much her husband likes soup ~

she would serve it every day

SOUP IS good for everybody. It is an essential part of the ideal diet—for growing children as well as adults. And wives should realize that there are special reasons why their husbands like soup and why it benefits them so much.

The man in the middle of his day's work, or who comes home tired at the end of it, needs the wholesome tonic of this hot, liquid food. Its appetizing flavor offers just the right invitation to his appetite—he never fails to respond to it.

Soup gives him a warm glow that revives and cheers him. His appetite's at once stimulated; the digestive juices flow more freely; he is in a happy mood to enjoy his food—*and he does enjoy it!* By serving soup, you have put a sparkle and a brightness in his meals that no other food can supply. The effect, from day to day, on his health is bound to be beneficial.

* * *

Every day! That's the great value of soup. The food experts include soup as a part of *every day's meals* in their ideal menus, arranged to educate housewives how to provide the family with the most attractive and healthful food. And it's so easy and convenient for you to follow their advice about soup. Soups in almost endless variety await you at your store. The Red-and-White Campbell's label is your assurance of the highest quality soups. And they are priced within the means of everybody.

The truth about soup is recognized. Women everywhere are alive to its importance. Its regular, daily use has grown to such an extent that fifty thousand acres of land each season are required to produce the tomatoes that go into Campbell's Tomato Soup. And this is only one of the twenty-one Campbell's kinds!

Only the full-ripe tomatoes are used—plucked at their finest maturity after the sun has sweetened them right on the vines.

Every tomato is washed five times in crystal-clear, running water. Strained through colanders of solid nickel with mesh as fine as pin-points, only the luscious "meat" and rich juices are retained in a smooth puree. With this are blended nutritious country butter and delicate seasoning to give added piquancy. The soup is cooked in giant solid nickel tureens, until it reaches just that finished perfection which Campbell's standards always exact.

* * *

Everybody likes Tomato Soup—it has such an appealing, distinctive flavor. And Campbell's Tomato is so popular that you can get it in every food store in the United States. You will enjoy it, too, as a Cream of Tomato Soup, prepared according to the simple directions printed on the label. You will also use Campbell's Tomato Soup, just as it comes from the can and without the addition of water, as a tomato sauce for a great variety of dishes. A constant ally in the kitchen! 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

The label that distinguishes

Finer Flavor

Finer flavor is a distinguishing quality of Cudahy's Puritan Ham. The label is your positive assurance of this quality in every ham which bears it.

Puritan has a mild, sweet, delicious flavor and a decided tenderness that can be enjoyed only in this fine ham.

That is because the choice, young meats selected for Puritan are "ripened naturally"—a special Cudahy method of curing.

This exacting method diffuses the rich juices of the meats slowly and in a natural way, producing a result similar to fruit tree-ripened as compared to fruit artificially ripened.

Puritan is so easy to prepare because it requires no parboiling. It is nutritious, easily digested and is rich in the elements necessary for muscle and tissue building.

You, too, will be delighted with this fine ham. So look for the label when you buy. At your dealer's.

"The Taste Tells"

The Cudahy Packing Co. U.S.A. makers of Puritan Hams · Bacon · Lard

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

up the first man-carrying bag from Paris, they launched the strangest, most fascinating, and at the same time the most fickle type of vehicle ever devised. Unlike the airplane, which tears through space, the balloon can be a thing for poets to rave about—steady and slow, moving gently through the atmosphere without a sound, without smoke, bad odors, or dust.

As the pilot of a free balloon, I have been above the clouds at the approach of dawn, when they were as white and smooth as fleece. I have watched the distant banks of mist become great crystal cakes of ice, with tumbling cliffs and broken edges like glaciers that have run down to the sea.

I have ridden level with a crescent moon set low in a steel-blue vault of a sky, where the stars gleamed bright and clear above the heavy atmosphere that shields the earth and enables us to breathe normally.

I have seen a bright streak appear in the east and splash the sky with a crimson flood, while below, far below, the land took form and the mountain peaks came up like islands in a sea of mist.

BUT the balloon is a creature of the winds it rides, susceptible to the slightest whim of the weather. I have experienced beastly heat, with the mercury climbing to 103° and remaining there, while the sun burned blisters all over my face and arms.

On another occasion, I was lost in a storm when the wind tossed our craft from one mountain peak to another with diabolical fury, to be plunged finally into a desolate waste of ice and snow that froze my face and hands and feet as I struggled along with my similarly afflicted comrades, trying to find a civilized world that had been lost to us for days.

A balloon consists of a great fabric bag as big as a three-story building, sometimes larger, filled with gas and lashed inside of a huge net. The ropes on the bottom of the net converge to the load ring, from which the basket or passenger car is suspended. With that you take off; and it is a matter of luck where you go and how you land. For generations men have been going aloft on unbelievable adventures, the like of which could not have occurred on land or sea.

They have tried to reach the north pole in free balloons. At about the time of our Civil War, Nadar, a Frenchman, built a colossal balloon with a wickerwork house about thirteen feet square in place of a basket. It even had a boudoir for the ladies who were among the nine passengers when the craft sailed away from Paris one morning, bound for the pole by way of St. Petersburg, Russia.

They soared merrily across Holland and were above Hanover, when the wind threatened to take them over the North Sea. An anchor was tossed out. It uprooted a tree and the rope broke. Another anchor ripped the roof off a house and carried it through the air.

When the rope gave way, the loss of weight sent the outfit bouncing straight up at breathless speed. To prevent the gas expanding and bursting the bag in the rarefied atmosphere, the pilot pulled the rip panel cord, thus freeing the gas. The balloon dropped like a shot into a thick woods, breaking the arms and legs of the occupants.

The pilot of Nadar's balloon was the famous Goddard, who once had taken up a lunatic without knowing it. At two miles above the earth, he was horrified to find his passenger slashing the supporting ropes with a razor. While the basket dangled sideways, Goddard jerked a cord and opened the mouth of the appendix at the bottom of the bag. The escaping gas put the razor expert sound asleep, and Goddard made a safe landing.

During the last international yacht race off the entrance of New York harbor the naval blimp C10, a non-rigid dirigible with engines, carried seven reporters and two camera men out over the water to observe the event and report the details by radio.

Suddenly the commanding officer discovered that the elongated bag had sprung a bad leak on top. He made for port at full speed. Over Jamaica Bay the craft dropped, the control car striking a sand bar in shallow water with the envelope falling on top of it.

Picture by Glen Mitchell

An anchor dropped from the enormous balloon tore the roof from a house.

One of the important reasons why aviators go ballooning is that they must be trained in free balloons before they become dirigible pilots—a dirigible being only a motorized balloon or series of balloons—as the pilot must know what to do if his engines play out.

IN the Shenandoah disaster those of the crew in the hull, away from the control car when it tore loose and dropped, found themselves in a hulk as big and powerless as a floating skyscraper. By operating it as a free balloon they brought it to earth and none was hurt.

The polar waste holds the secret of a famous balloon flight that failed. Professor Andrée, the Swedish scientist, and two companions went up from Spitzbergen in July, 1897, drifting toward the pole. They never were seen again.

Then there was Jacquard, a French pilot who carried dispatches out of besieged Paris during the Prussian invasion. On his last flight he left Paris on November 28, 1870, soared beyond range of the Prussian batteries and across the Channel. He was last sighted over Land's End, England, 250 miles from his starting point. Thence he drifted to an unknown fate somewhere in the Atlantic.

Wide World photo

Start of the International Balloon Elimination Race in 1923.

It is surprising how a balloon can become lost in these modern times. In 1921, a naval bag carried four men off Pensacola, Florida, and over the Gulf; and, despite a ceaseless search by surface craft and planes, no trace of them was found. One can easily lose himself on the Great Lakes.

Lieutenants Lewis J. Roth and Telford B. Null left Indianapolis in 1923, piloting a naval balloon in the International Balloon Elimination Race. Five days afterward their bag was found in Lake Erie.

Harry Bruno, a civilian pilot from Cleveland, Ohio, searching for them in a flying boat, located the wrecked balloon at the spot shown on the map; but as the lake surface was too rough for landing, he signaled for a fishing boat to investigate.

The body of Lieutenant Roth was in the basket, identification being made by naval officers at Port Stanley, Ontario, the day after the discovery. Lieutenant Null's body never was recovered.

In the basket of the balloon also was found the flyers' log book, in which the last entry read:

5 A. M. All over.

An electric storm is a serious menace to a hydrogen-filled balloon, and several flights have come to an abrupt and tragic close when lightning has struck the bags. During the International Balloon Race from Brussels in 1923, six of the seventeen entries were lost by lightning, fire, and similar accidents, among them the American army balloon, which exploded in the air, killing the occupants.

One of my chief worries in a balloon has been the possibility of the bag taking me up so high that I would lose consciousness from lack of oxygen before I could valve gas and come down. That hasn't occurred to me, but it happened to two English scientists several years ago.

They wanted to see how high they could go without using oxygen, so they took none with them, and four miles up they passed out. By luck, their balloon had reached its limit of buoyancy and commenced falling slowly. One of them regained his senses in time to prevent the outfit from drifting out to sea.

Some queer twist of fate often prevents a tragedy. Ballooning may be delightful and, under the right circumstances, humorous.

I once saw two brother pilots sail up from the station for a short hop. They did not return that night and we were much concerned when no word arrived from them. The big

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

"SMOKE, GREASE, no fresh air to breathe. As a chef, these are the conditions I have had to work under all my life. I got so constipated that I had to take pills continually. After some time, however, the pills did not work right. In the meantime I had hired a baker to do some pastry work for me and one day he said, 'You look sick; you need a rest and fresh air.' I told him I knew that as well as he did but had to work to take care of my family. Then he suggested Fleischmann's Yeast and I took him up on that. I ate it every day for about three months, in milk and sometimes in water. It surely brought my health back to me. I feel like a new man, have plenty of appetite and have regained my normal weight. I wish that all those who work inside would eat Yeast. They would get rid of their grouches and be able to start the day's work in good humor."

STEVE ANTICH, Denver, Colo.

"For Years *I was always tired*"—

"I WAS IRRITABLE, DESPONDENT. *Constipation clogged my system with the wastes from my own body; day after day I was literally, slowly poisoning myself. This had gone on for so long that I had begun almost to think my condition was normal.*

"I had heard of Fleischmann's Yeast again and again; I had listened to my friends tell what it had done for them. But, until a physician suggested it, I had never thought of trying it myself.

"The doctor told me that intestinal poisons were daily being absorbed into my body. First of all, he said, elimination must be made certain and regular.

"How simple and easy it was! Just three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day. I am alert, full of unconquerable energy. Constipation is gone—forever. My old optimism is on tap again."

THOUSANDS of letters like this are received by the Fleischmann Company every year. One person in every three American families is a user of this remarkable food today.

The millions of tiny active Yeast plants in every cake speed up elimination, keep the entire digestive tract clean. They aid digestion, clear the skin. They actually neutralize the poisons of constipation. Unlike weakening, habit-forming cathartics, Fleischmann's Yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles—"trains" them to do their proper work again.

Write for the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. G-40, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.

FOR A LONG TIME Miss Alice Cowart was too tired and discouraged to get much pleasure out of life—even the marvelous swimming in Hawaii was spoiled for her. "I was despondent," she writes. "My complexion was poor. I did not enjoy my meals." She did not know what was the matter, nor how to remedy the trouble. But a friend of hers who had been eating Fleischmann's Yeast suggested that she try it also. She did and was more than repaid. She says, "For the last six weeks I have averaged two cakes a day. Now I never feel tired out. I go surfing and swimming almost daily. And my complexion is better than ever before."

ALICE COWART, Honolulu, Hawaii

BELOW

The HON. JEAN H. NORRIS, *LL.B., LL.M., for seven years a City Magistrate; three years President, National Women Lawyers' Assn.; Member of the American Bar Assn.*

"MY JUDICIAL DUTIES in the New York City Courts call for the expenditure of a great deal of nervous energy. The criminal courts in which I preside are open 365 days in the year. One must keep fit. Insomnia caused by indigestion has frequently prevented me from getting an adequate amount of sleep and threatened the impairment of the abundant energy with which I have been blessed. I tried Fleischmann's Yeast—skeptically enough in the beginning but thankfully at the expiration of only two weeks, as the improvement in my digestion resulted in more restful sleep than I had had for years."

JEAN H. NORRIS

New York City's Only Woman Judge

The New Easy Way to keep well

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one before each meal. Eat it plain, in small pieces, or on crackers, in fruit juice, water or milk. For constipation physicians say it is best to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary. Start today. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy 2 or 3 days' supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]
surprise came next day when we saw their balloon come floating back to the station—a remarkable occurrence when you realize that in making a landing a pilot must valve out his gas.

Those fellows had drifted northwest on a perfect day. After sunset their gas contracted sufficiently to let them settle comfortably, without valving, in the yard of a farmhouse. They put stones in the basket to compensate for the loss of their weight. Then they tied the craft to a tree and spent the night as the farmer's guests.

Next morning the sun expanded the gas and they rose and drifted on. During the night the wind had shifted about and it took them straight back to their starting point.

Many freak accidents have happened. At the Pensacola naval air station two groups on the ground were trying to ease a big balloon into the hangar without losing gas. As they were walking it across a field, it got away from them. It had no basket, but on the load ring was Jimmy Shade, a chief master-at-arms, supervising operations. He went skyward with the speed of a rocket, and we thought Shade was a goner. There was nothing for us to do but wait and watch.

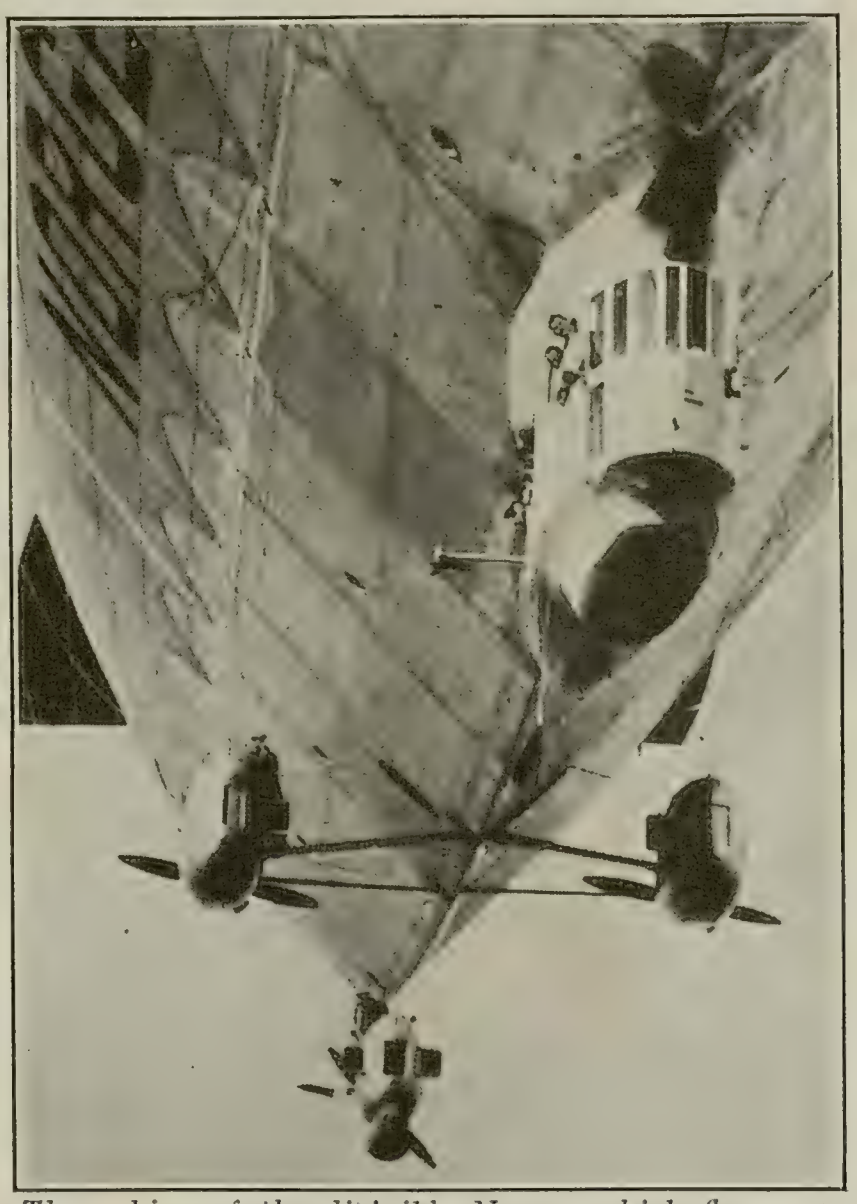
IN a few minutes we saw the outfit coming down, faster than it had gone up. The balloon was swinging at a wide angle and rolling over and over with Shade being spun from top to bottom of the bag. It was evident that Shade had pulled the rip cord, thereby releasing the gas. But the wind was bearing the bag over the water, and we knew Shade could not swim a stroke.

As we watched that awful drop, somebody got a motor launch under way and it stood by to pick him up. The bag won the race to the surface. As it settled, Shade fell in the middle of it, and a moment later stepped aboard the launch without even wetting his feet.

Some pilots went up from a training station at Akron, Ohio, and tried to land in a field flanked by a railroad and the usual poles and wires. They struck a pole. The crosstree penetrated the basket and broke off the pole. It fell across the tracks in front of a train. The balloonists jumped out, got their basket free, climbed in, and went on. The train was stopped a few feet away, the crew got down and removed the pole. Then they, too, went on.

During the war, the battleship New Jersey was operating off the Atlantic coast. She carried an observation balloon on her quarterdeck. A squall came up and tore it away. It drifted inshore, hanging up in some bushes near Hagerstown, Maryland. A detail of men from the New Jersey followed in a sailing boat, and when they landed the people thought them part of a German invasion.

A. Holland Forbes, whom I consider one of the most daring amateur pilots of the pre-war period, when hundreds of sportsmen took to ballooning for the fun of the thing, had three narrow escapes that indicate what a man is up against when the unforeseen happens. Forbes and his aid, Augustus Post, got away ninth in the International Race at Berlin in 1908. At 3,000 feet their big bag burst across the top and they fell. Halfway down, the empty fabric was forced up against the top of the net, which parachuted it; but only



The cabins of the dirigible Norge, which flew over the top of the world with Roald Amundsen, arctic explorer.

for a moment. The pressure split it open again. The two men jumped up toward the load ring at the moment they struck. The basket hit the mansard roof of an apartment house, went clear through it, and hung suspended by the ropes in a woman's bedroom, with Forbes and Post standing in it unscathed.

FORBES and Clifford Harmon sailed out of Indianapolis in the national race of 1909. They went south over Kentucky and Tennessee and into Alabama. At night they dropped low to determine their position by moonlight. Close by was a moonshiners' camp in full blast. The air was full of noxious fumes from the still—and only a few feet from them a man with a gun was taking deliberate aim.

"Git away from thar!" he shouted, adding profanely that he would clear the skies of revenue agents.

His first bullet went through the floor of the basket before Forbes could grab a fifty-pound bag of sand and heave it at him. His next shot went wild, for the loss of that much ballast sent the balloon up nearly half a mile.

Forbes had another adventure with the same sort of people the following year which was to end his career as a balloonist.

He built the Viking, one of the largest bags ever launched. At Quincy, Illinois, the car was stocked with food, fresh water, fishing tackle, guns, ammunition, maps, and the various instruments required in balloon navigation. With John Yates, he left Quincy at 6 o'clock in the evening and drifted down over the Mississippi, crossing it four times during the night. After fourteen hours, a stream of cold air struck them, contracting the gas and forcing them to within 800 feet of the surface. Throwing out ballast continually, they arose by degrees until they had reached 26,200 feet, nearly five miles up, and a world's record at that time.

BY releasing gas they dropped to within a thousand feet and were drifting lazily over the Kentucky hills, aiming at a railroad station which their maps showed was about fifteen miles ahead, when they felt the balloon lurch. Loss of gas had flattened the bag and elongated it, and they had no more ballast to relieve the weight. The car dropped about ten feet lower than normal, pulling the cord leading through the bag to the panel in the top and ripping the panel wide open. They dropped with the buoyancy of a stone.

When they came to, they were lying half paralyzed and helpless under a bush, and a group of mountaineers were standing near by, acting as a jury on their case. The verdict was that Forbes and his companion were revenue agents and all save one was holding out for the death penalty.

Neither of the victims could speak a word in his own defense because of his injuries. But the man who held out happened to be the one who had first reached them, and he stubbornly declined to permit their execution. He insisted that they be carried to his cabin, where he promised they could be killed quietly if they proved to be agents. Within a few hours they were able to talk and convince him of their true identity; and they remained four weeks as honored guests before recovering sufficiently to go home.

In another article in next week's LIBERTY, Lieutenant Hilton will tell of The Wildest Balloon Ride in a storm that in one day blew him and two companions so far it took them a month to return.

Williams saturated lather drenches each bristle—soaks the beard soft for easy shaving

HOW TO END RAZOR "PULL"

THERE is a very definite reason why we make Williams Shaving Cream so that it works up into a saturated lather. This excess moisture in the lather gets into action on the beard bristles and soaks them soft for easier cutting — this means an end to razor "pull."

But Williams doesn't stop there. This pure, gentle cream actually *conditions* the skin, giving the newly-shaven face that "barber's massage" feeling. Williams actually leaves the face more comfortable than before the shave.

Prove our claims FREE. Clip the coupon below or send a postcard for a week's trial tube at our expense. Two sizes, 35c and 50c.

Our new after-shaving liquid, Aqua Velva, keeps the face as comfortable as Williams Shaving Cream leaves it. Write Dept. 63A for generous test bottle.

Williams
Shaving Cream

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 63A, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. (Canadian address, 1114 St. Patrick Street, Montreal).

Please send me free trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream.

Lib. 3-12-27

A Rolling STONE

THAT GATHERED NO MUD

The Story of a Famous Clown and His Nimble-Footed Daughter

An Article by

BURNS MANTLE

Fred Stone and his daughter Dorothy, who danced to fame with him. At the left, Stone in the Wizard of Oz, 'way back in 1902.

JUST before the New Year noisily negotiated its advent, the Mayor of New York called into conference the theatrical managers of the city.

"Gentlemen," said he, in effect, "enough is sufficient and you have been well served. Something must be done to restore decency to the theaters of this city. If you cannot agree among yourselves how it shall be done, I shall be obliged to take action. And if I do take action it will be by way of asking that a State law be passed at Albany giving the Commissioner of Licenses the right to close up your theaters whenever you show in them anything that he considers deleterious to the public good."

The managers protested mildly that they had shown nothing that could in any reasonable way be charged against them. They were, they submitted, God-fearing business men with only the wholesome entertainment of the people at heart. If they stooped occasionally to what mayors and governors, women's clubs, and editorial writers considered the baser uses of their opportunities, it was because their patrons demanded in the theater a reflection of those thoughts and pastimes that amused them outside the theater.

The Mayor listened and smiled. The managers paused and smiled. There were questions and answers, charges, countercharges, and explanations.

And then the meeting broke up.

"What," I asked a producer who stands for the freedom of the individual in the theater—"what did the Mayor suggest?"

"Gee," said he, "he wants us to be a lot o' Fred Stones!"

"A lot o' Fred Stones?" quoth I. And that set me to thinking.

Interesting, isn't it, that this Kansas barber's son has come to stand for all that is most decent in the world of the theater?

A week before the Mayor's edict to the managers, my telephone rang one morning.

"I saw Criss-Cross last night," declared my interlocutor—Criss-Cross being this year's Stone show. "It's as clean as a hound's tooth. I think you should write something about it."

I answered that the suggestion was good, but that I had a feeling the subject had been pretty thoroughly covered.

"I think," continued the voice, "that when a fellow is trying to do a decent thing in a dirty business he should be given credit. People should not be allowed to forget."

I replied that I thought so too—had taken some satisfaction in saying so from time to time, and would do so again.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

The tall can, diluted, makes an overflowing quart of pure rich milk

© 1927, Carnation Milk Products Co.

Irresistible! . . Made this new way. . .

Lemon Cream Pie made with Carnation Milk has a delicately fragile texture, a smooth, rich creaminess that even the best of bottled milk cannot give. Richness is contributed by its *double* cream content; fine-texture through "homogenization"—by which the cream is broken up and evenly distributed throughout the milk. You'll find you prefer Carnation Milk—pure, fresh, *whole* milk in its most convenient, dependable, economical form—for *all* cooking.

Carnation Lemon Cream Pie—¾ cup Carnation Milk diluted with ¾ cup water, 1½ cups sugar, 5 tbsp. lemon juice, 1 tsp. grated rind, 2 eggs, 4½ tbsp. flour, pinch salt, 1 tbsp. butter. Scald diluted Carnation Milk; stir into mixture of flour, sugar, salt. Cook 25 minutes, stirring occasionally. Remove from fire; stir in beaten yolks, cook 2 minutes, add butter, lemon juice and rind. Pour into baked pastry shell, cover with meringue; brown.

Write for Mary Blake Cook Book

CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS COMPANY
338 Carnation Bldg., Oconomowoc, Wis.
438 Stuart Bldg., Seattle; New York; Aylmer, Ont.

NEW!

Kitchen cabinets in exquisite Period Styles

They add a fashionable note of color to any woman's kitchen

COLOR is the fashion in the modern kitchen. Everywhere women are seeking relief from the soul-deadening monotony of stiff, cold, severely plain kitchen furniture.

The Sellers KITCHENAIRE is a thrilling answer to this plea for color.

New in style! New in beauty! The KITCHENAIRE for the first time brings the color, the grace, the richness of fine period furniture into your kitchen.

Three wonderful KITCHENAIRE models are offered for your choice. A noted European artist designed them exclusively for Sellers.

Richly colored Spanish! Daintily tinted Colonial! Smart, stylish Modern-American!

A type to suit any woman's artistic preference. A design to bring the needed touch of color to any woman's kitchen.

And at prices that are surprisingly moderate.

Yet with all its new style and beauty the Sellers KITCHENAIRE is still the supreme time- and labor-saver.

Every ingenious work-saving feature—every exclusive labor-saving improvement for which the Sellers Kitchen Cabinet is so widely known is included.

For years Sellers supremacy in this respect has been acknowledged.

MODERN AMERICAN

You will want to see the new KITCHENAIRES. Everybody will soon be talking about them. You will want to compare the beauty and color; picture the model of your choice in your kitchen; note the moderate prices and the very easy terms. Your local Sellers dealer has them.

A New Book FREE!

But, also, for leisurely study and to show your friends at home, you will want our latest book, "Apostles of Style." It shows all the KITCHENAIRE models in realistic colors—also some beautiful examples of latest models in colorful kitchens. This book is free. Just send us your name and address.

G. I. SELLERS & SONS COMPANY, *Elwood, Indiana*

SPANISH

The SELLERS *Kitchenaire*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

Something less than an hour later the same morning a lady telephoned.

"Is there anything in town fit for my children—except the Stone show?" she demanded.

I replied truthfully that there was—that there were approximately sixty attractions playing in New York theaters, and probably forty of them were fit for her children, though not all of them, perhaps, appropriate. I always bristle a little at the suggestion that because a few entertainments are streaky with smut the whole list is in the same condition.

"Well," said she, and with conviction, "we have tried and tried, but the only thing we can ever really depend upon is the Fred Stone show. Really, I hate the years he plays on the road; then there is not even one."

Interesting, I say again, that the cleanest entertainer in the theater, and one of the very cleanest in his home life, should be a product of the Western pioneer town life of forty years ago. Even more interesting that there should be two of them.

Fred Stone is one. Will Rogers is the other. Both were ranch-born, town-reared, circus-trained. They knew intimately the honk-a-tonks and the burlesque theaters when these were as tough as they could be made. And yet they came through clean. Not boastfully. Neither has ever deliberately capitalized his urge toward decency. Fred admits it embarrassedly. Rogers will laugh you out of the idea. But the fact remains.

"When did you begin, or when did Charlie Dillingham begin, to make capital of the cleanliness of your shows?" I asked Fred Stone.

"When?" he repeated, a little mystified. "We never have begun, so far as I know. We never thought of their being anything else. Never occurred to us. The shows I've worked with all my life have been clean. When I was in vaudeville you couldn't even cuss—remember?—say nothing of swear. Can't now. Naturally, starting in vaudeville, I never thought of any other kind of show."

"BUT now," I insisted, "now that there is so much that isn't clean in the theater, has no one ever tried to dirty up the Stone show for the good of the box office?"

"If they did I never heard of it. Just never occurs to us. We don't deserve a lot of credit for being clean. Not as though we had to make an effort to be clean. It's just our way. Just natural."

He is, I think, the most unaffected actor in the profession. And one of the most serious. Fun is Fred Stone's business—being funny his trade. But his fun is physical fun—twists and turns, head spins and back falls, shuffles and grimaces, funny noises and artfully studied practical jokes.

His mind is ever so serious. He has, I gather, many enjoyable outlets for an abounding energy, but his idea of a good time is a good hunt. Or a long rehearsal.

"In the old Montgomery and Stone days," Arthur Houghton said to me—and Arthur has been Fred Stone's manager for seventeen years—"Dave could never understand why Fred wanted to work all the time. Dave liked to play. But, given an idea for a new dance step or a new stunt, Fred would work at it hours at a stretch, and love it."

Fred will run his family ragged if they will let him. I had borrowed a book from him—or from Dorothy. Christmas morning, thinking to get a glimpse of the Stone family tree, I took it back.

The parent Stones were still abed. Only the children were around the tree, which was so huge and spready it probably had to be brought in through a couple of windows. Their elders, home late from the theater the night before and up a long time with the tree, were on the job again at six-thirty to watch the youngest two Stones—Paula, fifteen, and Carol, twelve—get the first of their Santa Claus thrills.

Not that Paula and Carol are still believers. But just because the child heart wants to believe and the child hearts of their parents hate like anything to see them growing up.

"It isn't what it used to be," Fred said a day or two later. "Gee, they don't want toys any more. I used to like the toys."

THE Stone home in Forest Hills sprawls artistically over four or five lots, and leaves room for a three-car garage and machine shop down in a corner. The third floor back is mostly playroom, with enough miniature theaters, amusement parks, and electric trains with complicated trestlework routes to stock a fair-sized department store. It was a happy time for Fred Stone when he could give over the day to them. He went about making a success of Christmas just as seriously as he does everything else.

There is no particular reason why we should marvel, even a little, because an actor, and particularly a successful actor, remains decently, normally human. And yet it is cheering, com-

Harold Stein photo

The Stone family at home. (Left to right) Carol, Fred Stone, Mrs. Stone, who was known on the stage as Allene Crater, Dorothy, and Paula.

ing upon it suddenly and noting its contrast to all the things that are happening in and to the theater world these days.

Most people carelessly attribute this reputation of Fred Stone's for inspiring the one dependably clean entertainment in sixty, to one of two things:

"It's because he got religion," the larger number whisper. "Didn't you read about it?"

"He's a wise bird. It's good business being a clean-show boy these days," wisely chirp the rest of them.

And they all are wrong.

Fred does not like to talk about religion. Not *his* religion. And he does not like to have anyone else talk or write about it. He is just as serious about that as he is about everything else. Not because he is ashamed of anything that his somewhat emotional and perfectly simple confession in the Northwest brought him four years ago. Nothing shamed him about that except that many people accepted it as a publicity stunt he had organized, or at least had agreed to.

He does not like to discuss his religion, because, first, he rightly feels that it is his own darned business; and, second, no man ever yet discussed religion without being in some measure misunderstood.

But, knowing Stone and knowing the circumstances under which that whole story was spread over the country, it is the most reasonable and understandable of adventures.

It was after Tip-Top had run the better part of a season in Chicago. The family, as is the Stone custom, had followed the show there and kept up the home life during that engagement. But when the road tour started, Mrs. Stone and the children came back to New York.

Up in the Montana country the show ran into snow. There were many delays and so much time for meditation and self-reproach and that flagellation of the spirit to which serious folk are often victims. He was lonesome, and, gosh, how he missed the folks!

At Billings, Fred stepped into a bookstore and bought a Bible. He had not read the Bible for a long time, though all his early training had been associated with church-going and Sunday school. His folks did a lot of moving from place to place in those days, and a lot of joining with and resigning from village churches.

Anyway, something of the old urge had come upon the comedian in those snow-bound days. In the store where he bought the book was a clergyman, also book-buying. The two fell into conversation. They walked from the bookshop to the parsonage. The minister invited the comedian to come hear him preach the next Sunday.

And the next Sunday Fred was there. Can't you see it?

The minister is proud of his famous actor guest. He presses the obligations of hospitality and introduces him. (I wonder if the congregation applauded!) And Fred—naturally, primitively, honestly emotional—makes a little speech. The theme of the speech is that, having been an inactive Christian for many years, the speaker feels that he should become a more active Christian. He does not want just to believe. He is convinced that he should be more of a worker.

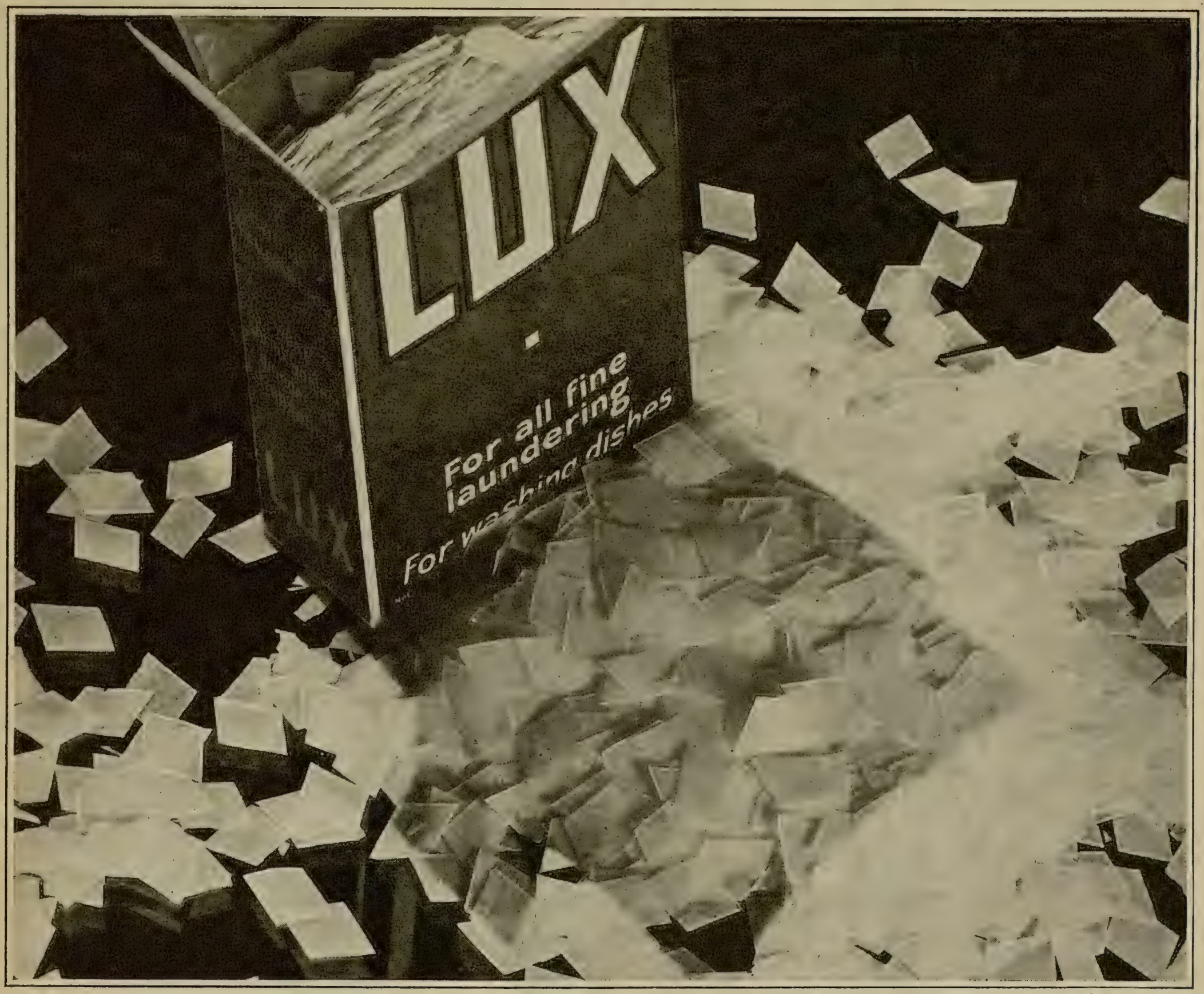
FRED, if he had known about it, could have quoted Samuel Johnson in substantiation of his conviction. "To be of no church is dangerous," Johnson wrote, as you remember—and if you don't remember you can find it (where I did) in Bartlett. "Religion, of which the rewards are distant, and which is animated only by faith and hope, will glide by degrees out of the mind unless it be invigorated and reimpressed by external ordinances, by stated calls to worship, and the salutary influence of example."

I find there is some little confusion as to how the story broke. I was going to ask Fred; but, as I say, he does not care a lot for the subject and he learned to box while sparring with James J. Corbett. He can also run a lot faster than I can.

The story broke, however, days later. And in another town. Suddenly it spread over the country: "Fred Stone Gets Religion!" "Actor Joins Church and Asks for Prayers!" And ever so much more.

The most surprised, not to say the most amazed, dumfounded, and pitifully chagrined reader of those stories, was Fred Stone himself. Later, when interviewers, camera men, requests for special articles, invitations to preach, offers from lecture bureaus, and the usual suggestions for individual financial help all began to pour in, the star of Tip-Top was

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-NINE]



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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]
probably as near a nervous collapse as a lad of his stamina can be. He was, I have been told, and can easily believe, fit to be tied.

Yet he was game. He took the worry of that episode like a major—if you know majors. Hating every line that was printed about it, feeling that in some way he had been false to his finest convictions, and that one of the most decent of his impulses had been turned into a noisy and vulgar campaign from which he was presumed to be collecting profit, he still kept his head up and never denied his faith. Why should he? It was true! He believed it! He always had believed it!

Some months later he got his bearings and straightened out his thought. "I've not joined any church," he explained. "I'm not going in for evangelism. I'm not a church member. My family was Methodist; Dorothy and the other girls are Christian Scientists. To me, being religious means only being clean, being fair, and helping those that need help. I don't seem to get much further than that."

It was full of kicks, that story of Fred Stone's religion—still is, whenever something brings it to the fore, in newspapers or elsewhere.

Fred was back in New York May 13 that year. He made a special run of it to be present at a benefit for the National Vaudeville Association, of which he afterward was elected president. It was his first public appearance after the country had buzzed its head off about him. In show circles it was comparable to the first appearance Theodore Roosevelt made at Madison Square Garden after ducking the assassin's bullet in Milwaukee.

THERE was a riotous reception for the comedian when he shuffled in from the wings and went into his dance. When he finished there was a stage wait. Maybe God arranged it. Anyway, it gave Fred just time to step to the front of the stage and, with the old-time sincerity, confess again that out West he had confessed to being a Christian.

He was glad of it, he said, and 4,000 people roared approval. The Metropolitan Opera House has never, before or since, been so filled with the Christian spirit as it was that minute. For a minute.

They made him president of the N. V. A. after that. And he topped his speech of acceptance with a buck-and-wing dance and half—his half — of the old song and dance, The Coon Hunt, with which he and the late Dave Montgomery broke into their famous partnership.

Although he has been a leader of the legitimate theater since 1899, vaudeville is Fred Stone's true love. In 1923 they had a clown night at the N. V. A. clubhouse, and the Stones, coming over from Stepping Stones, in which Dorothy had made her sensational debut, took part in a ceremony that held a sentimental thrill for us who have grown up professionally with the family.

Fred made a speech. "I'm from vaudeville," he said, "and thank God I am. It's the best part of the whole show business. When my babies tell me they are going to vaudeville I never ask what show. I know it's all all right. I love my profession. I've given forty years of my life to it. And now I'm giving the greatest treasure a man ever possessed—my little daughter. Do you wonder I want to see this profession clean?"

Of course the vaudevillians expressed themselves in spasms of delight.

"DOROTHY, come here," Fred called.

Dorothy was standing back with her mother, a little embarrassed, but smiling her usual glorious smile. To cover her embarrassment she shuffled forward with the familiar Stone steps.

"No matter how young a prune is, it's always wrinkled," muttered Fred, reaching for her wrist.

Then he called for a pair of scissors and prepared to cut a gold bracelet that would have been deeply embedded in Dorothy's wrist if there had been anything to embed it in.

The bracelet, it was explained,

Harold Stein photo

Hunting is Stone's chief delight, and Dorothy is like him.

had been wished on Dorothy by the girls of the pony ballet playing with Montgomery and Stone in The Old Town. She was a baby then, and their wish was that she should wear the bracelet until she made her Broadway debut.

"We're going to take it off tonight," said Fred. "It means I'm giving her to the profession. Her mother gives her too, for she is as glad and as sure as I am."

The scissors snipped, the three Stones linked arms and grinned, the crowd cheered, and everybody cried—a little. Which brings us rather definitely to Dorothy and the second generation of Stones.

As show folk, Fred is the founder of the family. Neither he nor Allene Crater, who was playing the *Lady Lunatic* in The Wizard of Oz the year they were married (1903), was born of theatrical stock. Mrs. Stone was the daughter of Judge Crater of Denver, and quite nonprofessional before she decided on a stage career. And Fred had no very clear idea what he would do until he ran away with a wagon show.

There was never any doubt as to what Dorothy was going to do. She was going on the stage. She decided that about the time she lost her first tooth. But when, and to do what, gave the family a table topic for some years. It was all perfectly clear to Dorothy. She was going to dance. She was going to sing too—if she could. But she was going to dance. She knew that.

Most of the wistful, fairylike stage girls of her type want to act. Most of them want to be dramatic ingenues. But Dorothy just wants to dance and dance, and sing and dance. You can talk to her about her success, and she accepts the conversation as one of those things that have to be. She is proud of it, I suppose. I should think she would be.

She has a scrapbook as big as the side of a house, filled with the most glowing accounts of her subjugation of most of our forty-eight States in her three-year career. But she accepts that as merely the break of the business. She has been ever and ever so fortunate. Look at her father! Look at her mother! Look at her opportunities! She is pleased, but not at all excited by it.

But mention dancing; get her to telling you how she and dad worked with this step or that step, of how they found the cane dance for Stepping Stones and the stair dance for Criss-Cross, and her eyes snap and shine and she moves forward to the edge of her chair. Dancing! Now you're talking. Dancing *means* something!

WHICH recalls the night of her debut in Stepping Stones. She had had six weeks on the road under a stage name. And she had been studying seriously since 1919. Fred was playing Jack o' Lantern in Boston that year, and used to come home to his farm at Amityville, Long Island, for the week-ends. And Dorothy used to meet him every week with a copy of one of his dances or a new step of her own.

Suddenly, it seemed, she had grown up, and something had to be done about it. So father agreed to teach her. Every week she had a lesson, and every week he found she was not only "tap perfect," but that she usually had added something of her own.

Then it was a question of when the debut could be made and interfere least with Dorothy's graduation plans at the Kew-Forest School. Finally Stepping Stones was agreed upon. She was nineteen that year.

Through rehearsals and the six weeks on the road, she took to the stage as naturally as one born to it should; loved her notices and was only distressed by the long, long time it took the hours to pass between shows.

Finally the opening night on Broadway arrived, and if you don't believe that day was an exciting one in the Stone family you don't know your theater! That one per-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

formance could, if tradition held true, make or break Dorothy Stone. And no one on this earth could help her except herself.

I have done thirty years of playgoing, professional and casual, and I recall one or two red-decorated adventures in the theater. One of them is the debut of Dorothy Stone.

That night the Globe Theater was bulging with Stone fans. They had grown up with Fred from the days he lengthened a pantomime part in The Wizard of Oz from "seven sides" of nothing much to "seventy sides," or thereabouts, of a star part. They felt they knew, and knew they admired, Mrs. Stone for being fine enough to give up her own stage career to take proper care of her children. They wanted most awfully to like Dorothy.

Dorothy made her entrance without much show of nerves, hopped about a bit, and took up her music cue. Her first song was a good deal of a bust. Nothing went wrong except that she was nervous, her throat was tight, her voice flat and colorless—and we were expecting too much. The applause was perfunctory, though friendly. But you could sense the disappointment of that crowd.

AND then Dorothy "went into her dance."

There are a lot of us who will never forget the relief and joy of that moment! Let her sing as she would. But, praise be, she could dance! And how! Of course, you have to see Dorothy dance to know how perfect she is, and it may be you have to love her a little to think the dancing perfect. I don't know—or care.

The crowd did not wait for her to finish. It barely waited for her to start. The applause roared down from above and up from below in the orchestra. It billowed and died and billowed again. She finished, and the applause was redoubled. She moved back and stood with her mother, who patted her hand, and tried not to cry—much.

And, like a lot of sentimental idiots, out front we sniffled and kept on applauding. Why? I don't know, exactly. The reaction from the fear of disappointment had a little something to do with it. But back of it was a tremendous happiness that this lovely child of a beloved clown was the success we had hoped she would be. And the lid was off!

There was a demonstration for her again at the act's end. By this time she was sweetly composed and almost an old trouper. Later, when she took Dave Montgomery's place at her dad's side and did all of Dave's steps, and still later when she and Fred featured a cane dance, there was another small riot.

Here you have the foreground and a little of the background of the man who has, as said, come to be known dependably as the cleanest influence in the legitimate theater. Or shall we say the most important influence, because the style of his entertainment impinges so definitely upon those other music shows that have slipped off their tights and their brassieres to keep pace with what their managers insist is our demand for a Continental theater.

I had planned to go back to the early Stone days and trace the beginnings of that urge toward decency that has kept the comedian what he is. One of the earliest influences in his life was his desire to be an acrobat. And to be an acrobat you just have to take care of your body. He was a "bender" as a boy—a contortionist, in imitation of those he had seen with the tent shows.

He used to give street-corner shows, and his brother Eddie would pass the hat. The first time there was anything in the hat was after they had entertained a trainload of soldiers on their way to capture

Photo by White Studios

Father and daughter sharing the spotlight in Criss-Cross.

Geronimo in the Southwest. They got three dollars that day.

By the time Stone had taken up dancing—he had to learn to dance to have a part in the grand concert after the show—and had come through his varied circus experiences, his habits were formed. He was still an acrobat. He never drank and he never smoked. He wasn't snooty about it—he just didn't. It wasn't good business. He was, as I say, a most serious young man.

BUT it is a long story, and no doubt more or less familiar to you. Also, it is much like other stories of young boys who run away with circuses and live to become great.

It started when he was born in Valmont, Colorado, and named Val, by the way, to match his brother, who came after and was called Mont. The boys shook those names before they were ten and became plain Freddie and Eddie.

It carries on through a series of colorful adventures to his meeting with Dave Montgomery, first in a Denver variety theater, and later in Galveston, where Fred joined Dave and Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels, and formed the team of Montgomery and Stone, which, little by little and season by season, edged closer to seats placed right on top of the amusement world. They went into musical comedy with The Girl from Up There, who was Edna May, and continued on through The Red Mill, The Old Town, Lady of the Slipper, and Chin-Chin.

Then Dave died and Fred had to go on alone. In Jack o' Lantern and Tip-Top he was a single star. Then, in Stepping Stones, Dorothy came along, and she moved on with Criss-Cross. Seven of the Stone shows have averaged virtually three years each—one in New York and two on tour.

Now Paula Beach is getting ready—Paula Beach Stone is her name, for her aunt, who is Mrs. Rex Beach. And Paula, Dorothy tells me, can sing better than any of them. Dorothy's own voice, by the way, is wonderfully improved this year.

Paula can dance, too, and loves it. She was conducting a Charleston contest at school the day I was at the Stones', and she wins all the dancing contests. She can act too, and gives imitations. She may be the Bernhardt Stone!

THEN along will come Carol Montgomery Stone, also headed happily and quite as determinedly as the others for the stage. There is no pretense in the Stone family of trying to keep them off—no affected assumption that, while it was all right for their parents, stage life is much too treacherous for them. If they want to sing and dance, they may. The only demand is that they do their honest best. And you know, looking into their level eyes, that they will carry on.

But I am not so sure about Carol. I have a suspicion she is going to write. Already, at twelve, she has finished her first short story.

All three of the Stone children love horses and what they know of ranch life. It was largely for them that Fred bought his Connecticut ranch—"Star" Ranch, he calls it, after his favorite horse—of 2,200 acres. It lies between Lyme and Old Lyme, where the artists live, and some day there will be a rambling ranch house on it, built of logs.

Allene Crater Stone smiled contentedly when I suggested that she probably would not have much trouble with her girls. She is rightfully proud of her family. She mothers them all—particularly Fred. And she went back to the stage when it seemed the best thing to do while getting Dorothy started.

She stands in the wings now and watches her gifted child. And across the theater another mother stands, watching her child. This one is the soubrette you may remember as little Anna Laughlin who was the *Dorothy Gale* in The Wizard of Oz. It was for *Dorothy Gale* that Dorothy Stone was named. Anna Laughlin's baby, Lucy Monroe, is a dancing principal now and also on her way up.

Thus the generations crowd each other, in the show business as well as out. I think we're pretty lucky, in this instance, that they are following each other in a Fred Stone show.

THE END

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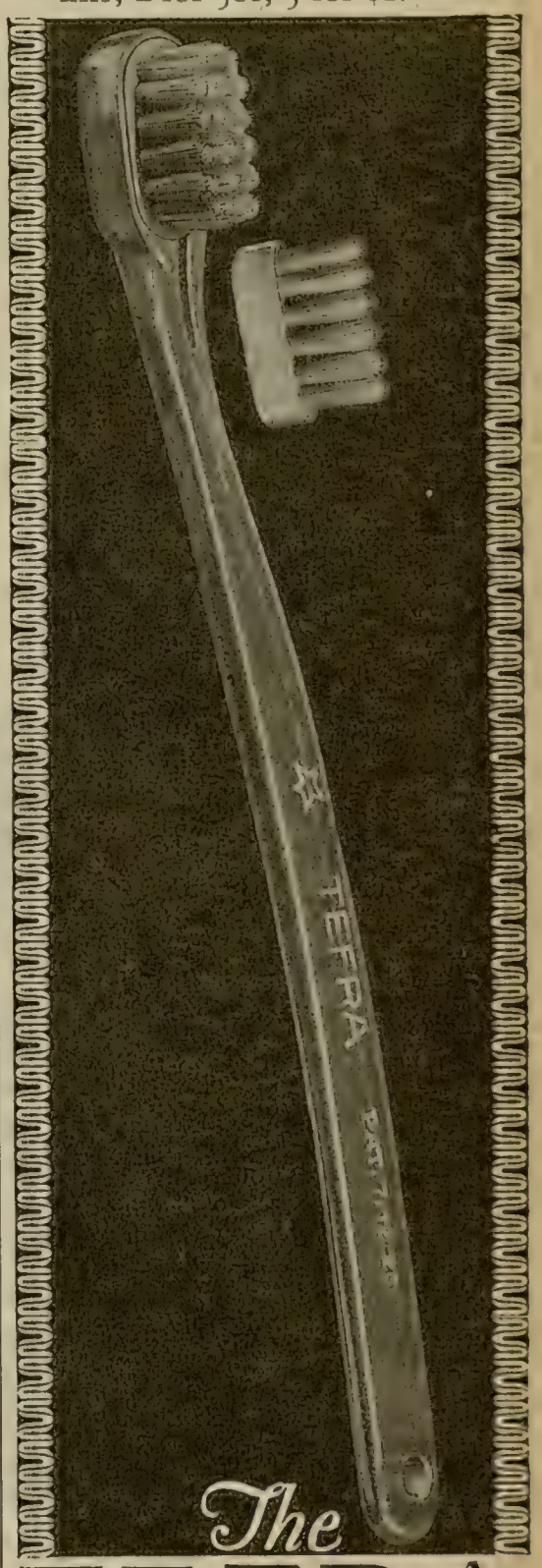

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GAGS of Gold

How Harold Lloyd Founded a Fortune on a Pair of Spectacle Rims

A Movie Review by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

One of the laugh-getters in Harold Lloyd's new comedy, The Kid Brother. The girl is Jobyna Ralston.

HAROLD LLOYD'S weekly screen income runs between $30,000 and $40,000. He is the highest paid of all film stars. His real-estate holdings in and about Los Angeles are tremendous. He has commercialized his humor as shrewdly as any successful manufacturer ever marketed his products.

With all his huge fortune, Lloyd is the most unassuming of all Hollywood's stars. A curious Scotch-Irish canniness marks everything he does. Perhaps the fact that he has missed a lot of the personal adulation so upsetting to film favorites has something to do with the way he has maintained his sane viewpoint.

Harold Lloyd's screen face (above), and (below) another golden gag scene in The Kid Brother.

Lloyd is never recognized in public. Even in Los Angeles he passes unknown. The spectacles — part and parcel of all his screen comedy—are missing, and, to the casual observer, he is just a shy young man.

Lloyd, who was christened Harold Clayton, was born in 1894, in Burchard, Pawnee County, Nebraska. He went to school in Omaha, Denver, and San Diego. The stage always attracted him. He sold popcorn, ushered, did bits in stock, and went to school, all at one time. He then drifted to Los Angeles. He had saved but little money and he had many a trying moment as an extra.

At that time he lived in a small room with his father, who did what cooking there was for the two of them. Then he happened to meet Hal Roach, who was doing cowboy bits on the Universal lot. The two extras became pals. They had an idea—to make their own pictures. Finally Roach acquired fifty dollars. He had discovered an Englishman who, he thought, had comic possibilities. Roach, however, remembered his friend, and Harold was signed at forty dollars a week—the forty being a bit in doubt. As the comedy worked out, Lloyd developed into its star.

So Roach began making the *Lonesome Luke* comedies, with Harold as a tattered comedian wearing a tiny mustache. Roach and Lloyd made something like a hundred of these one-reel comedies. Then Lloyd doped out his new character, the bespectacled boy he still plays. The Lloyd glasses, by the way, are only rims, because the glass would pick up reflections from the studio lights.

The shift to boyish make-up and spectacles marked a turn in the Lloyd-Roach fortunes. Harold leaped into popularity. He made many more comedies, each a little better than its predecessor.

The old business tie-up with Roach ended, Roach continuing with Our Gang and other comedies. Lloyd organized his own company, with his father—who formerly cooked his dinners over a gas jet—in an important capacity. Being a careful producer, he has gone steadily ahead. His newest comedy, The Kid Brother, is just out. It is one of his best.

Here Harold is once more the shy country boy, the "young 'un" of the fighting *Hickorys* of Hickoryville. Harold, of course, proves himself and wins the girl, this time a stranded young girl of a defunct medicine show. The Kid Brother is full of good gags, as the movie folk call humorous incidents.

Lloyd once told me a good gag was worth $200,000 to a comedy. In other words, it adds that much to the returns of a picture. Comedians do not depend upon chance for these gags. They maintain batteries of gag men, at high salaries, to think up comic incidents.

Remember Grandma's Boy and the kittens that followed Harold because he had greased his shoes? Remember The Freshman and how Harold went to the college dance in a tuxedo insecurely basted by the tailor? These are samples of incidents that won salary raises for Harold's gag men.

Lloyd is happily married, loves his four-year-old daughter, Mildred Gloria, and lives very simply. I doubt if he himself knows the extent of his fortune or his holdings. I have motored with him past big Los Angeles real-estate developments. When someone pointed out that the property was his, Harold was astonished.

Lloyd seems to be the only screen comedian, with the exception of Harry Langdon, who is doing better than holding his own.

Brief Comment

The Music Master.—A conscientious effort to get the old kick out of Charles Klein's drama of the musician and his long-lost daughter, but the spark of David Warfield's once vibrant emotional appeal is missing. Alec Francis is a nice old *Music Master*, and Lois Moran is pleasant enough as the daughter. But don't miss Bill Tilden as the butler!

Do you know that—

Famous Players-Lasky is purchasing Abie's Irish Rose for a reported sum of $2,000,000? . . . Warner Brothers have signed May McAvoy? . . . Gilda Gray is making Cabaret at the Famous Players' Long Island studios? . . . The Cradle Snatchers is being filmed by William Fox, with Louise Fazenda?

Installation Free!

Yes, any Philco Dealer in your community will connect the marvelous Philco AB Socket Power to your radio set ***at no additional cost to you.*** Installation is absolutely ***free.*** And then, you can run your radio set—any kind—direct from your electric lighting current.

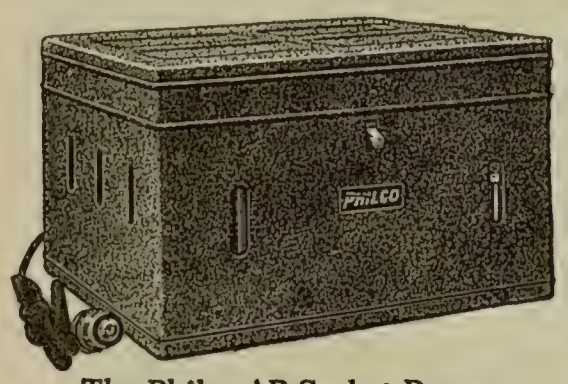
Runs Any Radio from Your Electric Current!

It makes no difference what kind or what make radio set you have, the PHILCO AB Socket Power will give you both A and B power from your electric light current. Here is your opportunity to do away with dry-cell batteries, "B" batteries and the ordinary "A" storage battery.

Yours On Easy Payments

You can buy the PHILCO AB Socket Power on Easy Payment Terms from any Philco dealer in your town. You merely make a small first payment—balance monthly.

Go to your Electrical Dealer, Department Store, Electric Light Company, Music Dealer or Battery Service Station; tell them you read this advertisement and you want the PHILCO Radio Socket Power.



The Philco AB Socket Power All in One Cabinet

No more recharging to do; no more dry batteries to replace; no more fuss; no more bother.

Trade In Your Old Storage Battery

Any one of the many thousands of Philco dealers will make you a very liberal trade-in allowance for your old "A" storage battery on the purchase of a brand-new Philco AB Socket Power. It makes no difference what make of "A" storage battery you now have or how old or worn out it may be.

One Switch Control

One switch controls everything. Snap it "ON," and from your house current you get a strong, steady flow of A and B power. Snap it "OFF" and your radio is silent.

Positively Improves Reception

A strong, constant and dependable flow of power from your electric current through the Philco AB Socket Power. It positively improves reception.

No Hum! No Distortion!

Radio reception without the least hum—without the least distortion. That is another reason for the tremendous popularity of the Philco Socket Power.

Remember, the Philco Socket Power supplies perfect radio power ***for any make or any kind of radio,*** whether home-built or manufactured.

Mail This Coupon Now

Visit the Philco dealer, or if you prefer, mail the coupon below to us. We will send full information on our offer of Easy Payments and Trade-In allowance for your old storage battery.

This coupon is *not* an order. ***It does not place you under the slightest obligation.*** It is merely a request for the full details and free descriptive literature. Mail the coupon today.

Philadelphia Storage Battery Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

PHILCO Radio "A B" Socket Power

Dept. 1233

Important! Special models of Philco Socket Power are also built to exactly fit inside Victrola-Radiola, Brunswick-Radiola, Radiola 28 and Atwater Kent-Pooley Radio cabinets.

Made by the makers of the famous *super-powered* Philco Diamond Grid Battery for your automobile.

© H. B. B.

Visit the Philco Dealer or Mail This Coupon

Special Coupon

Philadelphia Storage Battery Co.,
Ontario and C Streets
Philadelphia, Pa. Dept. 1233

GENTLEMEN:

Please send me, without cost or obligation, illustrated literature describing the Philco AB Socket Power. I also desire full details of your Easy Payment Plan and Trade-In Allowance offer.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Name of your radio set _____

Spare the Rod and Save the Rug!

BEATING the rug to free the grit. That's hard work for you and hard on the rug, too. But the rug must be *thoroughly* cleaned to keep its beauty. Then —clean it with a Premier Duplex.

The Premier Duplex has *double action*—the two actions essential to clean cleaning. They work together accomplishing twice the work in half the time. The motor-driven brush sweeps the surface clean, and gently shakes and frees the grit. The strong suction bags all.

And the Premier Duplex spares you not only hard work, but mechanical work, too. It never needs oiling. Both brush and motor have ball bearings, packed in lubricant. It will keep your rugs—your whole home—clean and fresh *for a lifetime.*

Premier Duplex

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER CO., INC.
Dept. 603 Cleveland, Ohio.

Manufactured and distributed in Canada by the Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd., General Offices, Toronto.

Sold over the entire world, outside of the U. S. and Canada by the International General Electric Co., Inc., Schenectady, New York.

REUNION

The other two slid out with the girls during the heat of the battle.

A Tale of a War Bird Who Stepped into Trouble With a Girl Who Stepped Out

By ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

Pictures by ADDISON BURBANK

YOU say there's going to be an old-fashioned pilots' reunion dinner tonight? Well, tell the boys "chin-chin" for me and tell the toastmaster, if any, that the press of urgent business forces me to regret that I cannot attend, but that I send my deepest sympathy and trust the usual 5 per cent dividend will be declared.

Why don't I go? Oh, no, it isn't the ten dollars. As a matter of fact, I have ten dollars. But I'm not going to dishonor you with my presence, just the same.

Pass me that hairlip tonic in that blushing Johnny Walker bottle and I'll tell you why I won't sing Mademoiselle from Armentieres with you tonight.

The first one of these little attacks of arson, mayhem, and assorted packages of murder was staged on the first anniversary of the Armistice. About a thousand of us attended this large and impressive banquet. We had a big ballroom at the Biltmore or Astor or Commodore or something—I've forgotten the exact place. One of our brightest young ex-aviators went over to Jersey and brought back ten gallons of mountain applejack that was 160 proof and made a sizzling noise like peroxide as it went down.

We had a distinguished General there who was scheduled to make a patriotic address. The General finally got introduced, but that was as far as the oratory went. In spite of a foghorn voice, he couldn't make himself heard above the noise of a crap game that was going on right under his table. He resigned and joined the crap game.

THE tables were cleared and we ended up by staging a football game in that ballroom. I tried a shoestring tackle on a Colonel who was carrying a cuspidor for the ball, and I missed and crashed into a camouflaged radiator.

About ten of us were in such good form that we polished off the rest of the applejack and went to a cabaret.

There were two men and two girls at the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

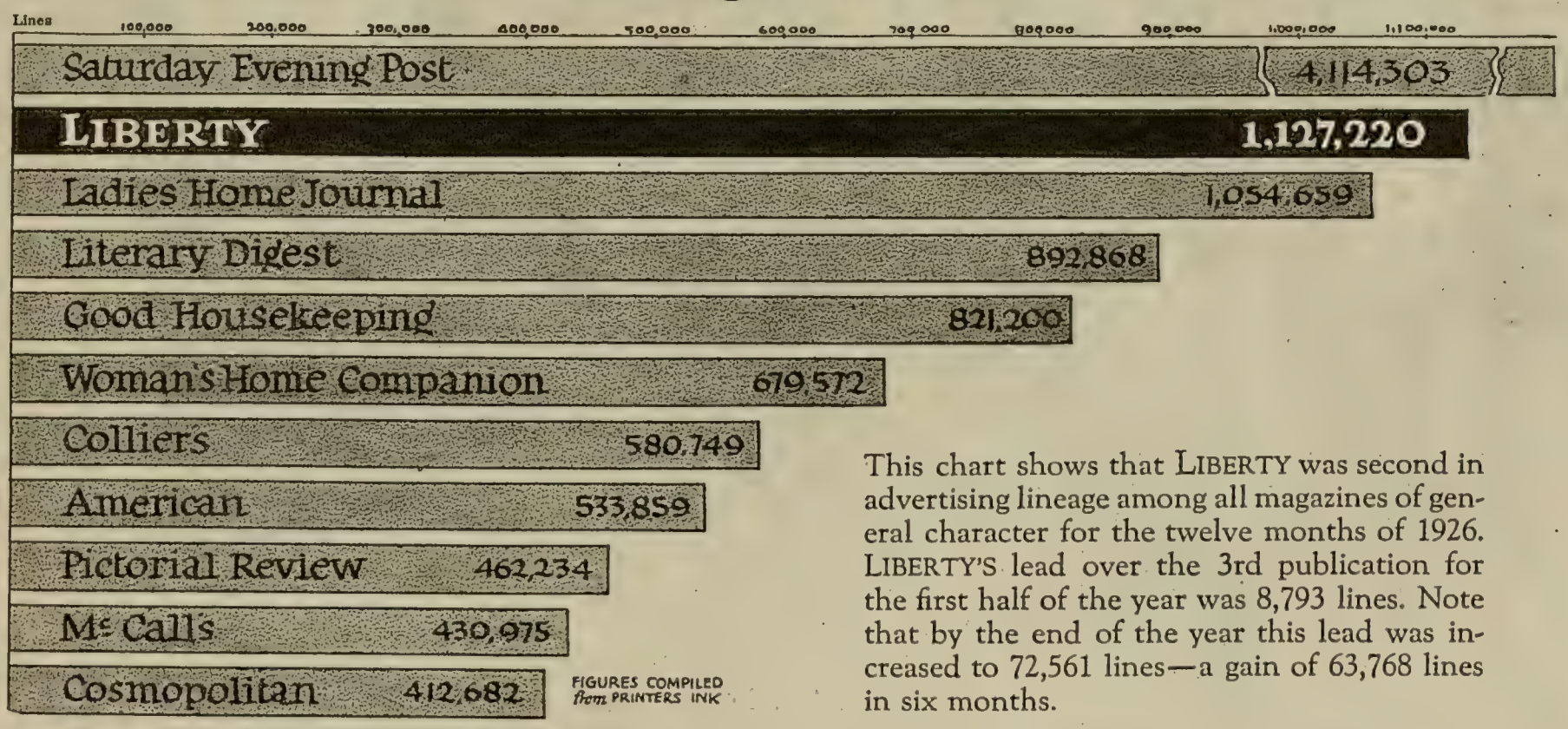
The Total Advertising Gain in 1926 Over 1925 for *All Magazines* Was About 15%

LIBERTY

Had an Advertising Growth of More Than 96% for this Period

Last year, LIBERTY printed 1,127,220 lines of advertising in comparison with 575,585 lines in 1925.

Second in Advertising Lineage Among All General Magazines Throughout 1926



FIGURES COMPILED *from* PRINTERS INK

This chart shows that LIBERTY was second in advertising lineage among all magazines of general character for the twelve months of 1926. LIBERTY'S lead over the 3rd publication for the first half of the year was 8,793 lines. Note that by the end of the year this lead was increased to 72,561 lines—a gain of 63,768 lines in six months.

LIBERTY'S stability is proved by the fact that it increased its lead over the third magazine each consecutive month during 1926. This great record clearly illustrates that more and more leading agencies and outstanding advertisers, who appreciate a newsstand medium with an editorial content planned to interest all members of the family, are presenting their message through LIBERTY.

LIBERTY will be glad to have a representative call to tell you of some of its many advertising successes during 1926.

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

next table, and in the course of the evening the two girls went out for a few minutes. Two of our gang left the table about the same time.

The two birds who were daddying the girls decided that there was some connection between these two more or less unrelated and insignificant events, and when the girls came back they started a row. I saw what the trouble was and I knew it was all a mistake, so I got up from my chair and went over to explain the matter to them.

SHE didn't think much of the idea at first, but I persuaded her.

The next thing I knew, someone was putting a piece of raw steak on my eye and showing me the back stairs so I could get out quietly. The two gentlemen at the next table were taken to a hospital and all but two of my crowd were taken to jail. The other two slid out with the girls during the heat of the battle.

I found my car in a couple of days and got home with a good story about tripping in the dark.

THE next Armistice Day came around on regular schedule, and I decided that I'd have to press the flesh with the old gang once more, so I hied myself to town, escorted by a case of Scotch and some good ideas.

Again we had a lot of space at some high-priced hostelry, and all the ancient and honorable aviators gathered together in John Barleycorn's name. Just to be sociable, I drank with forty-two old friends who plied me with everything from shoe polish to straight absinthe.

We finally got seated, and I decided I'd better stay where I was until the room got back in balance. I was at the head of table number fourteen and a waiter handed me a letter addressed to the commanding officer of the Fourteenth Aero Squadron, in care of the banquet. I saw the fourteen and opened it.

It was from a lady and she said she wanted to thank me for the kindness I had shown her, and that she had never had a chance to do so before. She had seen in the paper where the Fourteenth was going to reunite at the banquet, and she wanted to take this opportunity to send her thanks and her best wishes to all the squadron. It was signed with her full name and the street address was on the stationery. I tried to find some of the Fourteenth to pass it on to, but I couldn't find anybody in that mob.

When the party broke up, I remembered I still had the letter. I thought the least I could do was to call up the lady and tell her that she was quite welcome for whatever the C. O. of the Fourteenth had done for her.

I found a name similar to hers in the directory at that address and I got her all right. We chewed the rag awhile, and then I suggested that it was now just the shank of the evening, and that the lights were bright and the music positively contagious, and I thought that, being as how we were old friends, we ought to go out and prance a bit.

She didn't think much of the idea at first, but I was so enthusiastic about it that I finally persuaded her that such things were being done everywhere.

So I went and got her—and a bottle of Scotch—and we stepped out and tripped the light fantastic up and down the Great White Way until the last lobster palace was closed, inside as well as out. And that rag and bone certainly could shake her shimmy—no foolin'. She had the educated red-hot dogs.

NATURALLY, she didn't recognize me; but I reminded her that we all looked different in mufti than in uniform, and I told her I'd had a crash that had changed my face. That was about the only true thing I did tell her.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

At dinner...

millions enjoy this steaming hot drink...*without regrets*

COLD WEATHER. Weariness. How you need a steaming hot drink to revive your flagging spirits!

You can have such a hot drink even at dinner—without regrets. Without sleeplessness. Without jumpy nerves. Without indigestion. Millions of others do!

They find in Postum every delight that any hot drink can give. Flavor? Postum is made of whole wheat and bran, skillfully blended and roasted. From the golden grain it gets its distinctive, delicious taste. Try Postum at dinner tonight.

Make this test in your home: Use Postum as your mealtime drink for thirty days. Experience the relief from drug stimulation. Note the difference in the way you sleep—in the way you feel on getting up in the morning. At the end of thirty days you'll have *results* on which to base a wise decision.

Four out of five who make this test decide in favor of Postum. And this is a test you will thoroughly *enjoy*. Let Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator, help you start the test!

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I will send you one weeks supply of Postum, free, and my personal directions for preparing it, as a start on the thirty-day test.

"Or if you would rather begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup.

"For one week's free supply, please indicate on the coupon whether you prefer Instant Postum, prepared instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

© 1927, P. C. Co.

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

P.—L. 3-12-27

POSTUM CEREAL CO., INC., Battle Creek, Mich.
I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

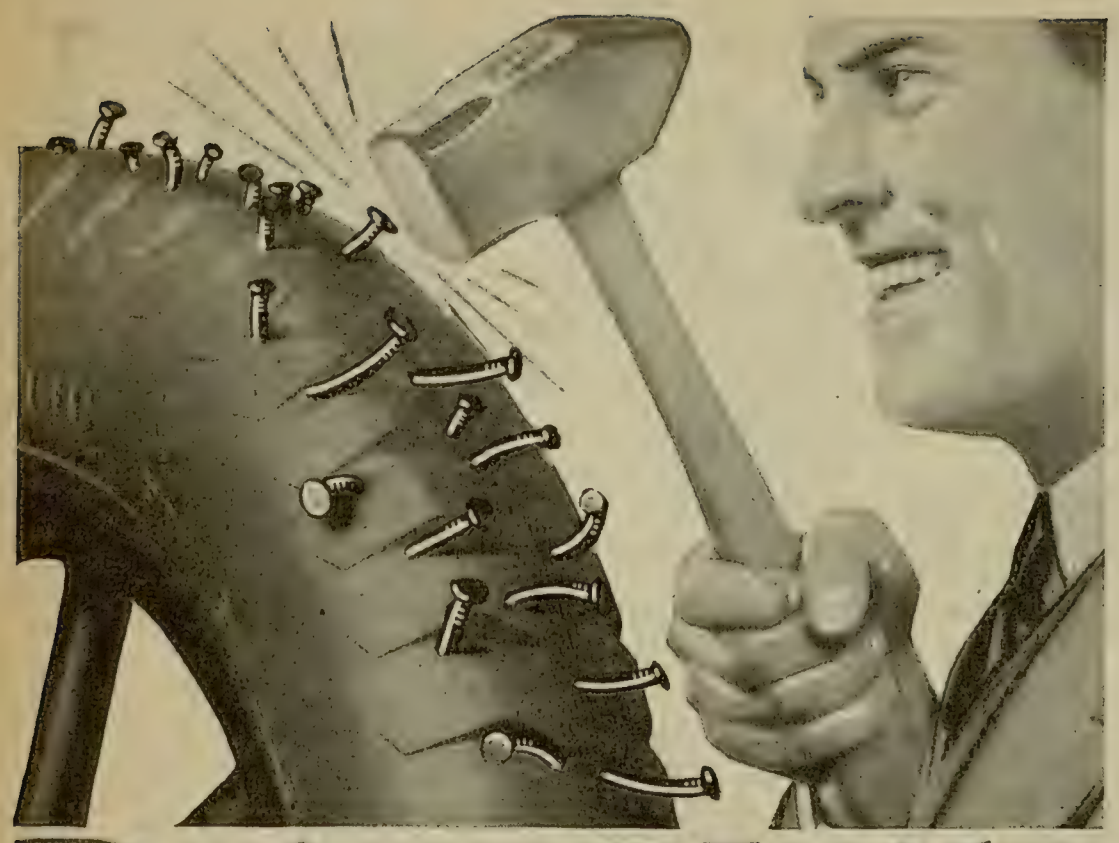
INSTANT POSTUM (prepared instantly in the cup) ☐
POSTUM CEREAL (prepared by boiling) ☐
Check which you prefer

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO. Ltd., 812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario



Drive Nails In Tires! —and Make $150 A Week

Simply pound nails into an old tire before astonished crowds and make $10 to $18 in an hour. Most sensational demonstration ever staged. Punctures sealed without removing the tire—without losing an ounce of air. No wonder this amazing invention brings big money for Air-Stop demonstrators!

Mystic Fluid Heals Punctures

Without Removing Tire!

AIR-STOP seals punctures automatically while you drive. No matter how many nails you hit. It seals punctures, slow leaks, valve leaks, porous tubes. Prevents cracked side walls and rim cuts, and thus increases tire mileage.

987 Punctures

Imagine driving as many as 987 nails into one tire without a single air leak. That's the way J. W. Simpson demonstrates this amazing fluid. Ralph Gates drove 54 spikes in one tire. Hitchings drove 100 penny nails in one tire. And not a bit of air leaked.

Works Automatically

Air-Stop is a simple harmless fluid you shoot into the tube with a grease gun. Tests of noted chemists show that it can't injure the tube in any way. In fact actually helps to preserve the rubber. Can't freeze in winter or thin out in summer. It never fails—and a single treatment lasts the life of the tube.

Think what this marvelous discovery means to car owners. No more yanking at tight rims and bolts, trying to pull off a punctured tire. No more changing tires in freezing weather or blazing hot days. Women can now drive without fear of puncture annoyance. And think of the money-saving in repair expenses.

Big Earnings

So certain does Air-Stop work and so fascinating is its demonstration that Air-Stop representatives are making fortunes. Bowman treated one fleet of cars after this amazing nail-driving demonstration and cleaned up $450 profit in one sale. E. E. Ahes made $562.00 in two weeks just traveling around North Dakota. J. H. Roser made $22.95 in only an hour and a half. And you can make big profits the same easy way. Simply pick up an old tube and drive nails into it before amazed crowds. Every car owner wants puncture protection. Every man is sold on the spot the minute he sees this amazing proof of Air-Stop.

AGENTS!

Here is a sensation in money-making opportunities. The big season is here now. Every car owner needs puncture protection. I show you easy way to make $150 in a week. Full time or evenings and Saturday afternoons. Rush coupon below without obligation.

FREE OFFER

Let me prove you can drive nails into a tube and still keep it air-tight with Air-Stop. Let me prove you can make $10 to $18 an hour. Rush coupon below for my special free sample offer and money-making plan for your full or spare time. Mailing it now won't cost you a penny. And it may triple your income next week. Act Now.

Air-Stop Mfg. Co.,
Dept. C-506, Hewitt Bldg.,
Des Moines, Ia.

SHOW ME! Send me full details of your free sample offer and money-making plan on Air-Stop. Without obligation in any way.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

AIR-STOP MFG. CO.

Dept. C-506 Hewitt Bldg. Des Moines, Ia.

[REUNION
Continued from Page Thirty-seven]

It seemed that she had been a nurse up at Nancy, and that one night, as she and two other nurses were on their way back from Paris, the train had been bombed. They had been taken over to an airdrome by some aviator who was on the train. The C. O. had received them graciously and given them his hut for the night and sent them back to their hospital in his car the next morning. And that was why she wanted to thank me again.

She wanted to do a lot of reminiscing, but I cut that short. She kept on asking about various pilots, and I gathered that most of the boys had followed up their advantage and done a lot of dual work around that hospital. She mentioned a couple of them that I did happen to know, so I stalled through a little of it, and then got her mind off bomb raids and hangar flying and back on the hop, skip, and jump.

WE really had a nice evening, and I decided that reunions weren't such terrible affairs, after all. Along about dawn we trailed home, and she suggested that I come in while she strangled some eggs.

She lived on a side street a couple of blocks off the Avenue and on the second floor of a sort of double house. We walked in and slammed the door and walked down a hall to the living-room. I could just feel Nemesis give me a shove as I went in.

There in the living-room was a big, husky-looking brute who was quite evidently in a bad humor. He put down a glass he had been emptying and scowled at us quite unpleasantly. The smile on my face froze and wouldn't come off.

"Hello, dear," says the little girl sweetly. "I thought you were in Philadelphia. When did you get back?"

"Where have you been?" he demanded sourly, ignoring her question.

"Oh, I've been out dancing with this gentleman here. He used to be the commanding officer of the Fourteenth Aero Squadron."

Then she turned to me and said, "I want you to meet my husband."

"Oh," says he, looking me over as if I smelled bad, "so you used to lead the Fourteenth Aero Squadron into battle, did you?" Then he turned to her. "Is that the best one you can think up? Try again, and see if you can't do better this time!"

"That's the truth, Harry," she sobbed. "Don't you believe me? What's the matter with you? Why, you've been drinking! You said you had quit!"

"Shut up," says he, "and get out of here. I want to talk to your boy friend. I'll settle this matter myself."

Then I began to get the drift. I'd heard about the old badger game all my life, but I never thought I'd get sucked into one of the frame-ups. Well, here I was. I'd taken hook, line, and sinker, and here was the aggrieved husband ready to collect. I knew I

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Is it worth a few hours' Practice?

Popularity Plus! The glad hand of welcome everywhere, and the smiles of those whose smiles are worth while, all yours when you learn to play a

BUESCHER True Tone Saxophone

Would you clip the coupon below if you were sure that it would bring to *you* these things? It will! With just a *little* effort on your part. Just a *few hours' practice,* a *few quiet evenings* at home, and you will be *playing* popular tunes. It's so easy, even for people who *think* themselves musically dumb.

Here's a Test for YOU

Can you whistle or hum a tune? Can you keep step with the band? Could you walk up to the piano and thump out a tune with one finger? Then *you can learn to play a Buescher.* It is not uncommon for such beginners to master scales *in an hour* and play tunes *the first week.*

Only Buescher Assures Success

Only with Bueschers, easy blowing, easy fingering, perfectly tuned, is rapid progress assured. No expert lipping required. Just open the key and *blow normally.* It's almost as easy as your "one finger" piano solo. *But oh! how Beautiful.*

Take One Home on Trial

Buescher cheerfully gives you any True Tone Instrument you choose to try for six days *at home.* If you decide to keep it pay a little each month. Easy to Play, Easy to Pay. Send coupon today for catalog of your favorite instrument. No obligation. Tear out coupon now.

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments
1975 Buescher Block Elkhart, Indiana

Buescher easy playing Trumpets and Trombones are the choice of the world's leading artists. Mail coupon for special catalog of your favorite instrument.

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO. 372A
1975 Buescher Block, Elkhart, Ind.
Without obligating me in any way please send me your free literature. Name instrument interested in.

Age?....Name instrument.....

Name.....

Address.....

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]
was in a bad position, but I was going to give them a run for their money.

I didn't want my name in the papers under any funny headlines, but I was going to bluff a little. I'd read all about how the game was played, and I was a little bit peeved because I didn't think I'd got my money's worth. The husband isn't supposed to show up in the first act at all. I knew the outline of the game; so I said:

"Can the comedy. I wasn't born yesterday. I get the idea. You've caught me red-handed. Let's get down to business. I'm guilty, all right—guilty of being a sucker. Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"Oh," says little wifey, "you don't understand. You—"

"Shut up!" says the guy that's playing the part of the husband, "and get out of here before I push you out." Then he turned to me. "So you're a wise guy! I suppose you learned all that leading the noble Fourteenth over Metz. Say, what's your name?"

"None of your business," I told him; "and I've got a sprained wrist, so I can't sign any checks. And permit me to tell you that the telephone operator at the club knows I came to this address, so you'd better take good care that nothing serious happens to me. Talk turkey. How much do you want to apply the uxorial salve? Next time you'd better pick somebody with more cash to blackmail!"

"Blackmail?" says he. "Blackmail! Why, you poor damn insignificant little ingrowing backfire! For a rubber nickel I'd bounce you off the sidewalk and throw the window after you."

"That wouldn't help your bank balance," I came back; "and I'm a friend of an undertaker, anyway!"

Then he chuckled.

"SO," he laughed, "you have bearded the old badger in his den and now defy the gang! Well, what would you say if I chucked you and Fainting Fanny out in the street and let you two fight it out?"

"Come on," I said, "and quit stalling. I thought there was something queer about the deal all along. That note at the Biltmore didn't look right. If I'd only stopped to think, I'd have seen it all then. Pretty crude, on the whole!"

"So you were at the Biltmore, eh? What were you, a waiter?"

I glanced down at my dinner coat. "No," I said with some dignity; "but I suppose that's how you got in to spot me and send me that note."

"What note?" he asked.

"Why, the come-on note, you poor fish," I told him.

"Give me that note!" he shouted.

"Give you nothing," I said. "I'll save that note for evidence. I left it at the club, anyway!"

"You're a liar!" he yelled. "Give me that note quick or I'll double-joint your damn neck."

He came across and towered over me with his fists clenched.

"Well, do I get it, or do I have to turn you upside down and shake you?"

Gosh, he was tough!

"I'll give it to you," I said.

As I felt in my overcoat pocket for it my hand touched the Scotch bottle, and I was overcome with an idea.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

We tripped the light fantastic up and down the Great White Way until the last lobster palace was closed, inside as well as out.

Beauty
That lasts all day

is yours with *Kissproof*, the WATERPROOF, smearproof Lipstick. One application stays on from morning 'til night. The color is an indescribable blend of red and orange—vivid—dashing — exotic — yet so subtly natural it flatters every complexion.

Lasting Beauty for Your Cheeks

Kissproof is WATERPROOF rouge. This flattering new shade has a tone all its own. It will give your coloring a depth, a transparency almost startling in its sheer beauty. Made in both paste and compact form.

KISSPROOF POWDER

with the base of lanolin — the most soothing, adhesive, expensive ingredient used in the finest tissue creams —makes *Kissproof* stay on as no other powder ever has.

Send for Kissproof Beauty Box

Your dealer, if up-to-date, can supply you with *Kissproof* necessities. If not send for *Kissproof* Beauty Box, containing a week's supply of *Kissproof* Lipstick, *Kissproof* Rouge, *Kissproof* Face Powder and Delica-Brow.

DELICA LABORATORIES, Inc.
3012 Clybourne Av., Dept. 1793, Chicago
Send me the Kissproof Beauty Box, containing a week's supply of Kissproof Lipstick, Kissproof Rouge, Kissproof Face Powder and Delica-Brow. I enclose 20c to cover cost. Underline shade of powder Flesh White Brunette
Name.....
Address.....

A delightful and economical plan for your summer trip abroad . . .

Half the fun and thrill of Europe is in going there—on a Cunarder. New pleasures and comforts surround you, whether you travel Cabin or «Tourist Third», and the cost has been reduced to the lowest level in years.

Dancing on moonlit decks to the syncopated strains of a college orchestra, swimming in the salt water beneath the sun in an improvised deck tank, playing bridge or settling the problems of the universe with delightful companions . . .

For here you will meet a host of well-known and well-bred people among whom there is a genial friendliness that experienced travellers associate with Cunard Cabin ships.

Beautiful modern ships with large comfortable staterooms, many private baths, and a cuisine praised by connoisseurs.

«Tourist Third» is a lark—a trip that takes one to Europe in accommodations that constantly amaze experienced travellers and gain a host of new friends on every trip . . .

Altogether a new standard in low fare steamship travel.

Plan to go in early June or after mid-July.

Let us send you full particulars of this new plan for an economical European tour.

CUNARD CABIN
Channel Service

PLYMOUTH · HAVRE
LONDON

1840 · EIGHTY · SEVEN · YEARS · OF · SERVICE · 1927

[REUNION
Continued from Page Thirty-nine]

"Where did that fellow come from?" I shouted, and pointed toward the hall.

"What fellow?" says he, and turned around to look.

I jerked that bottle out, and took it in both hands, and broke it over his head into a hundred pieces. I jumped over him as he fell, and grabbed my hat and found the door. I didn't touch a single step on the way down. I thought the front door was open downstairs, but it wasn't. It was plate glass. But it didn't stop me any more than a paper hoop does a bareback rider. I was cut up, but not seriously, and I was able to go home in a few days and tell the folks I'd been in a taxi accident.

ABOUT six months later I was in town and I ran into Wild Bill Fitzsimmons. Bill said he was just meeting a bird for lunch, and insisted on my going along. We went up to his club, and who do you think was waiting for him but friend husband! I thought that Bill had got sucked in on the same game, and I was about to run for a cop, when Bill introduced us. Then he said to me:

"You two ought to know each other, because Harry was a flight commander in the Fourteenth and you were a flight commander in the One-seventy-first."

I had my eye on the door, but the big husk laughed.

"I'm glad to meet you," he said. "I've been looking for you for some time. Come on up and have a drink."

"You two go on up," said Bill, "and I'll get my mail and join you."

We went up to the bar, and then we stood and looked at each other.

"Take your hands off that bottle," he said to me, and laughed. He showed me a scar on the back of his head, and I laughed too. But it was a sickly sort of laugh without any kick in it.

"You sure swing a wicked quart," he said. "I called up all the hospitals next morning to see if you were badly hurt, but you weren't registered at any of them. You ought to go on the stage and put on an act like Houdini. That get-away was good!"

I began to see the point, and managed a real honest laugh.

"So that really was your wife?" I asked.

"Yes, and she still is," he told me. "And we both owe you a rising vote of thanks, because that cured me of sneaking out for a party with the gang, and it cured my wife of her romantic ideas."

"Yes," I said; "and it cured me of going to any more reunion banquets!"

So you'll have to get somebody else to lead Madelon tonight!

THE END

He was a timid college professor—just as delicate and shy as a pansy. You would expect him to faint even at the thought of war. But read Te-He, and see what he actually did in France. This will be Mr. Springs' next War Bird story, to appear in an early issue of LIBERTY.

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How PUZZLES Started

The Famous Riddle Expert Tells of Tricks Old and New

An Article by **Sam Loyd**

Pictures and diagrams by T. S. TOUSEY

A NOTCHED stick was laid across a tree trunk with a stone at one end and a piece of meat at the other. In this way came man's first weight measure.

EVE was the first puzzle. Then, after eviction from the Garden of Eden, unhappy man began to scratch pictures on rocks, trying to forget some of his troubles.

Pretty soon woman, bitten with curiosity as usual, began looking over his shoulder to see what he was up to.

"All right; what is it?" asked the cave man, covering the drawing with his hand so that just a couple of legs and a tail stuck out.

"Mammoth?" asked the cave woman.

"No," grunted the man.

"Tiger?"

He shook his head in irritation at her stupidity.

"Bear?"

Down came the hand. "Sure. Now try to guess this one."

That was the world's second puzzle.

The third real puzzle came fifty centuries later. By that time there were kings and slaves and other forms of a high order of civilization.

One morning the Prime Minister came to King Whosis and said:

"Sire, one of those clods of dirt who serve your highness has devised an amusing game. If the game please you, I suggest the fellow be rewarded."

When the King nodded, the Prime Minister had the first chess board and set brought before the King.

All that day and far into the night the King wrestled with this new plaything. At dawn, weary but charmed beyond measure, his majesty directed that the Hindu slave who had invented chess be granted any request he might make.

"Only some wheat for my family," the slave replied, when asked what reward he would have.

"How much, dog?" inquired the Prime Minister.

"Just a grain of wheat for the first square on the chessboard," said the slave, bowing deeply, "and two grains for the second square, and four for the third, eight for the fourth, and so on; always doubling for each square up to the sixty-fourth and last square on the board."

The Prime Minister made a rapid calculation. A grain of wheat about filled a hollow tooth. Fifty grains might be a handful. Surely a thousand grains would scarcely fill the royal skullcap.

"Poof!" said the Prime Minister contemptuously. With a wave of his hand he had the poor slave led away, not forgetting to order that the wheat asked for be given him at once.

But how much had the Hindu asked for?

BY noon the kingdom was ringing with that third and, in dramatic value, possibly greatest of puzzles in all human history.

When the King and his council and all his wise men had finally worked out the dreadful answer, they realized that the kingdom was ruined. For the King was strictly a man of his word, and he saw that he had mortgaged his people's entire wheat crops for many seasons to come. Straightway he had the Prime Minister beheaded. And he issued a royal decree that thenceforward any man who propounded a puzzle within the limits of the land must die.

Just try to figure it out for yourself and see if some wisecracker doesn't ask if you're translating our national debt into paper marks. For the slave's request totaled 18,446,744,073,709,551,615 wheat kernels!

Pythagoras was one of the greatest of the early puzzlers. He was a Greek philosopher who lived about 600 B. C. He was the sage who worked out that little theorem we learned in school about the square of the hypotenuse of a right triangle being equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides.

As usually happens, nobody had a great deal of use for Pythagoras in his own day. But about 300 years later he began to be appreciated. Euclid then came along and worked out modern geometry. Some of his greatest results were based on what Pythagoras had discovered three centuries before.

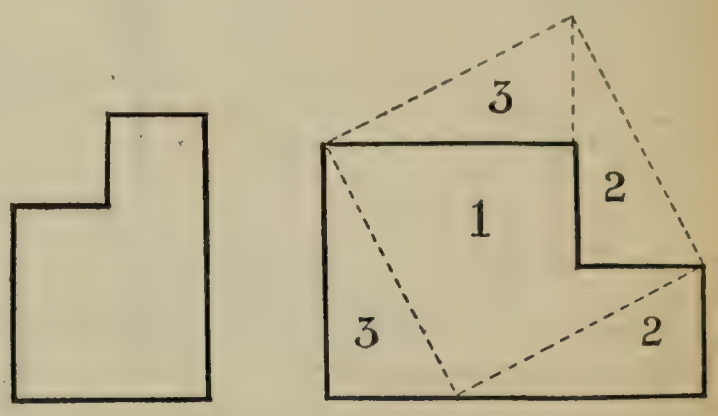

Fig. 1. The Perfect Square Puzzle.

To these two gentlemen may be traced probably more puzzles than to any other pair of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HOW PUZZLES STARTED
Continued from Page Forty-one]

brain engines in the history of mankind.

A good sample of a geometrical puzzle is shown in Figure 1. The problem is to cut this picture into three pieces that will fit together in the form of a perfect square. The dotted lines show how it is done.

The early Greeks were great fellows to play with squares and crosses. I have a sneaking suspicion that they used to sit on the beach and draw these things in the sand. They had some nice sandy beaches to sit on and a lot of fine Mediterranean sunshine in which to do the sitting.

A whole school of puzzles arose from the Greek cross, which, by the way, is the symbol used by our Red Cross. One game was to cut the figure into pieces that would fit together to form a square. This was known in early days as the Hindu problem, because it was supposed to have originated with the East Indians. Figures 2 and 3 (at right) show a solution.

Fig. 2.

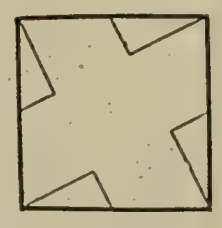

Fig. 3.

In recent years an easier solution has been worked out, as shown in Figures 4 and 5. I have a suspicion that the early puzzlers favored a difficult solution because it made them seem wiser when they solved their own problems.

Fig. 4.

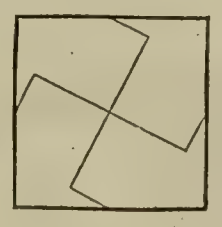

Fig. 5.

Another variation of the Greek cross puzzle is that which requires a square to be cut into four pieces from which two Greek crosses may be formed. Figures 6 and 7 show how this is done.

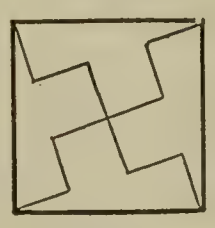

Fig. 6.

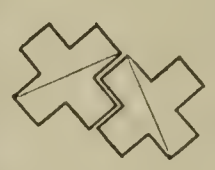

Fig. 7.

The Greek Cross Puzzle.

As time went on, more complicated figures were used.

Euclid had demonstrated some of the relations between various geometrical designs, and thereby had whetted the appetite of puzzle thinkers.

One of the outgrowths was the magical trapezoid shown in Figure 8 (below).

As you know, a trapezoid is a figure that has four sides, no two of which are parallel. The trapezoid in the figure is to be dissected into five parts by cutting along the lines indicated. Then, with these parts the puzzler is to construct, in turn, a square, a parallelogram, an oblong, a Greek cross, and a triangle. Don't forget that all five pieces must be utilized in producing each of the figures corresponding to the little black forms.

If the problem really excites you, as it has many, I suggest that you have a carpenter cut out a thin wooden trapezoid and divide it so that you can show the puzzle to your friends.

THE next step forward in early puzzles was to add numbers to the geometrical designs. One of the simplest and earliest forms of such puzzles is the one called the magic square.

In Figures 9 and 10 are two examples of the magic square. The only magic in these squares lies in the fact that their columns may be added up in any direction—rectangularly or diagonally—making the same sum in each instance. The ancients, however, attributed supernatural powers to such devices and used them as a sort of window-dressing in working miracles. Magic squares impressed clients and boosted the current rates on plain and fancy miracles.

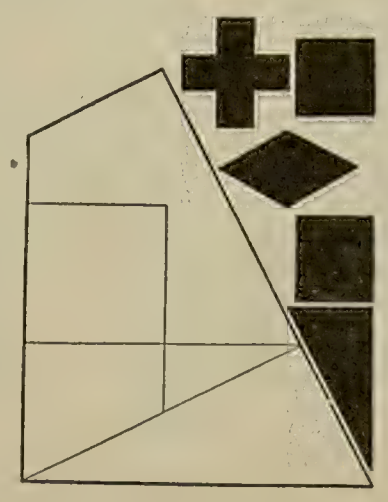

Fig. 8. The Trapezoid Puzzle.

History produced one man who made a specialty of magic squares. This was the Turk, Moschopulus. He lived in Constantinople in the early part of the fifteenth century. He not only spent his entire life thinking up magic squares, but he systematized mathematical

6	1	8	
7	5	3	
2	9	4	

Fig. 9.

4	15	14	1
9	6	7	12
5	10	11	8
16	3	2	13

Fig. 10.

Two Magic Square Puzzles.

methods for producing them. What his wife thought of him for wasting his time over such nonsense is not recorded.

People don't take the interest in chess or checkers that they used to. I suppose they haven't time any more. Too many things may be bought on the installment plan. But we mustn't forget the good old chessboard, because in its day it has played a great part in human life. Moreover, some of the greatest puzzles of all time have been based on the board.

One nice, simple little chess problem that has always appealed to me is the Queen puzzle (Figure 10-A). You know the Queen may move either right or left, up or down, or diagonally as far as she wants. The stunt is to send her over the entire field of squares, making her touch every square, and get her back to the starting point in the least possible number of moves. The minimum number of moves is 14. The reader who can handle the lady at that rate certainly deserves a prize. A checker-board and man will do just as well. Try it!

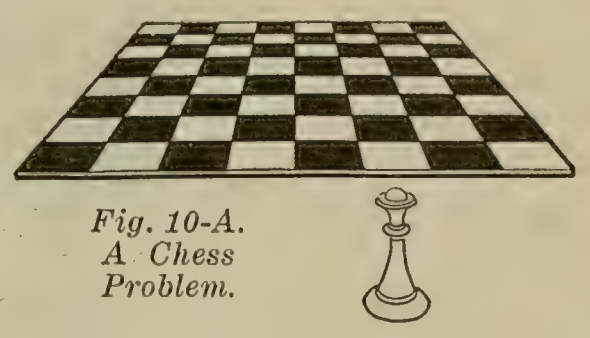

Fig. 10-A. A Chess Problem.

A neat checkerboard puzzle is the one that requires distribution of eight pieces in such a way that no two will be found on the same row, column, or diagonal; also no three pieces will be in a straight line from any point of the board's edge. (Figure 10-B.)

This puzzle was first propounded in 1850. At least 100 similar puzzles have been developed from the basic idea.

All of these puzzles are very attractive because, in a sense, they form a kind of solitaire.

The neatest little puzzle in this class is the famous paradox. I suspect that more people have had nervous collapse over this fascinating mystery than over any other puzzle in the list.

Anybody can make this puzzle with a pencil and a ruler. As shown in Figure 11, you divide a piece of paper into 64 squares—a large square with 8 small squares on the side. You then cut your piece of paper as shown by the three heavy white lines, and put the resulting forms together as shown in Figure 12. The joke lies in the fact that Figure 12 is a rectangle with 5 squares on one side and 13 on the other; 5 times 13 is 65.

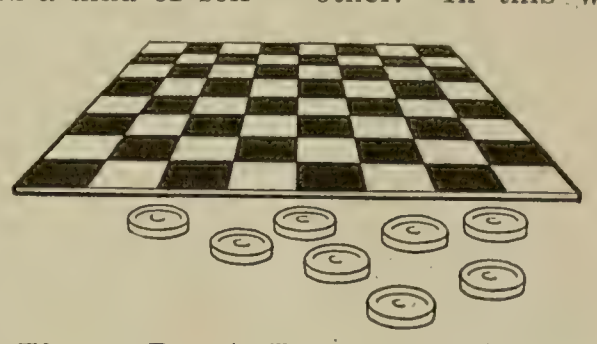

Fig. 10-B. A Teaser for Checker Players.

Now I ask you, *whence came that sixty-fifth square?*

This old puzzle so won my admiration that I finally worked it into a figure that had 63 squares instead of 64 or 65.

Figure 13 shows how I did this. If you count the squares shown you will see that there are only 63 of them; yet I have used the forms cut from my original big square.

Where did the missing square go?

Sir Isaac Newton, the great physicist, branched off along a whole new line of puzzles. He was a great star-gazer in his day and probably wasn't given to sitting down on the sand and drawing pictures. A characteristic Newtonian puzzle is represented by the problem of arranging 9 stars so that they shall form 10

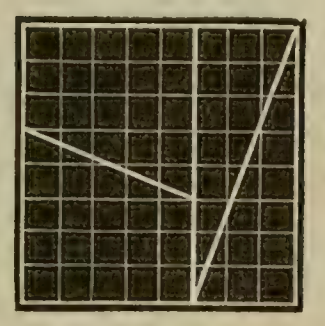

Fig. 11.

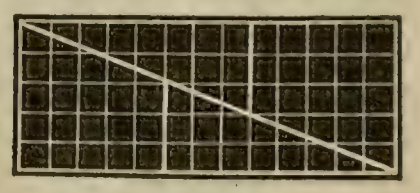

Fig. 12. The Sixty-fifth Square Puzzle.

straight rows with 3 stars in every row. Can you do it?

What I like about puzzles of this sort is that you can't bull the game. I mean by that, you can't work out any rule of thumb for solving such puzzles. You must tackle each one by itself and depend upon your own wits.

I have in recent years gone Newton one better by arranging 20 stars in such a way as to have 18 rows of stars with 4 to a row. I bet you my hat you can't solve that in five minutes!

As soon as man reached the stage where he began to trade things back and forth he opened up a whole new line of puzzles. The chief method of trading has always been by weight. For instance, one man gave as much bear meat as he was able to lift to another fellow in exchange for the same rough weight of deer meat.

After a while, the fact that one man could lift more than another man began to spoil many bargains. Hence, methods of accurate balance were devised. A notched stick was set up in the ground, and another stick laid across it, with a piece of meat at one end and a heavy stone on the other. In this way came the first balance.

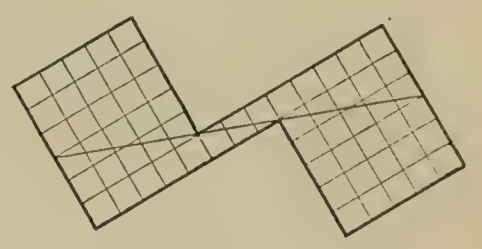

Fig. 13. The Vanishing Square Puzzle.

After a while measures of weight were standardized. This helped. But it also led to some very difficult problems that really were puzzles.

AS a sample of one of the early weight puzzles we have that propounded by Nicolo Fontana in 1550. Fontana was a professional puzzle-maker like myself. He went under the trick name of Tartaglia. He phrased his weight puzzle as follows:

Three men once robbed a gentleman of a vase containing 24 ounces of balsam. While running away, they met a glass peddler in a wood from whom they secured three small jars. These vessels held respectively 5, 11, and 13 ounces. How could the men divide their stolen balsam into three equal portions, using only the four containers for measuring purposes?

It is recorded that there was a considerable dispute among the crooks. But the peddler prevailed upon them not to break his jars. So a solution finally was reached.

As a matter of fact, there are several methods of working out the puzzle, so the thieves need not have been excited.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

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IT is a genuine tribute to the Ford car that many people expect it to run economically with no more care than a pat and a promise—and it is an even greater tribute that the car often *does*. But that very faith in Ford economy may lead you into neglecting one simple way to reduce your operating costs still further—as much as 10 to 25 percent.

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New Ford owners often don't know, and old Ford owners sometimes forget that the Ford system of lubrication is entirely different from that of any other car. The motor and transmission are combined in one housing, which means that both must be lubricated by *one and the same oil.* Lubricating the Ford motor and lubricating the Ford transmission are *two* distinct jobs and each demands special characteristics in a lubricant.

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A million users

Today, more than a million Ford owners use and endorse Veedol Forzol. They find that this economy oil for Fords reduces their operating costs 10 to 25%. These savings are made in eight ways, known as "The 8 Economies of Veedol Forzol."

If you want a quieter, smoother sweeter-running car—if you want a car, that costs you 10 to 25% less to operate—in short, if you want your car to be the *Ford at its best*, stop today, at the next orange and black Veedol Forzol sign. Have the dealer drain and refill your crankcase with Veedol Forzol, the oil made exclusively for Fords.

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She wanted to run

No wonder the guest felt she couldn't stay another minute! "Pin pricks!" A thousand petty annoyances in this home where everyone is kind; where she is most welcome. The bathroom, for example—faucets that moan, gurgle, and rattle. Faucets that won't turn completely on! Faucets that drip—drip—drip—in the silence until each drip is a hammer blow on her consciousness—a strident enemy of repose. The next morning she will smilingly tell her hostess how well she slept—but forever after she will remember this home for the eternal annoyances of its "Mid-Victorian" bathroom.

away that very night

OF course, one's overnight visitors don't actually climb out windows and run away when exasperated by faulty fittings and faucets. But these annoyances are very real and nerve-racking.

With the addition of Mueller vitreous ware to Mueller faucets, there is now no excuse for the noisy antiquated bathroom.

At a moderate cost—probably much less than you think—a bathroom that is literally a marvel of luxurious, modern convenience can be yours.

Look over your bathroom through the eyes of a guest. Tell yourself whether it is really worthy of you and your home. Then call in your merchant plumber and have him quote you on the Mueller equipment you will need. Bear in mind that Mueller service includes vitreous ware, faucets, and fittings for every outlet in your building whether residential or otherwise.

To the plumbing merchant everywhere

The name *Mueller* on the faucets, fittings, and vitreous ware sold or installed by you is to your customers a mark of quality. It will increase their confidence in you. It will increase your business.

Every Mueller faucet is tested under 200 pounds pressure. All parts subjected to wear or strain are reinforced. Nothing leaves the factory until it is worthy of Mueller's reputation for quality.

Through 300 plumbing jobbers in the principal centers in the United States and Canada, plumbing merchants can get Mueller fixtures and fittings promptly. These jobbers have invested thousands of dollars in complete stocks of Mueller merchandise, and they can offer you a service exactly adapted to your requirements, small or large.

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Since 1857 when this institution was founded by Hieronymus Mueller, it has specialized in the manufacture of brass goods for plumbing service. Today, Mueller Co. is entering upon a career of extended activity. Vitreous ware has been added to the Mueller line and the same high quality which has characterized Mueller faucets and fittings will distinguish it. Before accepting any selection of plumbing appurtenances as final, it should be worth every householder's while to inquire of architects, merchant plumbers, plumbing goods jobbers, waterworks executives and others who are familiar with Mueller craftsmanship as to the reality of Mueller quality.

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Gets the high notes and the low—music that old recording methods missed entirely

Read the story of this amazing development in which General Electric Company and Brunswick have collaborated and from which the whole world benefits. Then hear these new electrical Brunswick Records . . . "musical photographs" . . . at any Brunswick dealer's

IN the field of music amazing developments have taken place. Electricity . . . whose magic gives us radio . . . has been applied to record music.

Two world leaders in electricity and music . . . General Electric Company and The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company . . . have perfected a remarkable method of electrical recording . . . of enormous importance to the phonograph owner and to everyone who loves music.

By this new electrical recording method, sound waves . . . that made a dull impression on wax, giving the music you're familiar with . . . now are transformed into electrical impulses . . . registered . . . EXACTLY . . . NATURALLY . . . on the record! We call this exclusive Brunswick method the "Light-Ray" electrical process—"music by photography." For the result is truly a photograph of the artist's music.

Every note of the whole musical scale is now recorded . . . the lowest *oom* of the bass viol in the orchestra . . . the highest tremolo of the flute. Old methods recorded only a part of the piano keyboard. This new process misses no sound which the ear can perceive.

And in beauty and naturalness of tone, the new electrical Brunswick Records are incomparably better than any records you have known. Instruments stand out distinctly. Tone is liquid clear, brilliant. There is no scratch; no unpleasant surface noise.

A feature of this new recording is that no matter where an orchestra or an artist is playing . . . in a theatre in San Francisco . . . or in a Broadway night club . . . the music may now be brought by wire to Brunswick recording studios . . . right from the stage! Thus, every limitation of the old recording is now eliminated.

These achievements in recording are bringing rare entertainment to phonograph owners. The new Brunswick "Light-Ray" Electrical Records make your phonograph play like a different instrument. And on the *new* reproducing musical instruments which Brunswick offers, the results surpass belief.

Hear the new Brunswick Records and the new instruments at your Brunswick dealer's. Never in musical history has such enticing music been offered you. The greatest dance orchestras, the most popular singers and entertainers, are now recording for Brunswick. In classical music, likewise, the members of Brunswick's New Hall of Fame . . . those exceptional artists of concert-stage and opera whom the present-day public selects as supreme . . . offer you their art on Brunswick Records.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-TWO]

Four hundred years after Tartaglia was born I published a very successful puzzle based on his original one. I phrased my puzzle as follows:

Honest John, the milkman, says that what he doesn't know about milk is scarcely worth mentioning. But he was nearly flabbergasted the other morning when he got out on his route with his two 10-gallon cans full of milk, but minus his measuring cups.

Just then, along came two customers, one with a 5-quart pail and the other with a 4-quart pail. Each demanded 2 quarts of milk in a hurry. By satisfying them without delay John proved himself equal to the occasion, and also a very successful puzzle solver. Can you guess how he did it?

I should like to add that putting 2 quarts of milk into each of those pails was a measuring problem pure and simple. But it requires considerable cleverness to achieve this result with the fewest possible number of pourings. My solution requires 9 pourings.

ONE basic puzzle I especially like dates back to about 1600. It is also a weight-and-scale problem. It was originated by Claude Bachet de Meziriac. He wrote:

"What is the least number of weights which would serve to weigh any number of pounds, without fractions, from 1 pound to 40 inclusive?"

He provided, of course, that any weight may be placed in either one of the scale pans. The answer is a set of 4 weights, the sizes of which I will leave to the reader's ingenuity.

Archimedes was really the father of all problems having to do with scales. It was he who gave us the principle of the lever.

"I could move the world if only I had a point on which to rest my bar!" is the famous saying attributed to him.

I think some of the finest basic problems of all go back to this question of leverage. Leverage is well demonstrated by what are known as off-center scales. That is to say, the balance point is not the center of the scales. As a result, one pan of the scales has an advantage of leverage over the other, although the two empty pans balance evenly, the short side being secretly weighted to offset the excess weight of the longer and heavier arm.

A sample of this type of problem is the jeweler's puzzle, which dates back to antiquity.

In Figure 14 are shown three scales on which a jeweler weighed precious metals. One arm of the scales was longer from the fulcrum point than the other, though the empty pans balanced. In the picture this point is purposely left out.

On the first scales it will be seen that the bag of gold exactly balances the bag of silver,

Fig. 14. The Jeweler's Weight Puzzle.

although the bag of silver is heavier. It is the off-center fulcrum that makes this balance possible.

The jeweler now melts the gold and silver into an amalgam which, as shown by the

ALONG came two customers, one with a five-quart pail and the other with a four-quart pail. Each demanded two quarts of milk in a hurry. How did they get it?

sketch, he can balance with a 4-ounce weight on one end of the scales and a 9-ounce weight on the other.

Now, what bright little boy or girl (not to mention you highbrow grown-ups) can tell me how much gold and silver were in the original bags?

Another measuring problem that comes from the Dark Ages is the amusing one in which a father died and left his sons a cask containing 28 gallons of wine. This was the only legacy. There were seven sons. The eldest, a shrewd rascal, stepped forward and announced that the share of each was 13 gallons. Calling attention to the fact that he was the senior, he proposed to take his wine first and leave.

But several of the sons demurred. It was obvious, said they, that the share of each was 4 gallons, and not 13.

Whereupon the adroit eldest son proceeded by simple arithmetic to prove in three different ways that the share of each was 13 gallons; and, having demonstrated his point, he drew off his 13 gallons and departed. Can you figure out how he did it?

I WANT to make it clear that in all these basic puzzles there is almost nothing we can put our finger on to show they were originally used in anything like the form in which we use them now. Our knowledge of early puzzles is based mostly on traditions and early writings. The puzzle itself may originally have come, as I have suggested, from a scratched picture or a block face or a figure marked on the wave-packed sand of a seabeach.

The most ancient puzzles of which we actually know the author's name date back to 1500 B. C. These are contained in an Egyptian papyrus reposing in the British Museum. The title of this prized relic is, Directions for Knowing All Dark Things. The author was a priest named Ahmes. His puzzles were not difficult, since they dealt mainly with simple arithmetic.

Here is one of them, which an eighth-grade pupil should solve in a jiffy:

"Find a number which, when added to its seventh part, equals 19."

FREQUENTLY I am asked to name the world's first puzzle crank. But to identify the playful fellow who first took it upon himself to tie mental knots for his friends to untangle would be about as hopeless as trying to put my finger on the first teller of funny stories, or to isolate that intrepid character who downed the first oyster.

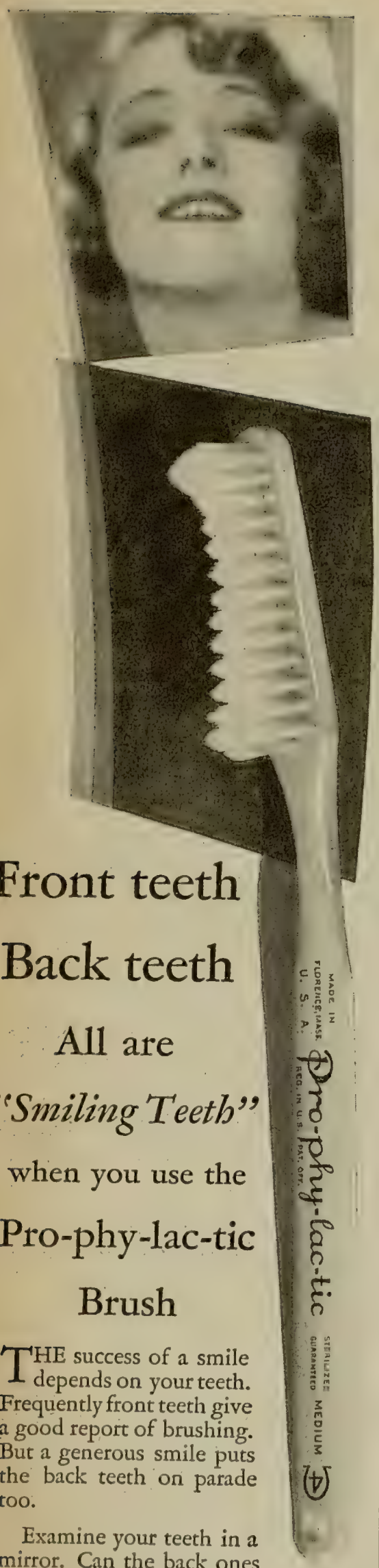
No doubt we should be surprised could we but know how many of the puzzles we work today have been mystifying mankind for thirty or forty centuries. Certainly nine-tenths of our puzzles are simply old ones in a new form.

And it would be very interesting to know how many puzzles the average man tackles in a lifetime, and how much time he devotes to this form of mental calisthenics. I have heard one guess that every man or woman reaching the age of thirty has in that time tried at least 1,000 puzzles. If this be so, the puzzle fan certainly tries ten times that many.

And, while I'm on the subject, I'd like to add that there are a very considerable number of more evil things in life that one might be doing than placidly puzzling.

Sam Loyd

The answers to those puzzles left unanswered in this article will be given by Mr. Loyd in next week's issue of LIBERTY.



Front teeth
Back teeth
All are
"Smiling Teeth"
when you use the
Pro-phy-lac-tic
Brush

THE success of a smile depends on your teeth. Frequently front teeth give a good report of brushing. But a generous smile puts the back teeth on parade too.

Examine your teeth in a mirror. Can the back ones stand the test of a smile? The way to keep your teeth beautiful is to use a brush that cleans them all. Some brushes won't do this. But the Pro-phy-lac-tic will.

Sold by all dealers in the U. S., Can., and all over the world. Three sizes—Adult, Small, Baby; with white handles or colored transparent handles—red, green, orange. Prices in U. S. and Can. are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c.; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c.; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Three different bristle textures—hard, medium, soft. For those who prefer a larger bristle surface, we make the Pro-phy-lac-tic with four rows of bristles. Price 60c.

Twenty Questions

How Much Do You Know?

READERS complain that our questions are too hard. We want to keep them within the range of general knowledge. The first four questions in this list are samples of the kind we are looking for. These questions originated in the office of LIBERTY and therefore will not be paid for. LIBERTY will continue to pay $5 for each question and answer published. Don't forget to include answers with your questions. Address Questions Editor, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Now see how many of these you can answer.

1—Which is farther south, Cape Horn or Cape of Good Hope?

2—What Congressman said: "I'm the son of a great father and the father of a great son"?

3—What waters border on Peru?

4—What major league baseball player, playing regularly through a season, has made the highest batting average, and what was it?

5—In what battle were the Stars and Stripes first carried?—*Ellis Carter, Inglewood, Calif.*

6—Does sound travel faster through water or through atmosphere?—*Miss C. Murphy, New Britain, Conn.*

7—What naval vessel left the United States during the World War and was never heard of again?—*G. C. Briant, Annapolis, Md.*

8—Who was the first American ambassador to England?—*W. W. Wilcox, Chicago, Ill.*

9—Who is chief of staff of the army?—*H. A. Troutman, Baltimore.*

10—What is the motto of the United States marines?—*Edward J. McCabe, Pittston, Pa.*

11—How long does it take air mail to travel from New York to San Francisco?—*A. O. Sporrer, Chicago, Ill.*

12—When and what were the last two States admitted to the Union?—*Roy Stadler, Joliet, Ill.*

13—What President of the United States was at one time a Marshal of France?—*John B. Goodrick, Appleton, Wis.*

14—When and where did the United States, during a time of peace, build a fort on foreign soil?—*B. E. Estes, Roanoke, Va.*

15—Which is the only State in the Union that has no National Guard?—*C. C. Parks, Oteen, N. C.*

16—What does "horsepower" mean?—*H. C. Bradish, Rockford, Ill.*

17—In the event of a parade of the army and navy on land, which detachment should have precedence, regardless of military rank of commanding officers?—*A. W. Maroney, Worcester, Mass.*

18—What reptile possesses the power of changing its color?—*Mrs. R. L. Cavalier, Baltimore, Md.*

19—Where is the Garden of the Gods?—*Mrs. J. J. Henderson, West Palm Beach, Fla.*

20—Why should a person not start his automobile in a closed garage?—*Lynn Gray Gordon, Lubbock, Tex.*

See Answers in Next Week's LIBERTY

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—What pitcher has won five World's Series games and lost none?—*J. S. Dougal, San Francisco, Calif.*
A.—Jack Coombs.

2—What are the three free cities of the world?—*J. H. Sevier, Rogers, Tex.*
A.—Tirana, Danzig, and Fiume.

3—In what sport must all left-handed players be registered before being allowed to compete in a game or tournament?—*Wagner J. d'Alessio, Stanford University, Calif.*
A.—Polo.

4—What and where are the "Roaring Forties"?—*E. L. Poindexter, Los Angeles, Calif.*
A.—A sailors' term for a region in the southern hemisphere near latitude forty degrees, where winds make navigation hazardous.

5—What State paid the greatest cash bonus to its World War veterans?—*Ezell Pratt, Fort Leavenworth, Kan.*
A.—Kansas—one dollar a day for service from April 6, 1917, to June 30, 1919.

6—Where are there four tides every twenty-four hours?—*David Edgar, Pittsburgh, Pa.*
A.—Isle of Wight, England.

7—Who originated the term, "The Four Hundred," as applied to society people of New York, and when?—*L. O. Briggs, Norfolk, Va.*
A.—Ward McAllister, in 1889.

8—What is the women's world record for swimming under water, and who holds it?—*R. Edward Cornell, Providence, R. I.*
A.—One hundred and sixty-six feet; held by Mrs. Betty Rodgers of Pittsburgh, Pa.

9—What American actress received the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters?—*Mrs. George Wilson, Fresno, Calif.*
A.—Julia Marlowe, from George Washington University.

10—Name the poem in which the following familiar words are found: "Coming events cast their shadows before."—*Mrs. H. Y. Bernard, Washington, Ga.*
A.—Lochiel's Warning, by Thomas Campbell.

11—In what city is kept the block of metal which is the world's standard pound avoirdupois?—*Suzette Stuart, New York City.*
A.—In London.

12—What tree bears fruit and flowers at the same time?—*Madge Wilkins, Rutherfordton, N. C.*
A.—The orange tree.

13—What is the oldest university under the United States flag?—*Robert M. Springer, Oklahoma City, Okla.*
A.—The University of St. Thomas Aquinas, commonly known as the University of Santo Thomas, at Manila, P. I. It opened in 1601, the result of a grant by Philip II of Spain in 1585.

14—How did the Mammoth Cave aid the United States in the War of 1812?—*John M. Donnelly, Elizabethtown, Ky.*
A.—It supplied saltpeter, used in making gunpowder.

15—Where is the oldest Masonic hall in the United States?—*E. R. Stanley, Birmingham, Ala.*
A.—In Richmond, Virginia. It has been occupied since 1787, by Richmond Lodge No. 19.

16—Who was the founder of the kindergarten?—*Sam O. Soffer, St. Louis, Mo.*
A.—Friedrich Froebel (1782-1852).

17—What was the first story printed in the English language and in book form?—*Hugo C. Schwartz, Milwaukee, Wis.*
A.—Malory's Morte d'Arthur, printed in 1477 by Caxton.

18—The son of what famous poet is a member of the United States Supreme Court?—*Mrs. Walter Jensen, Rupert, Idaho.*
A.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

19—Why does Charlotte, North Carolina, observe May 20 as Independence Day, instead of July 4?—*M. P. Pressly, Charlotte, N. C.*
A.—Because on May 20, 1775, according to local history, residents of Charlotte and Mecklenburg County signed the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, declaring themselves free and independent of Great Britain.

20—What city has the largest diamond-cutting factories in the world?—*Mrs. Irene Padgitt, Gallatin, Tenn.*
A.—Amsterdam, Netherlands.

LIBERTY publishes the answers, believing them to be correct. But no one can know everything.

You, too, can build an

INDEPENDENT INCOME

with 6½% SMITH BONDS

TODAY, when means are provided for thrifty men and women to invest their savings in sound securities, the way to financial success is open, and the rules are simple and few:

1 Set aside a part of each month's income as capital;

2 Invest that capital in good bonds to produce more income;

3 Insist upon safety.

The longer you follow this method, the faster your money grows; for, obviously, the more income you receive the more bonds you can buy, and the more bonds you buy the more income you receive. As to the third rule, by insisting upon safety you make sure that you will hold all of your gains.

SMITH BONDS combine the interest rate of 6½% with the security of first mortgages on modern, income-producing city property, and with safeguards that have resulted in our record of

No Loss to Any Investor in 54 Years

As a result of this record, confidence in SMITH BONDS is world-wide. Men and women in 48 States and in 51 countries and territories abroad have bought SMITH BONDS by mail.

You may buy SMITH BONDS in $1,000, $500 and $100 denominations, outright for cash, or under an Investment Savings Plan that pays the full rate of bond interest—6½%—on regular monthly payments of $10, $20, $30, $40, $50 or more.

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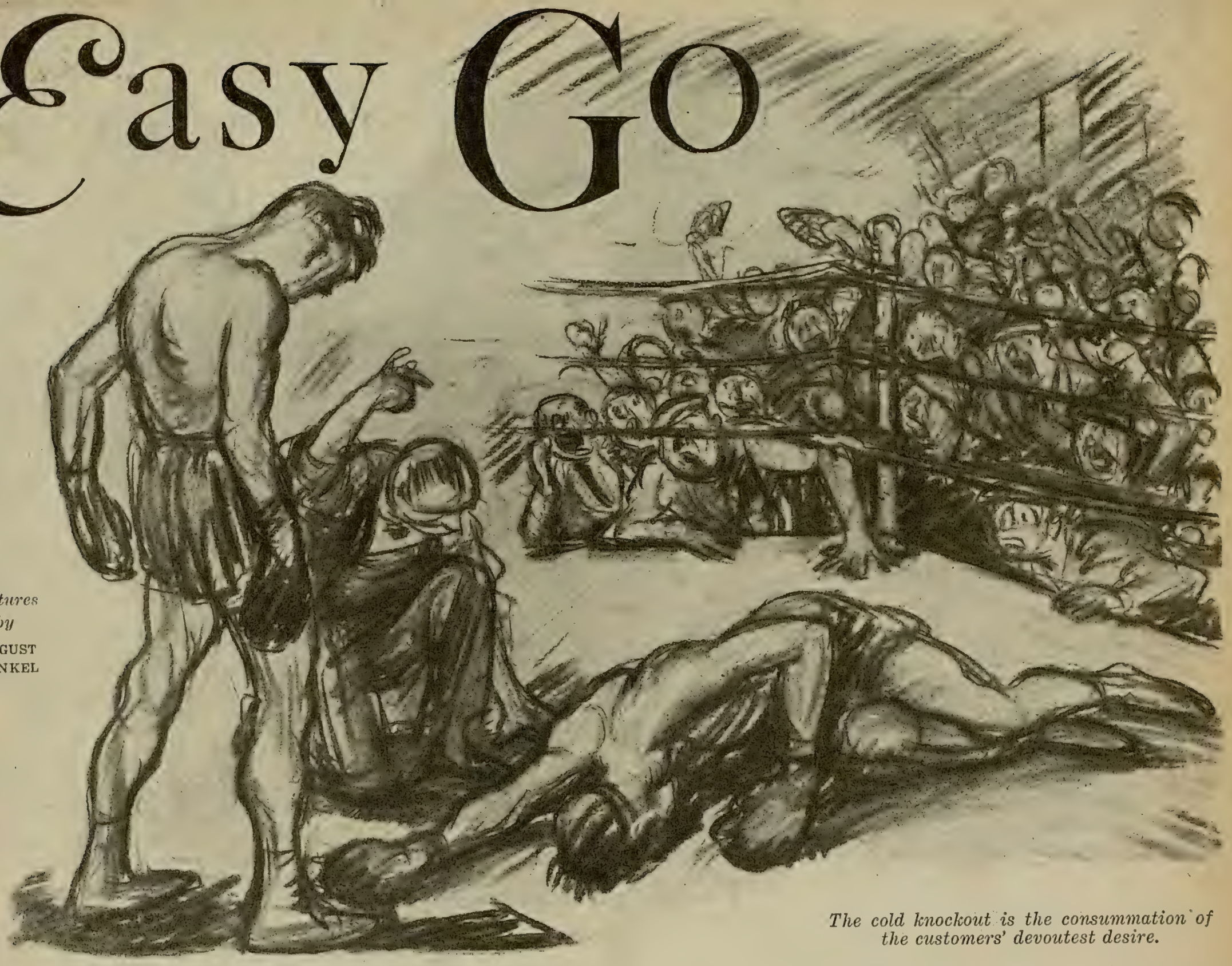


Pictures by AUGUST HENKEL

The cold knockout is the consummation of the customers' devoutest desire.

Why Money Picked Up with a Boxing Glove Is Hard to Hold

An Article by WESTBROOK PEGLER

WORD comes to my sorrowing ear that my fat friend, Eddie Meade, has completed the round trip from rags to riches and is again in the hands of the receivers.

When Fat was manager of Joe Lynch and Joe was bantamweight champion of the world, Fat drove along Broadway in the cool of the summer evenings in a bootlegger's special—something like an admiral's launch. It was about the color of egg yolk, and there were silvered gig lamps, davits, and companion railings dangling outboard. I am not certain but that there was a graven cauliflower, set with jewels or bottle glass, on the radiator cap.

On the whole, it was a very imposing item of rolling stock, and as Fat lolled along, resting his abundance on the easeful richness of cushions leathered with the breasts of unborn *Ovis poli*, and causing as much dislocation of traffic as a forty-hack funeral, he would remark that it was pleasant indeed to be in the chips.

I didn't believe then that Fat would be in the chips very long. Being physically sluggish, he was inclined to go for the corner seat whenever he entered a restaurant, so that he could sprawl; and, although the cover charge for the corner seat is technically no greater than the charge for any other, the actual assessment eventually runs as high as the price of a seat on the Stock Exchange.

Anyone versed in the strategy of such matters will appreciate the reason for this; for, obviously, the angle seat is the most difficult one to vacate in the general rush to use the phone or to greet old friends as the waiter comes down the aisle with the Dawes Plan.

Fat was a good fellow when he had it. He is still a good fellow. But his champion whiffed away the title to Abie Goldstein one night in the old Garden, and then retired right in Fat's face, so to speak; and Fat became the ex-manager of a retired ex-champion, which is not a paying occupation.

Lynch and Meade together collected more than $200,000. So, on the customary basis of 30 per cent for the manager, I reckon that Fat got rid of about $75,000 in the two years or so that he numbered himself among the idle rich. When Fat discovered Lynch, Fat was rubbing fighters in a gymnasium at a quarter a rub, part cash, and handling the bucket in the corner at from two to five dollars a fight, the rate depending on whether the bout was a preliminary, semifinal, or main event.

The fact that Fat Meade again is insolvent is deplorable news, but no great shock to me, as I have seen many others throw down the tailor's goose, the bung starter, or the hod to grow rich quickly. And I have seen them soon afterward no longer rich.

THE sport business pays off in crazy disproportion. Sometimes a fortune comes so unexpectedly that the fellow who suddenly discovers himself wealthy beyond his poor dull dreams of avarice seems to think that he is only handling dream money, after all.

I know one fight manager, wise in the highly unconventional business methods of the profession, who paid $5,000 in a little Indiana town for a pound of Epsom salts, under the impression that it was cocaine and worth five times that much when diluted with baking soda for sale in individual decks, or doses, to addicts along Broadway.

Another one had the good fortune to lose $6,000 in a crap game one day and thereby save his life, since he was on his way to New Jersey to pay over the money for an interest in

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

from a little Swiss village

came a world wide industry

IN an Alpine valley, Daniel Peter invented milk chocolate half a century ago. Unknowingly Peter created a great industry which from its start in a little Swiss village has spread all over the world.

Today in America Peter's is made exactly as Daniel Peter himself made it. Peter's is the favorite of all who love full-strength chocolate taste.

And then these same expert craftsmen developed a second blend for the thousands who prefer a mild creamy flavor—Nestlé's. Fresh pure milk with all its cream is used in Nestlé's—until it is the creamiest of all milk chocolates!

You can get both Peter's and Nestlé's in 5 and 10 cent bars, plain or almond—or in convenient croquette packages. Both made by the world's oldest manufacturers of milk chocolate, the Peter Cailler Kohler Swiss Chocolates Co., Fulton, N. Y.

Richest in Chocolate

The world's finest cocoa beans, carefully roasted, impart a rare flavor, rich in chocolate. Today, it is still made by Daniel Peter's original formula and blended by Swiss methods

Richest in Cream

No other milk chocolate is as rich in cream as Nestlé's. Mellower, milder this rare blend, too, is made from an old Swiss formula — blended by the world's most renowned chocolate experts

[EASY GO Continued from Page Forty-nine]

what he had been assured was a respectable bootlegging concern. He was to have been made president of the firm.

Next day, when he would have been sitting at his desk in the president's office of the Nonpareil Insurance and Advertising Novelty Company, a group of unscrupulous hi-jackers rushed the place, and the man sitting in the president's chair was shot and killed.

A few days before the celebration of the peculiar rites between Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney in Philadelphia, I was on the beach at Atlantic City, sloshing around in the Atlantic Ocean, locally known as the Souse Sea, when an extraordinary object was hurled up by the surf. The retreating roller left on the sand a gentleman in a bathing suit combining all the colors of Georges Carpentier's bath robe and wearing plate-glass spectacles as big as manhole coverings.

THERE is only one man in the world who wears such spectacles. He is Windshield Bagley, late manager of Gene Tunney and late manager also of Willie Jackson, the lightweight, one of the greatest club fighters that ever dribbled a tooth into the bucket.

A club fighter is a box-office fighter, one who packs the house with customers by his reputation as a showman. He may be a champion, but he needn't be. When a club fighter is in the ring there is always a likelihood that somebody will be knocked out—and the cold knockout, for all the elegant denials of those who persist in calling prize fights boxing matches—is the consummation of the customers' devoutest desires.

Dempsey is soft to the touch of the boys that murmur, "Listen, Jack, old pal."

Benny Leonard was a club fighter. Paul Berlenbach, another club fighter, was a rich drawing card in any promoter's hands both before and after holding the lightheavyweight championship. Leach Cross was a great club fighter, and Jack Dempsey is, or was, the greatest of them all.

Succinctly, then, a club fighter

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

No More High Cost Short Wear Half Soling

Wear

Ustikon SOLES

HAVE revolutionized shoe repair and shoe wear. They are lightweight, wonderfully durable tire tread rubber molded to shoe shape. Invisible in use and usually outwear the shoe.

5200 pairs sold in our home town of 5,000 people. 30,000 pairs by Dancer Bros. of Stockbridge, Mich., 15,000 by A. H. Sladen & Co. in Auburn, N. Y. Over 1,000,000 pairs now worn by men, women, children.

Stop Catching Colds—Ustikons are waterproof and always with you. Prevent slipping, accidents and greatly relieve nerve strain and tired feet.

Make Driving a Car Easier—Because Ustikons cushion the accelerator, and safer because no pedal slips.

Applied by Anyone to All Shoes—As easy as cementing a patch on an inner tube for they come prepared with a special backing and *Solefix* cement which puts them on to stay on.

Officially approved Chiropodists' Society of New Jersey as GOOD FOR THE FEET.

Get a pair on your shoes now—send no money—use the coupon if not on sale in your own store.

Auburn Rubber Co., Dept. 21
Auburn, Indiana.

Enclosed find pencil outline of shape of shoe for which send me a pair of Ustikons complete with solefix cement. If pleased I will remit ☐ 75c men, ☐ 70c women, ☐ 60c children, or I will return within 10 days.

Name.....

Address.....

Dealers—jobbers—high class salesmen, write for sales proposition

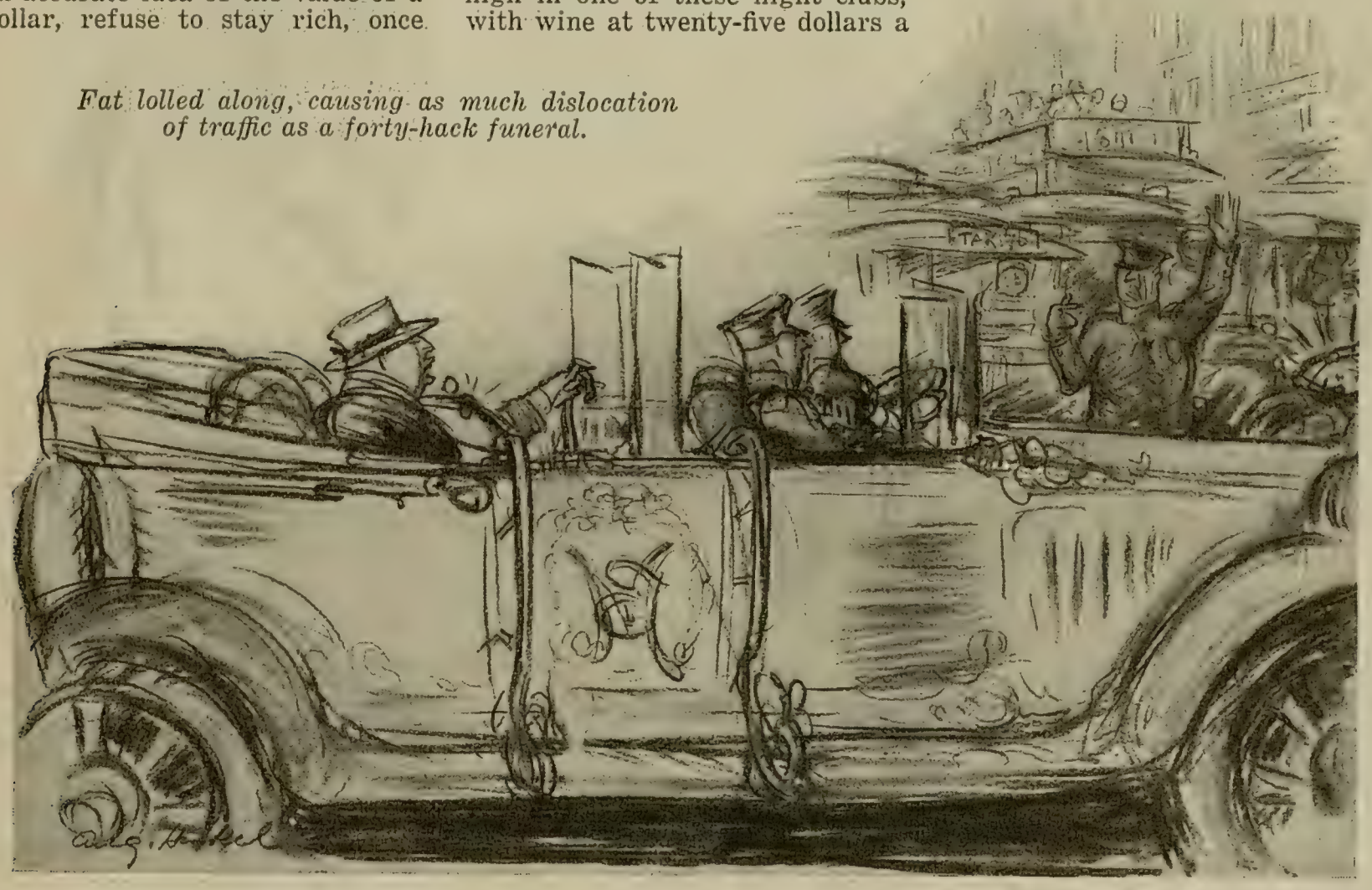
Auburn Rubber Company, Auburn, Ind.

Makers of Super Quality Tires

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]
is one who can hit hard and is not too good to be tagged on the goatee himself.

While we tried our best to look imposing without benefit of haberdashery, Windshield Bagley and I began to gabble about the ups and downs that men experience in the prize-fight profession, and I asked him why so many fighters and managers, born poor and with an accurate idea of the value of a dollar, refuse to stay rich, once they have had fortunes thrust upon them.

Fat lolled along, causing as much dislocation of traffic as a forty-hack funeral.



Windshield has a slightly cauliflowered voice, a sort of croak, due perhaps to the inhalation of much resin dust in his years of crouching outside the angle of a corner, advising his bums, as fist fighters are amiably described by managers.

"Easy money has no home," said Windshield. "You take some little bum off a delivery wagon and hand him five thousand dollars cash every few weeks, and he thinks he is Rockefeller. His manager sends fresh pictures and press gags to the papers and the kid sees his stupid mug in print every day. He doesn't ever stop to think that Freddie Welsh, Ad Wolgast, Hugo Kelly, and about a thousand other good fighters that you could name offhand used to get their pictures in the papers too, but dropped out, like they had dropped dead, the minute they began to slip.

"There was a little bum of a penny-snatcher on a news stand up at Times Square a few years ago who developed into a whale of a club fighter inside of a year. Now, you would naturally think that a bum who was used to figuring his profits in pennies would know enough to straight-arm the trimmers who try to take it away from him in thousand-dollar hunks. But he was bouncing along, fighting in Jersey City tonight and Milwaukee next week and Waterbury three days later, and then back into the Garden, and they were giving him at least three thousand dollars a shot.

"He was a chunky little guy with a concrete face, and he was naturally so healthy that he could get cock-eyed drunk one night and make a wonderful fight the next. He only trained enough to make the weight, and then his training wasn't done in the gym, but in the steam-room of a Turkish bath. He would even go into the ring half stiff and get away with it.

"Well, of course the tab runs high in one of these night clubs, with wine at twenty-five dollars a jolt and a lot of gals sitting around, ordering champagne at your expense and drinking sparkling mineral water on a fifty-fifty basis with the house.

"A gal will drink up an awful lot of mineral water on you, at twenty-five dollars a quart, if the owner of the joint is slipping her twelve-fifty every time the cork pops.

"Not more than a year after I'd bought papers from this little bum at three cents and he'd say 'Thanks' when I told him to keep the change from a nickel, I saw him lay down three thousand dollars in a crap game, roll out an ace-deuce, and laugh it off.

"WELL," continued Windshield, "you can figure it out yourself. If you're gambling or throwing parties in the night clubs, it doesn't take long to get positively rid of a thousand dollars. You do that a hundred times and there goes a hundred thousand dollars. Then you wear out a few cars, buy a few oil wells, and stake a few bloodsuckers; and when somebody cracks your concrete face, you're an ex-fighter — and a good guy when you had it."

This reminded me of Little Jack Sharkey, the bantamweight, one of Joe Lynch's contemporaries in the heyday of this class of mosquito-legged runts a few seasons ago, when Pete Herman, Carl Tremaine, Midget Smith, Joe Burman, and Pancho Villa rounded out a rousing whirligig of rivalry. Sharkey was strictly a pavement boy, born in Italy, but raised, so to speak, on the West Side of New York. Grass, to him, was something that grew in Central Park and a guy was supposed to keep off of.

Johnny Dundee, another Italian of the same neighborhood, had come up to eminence in the fist-fighting business some years before and was established as one of the major gods of the region; so it was natural that Jack should wish to become a noteworthy fist fighter himself. However, he was only nickeling along until Jimmy Wilde, the great little Welshman, idly touring the United States and boxing a few selected set-ups in his declining months, accepted a bout with him in Milwaukee.

Sharkey gave the great Wilde a whaling, and rushed back to New York to declare himself into the big business then being transacted in the bantamweight class. Game, strong, ferocious, and a puncher, Little Jack Sharkey fought one bout with Lynch for which Tex Rickard paid them $10,000 each, although neither was a champion at the time. Sharkey's earnings were in proportion for a couple of years, amounting to at least $150,000.

One afternoon, when Dempsey was training for the Carpentier bout, Sharkey happened into the lobby of a hotel, later padlocked, and joined a group consisting of a bookmaker who was booking some business on the fight, and his customers.

Sharkey bought $3,000 worth of Dempsey's chances at the prevailing odds and walked on. The whole transaction, which might have sent a normally cautious man of wealth into deep conferences with himself, had taken about thirty seconds of the pavement kid's time. Of course Sharkey won that bet, but I don't know how many times his judgment was wrong on other differences of opinion.

I saw him lately, this tumultu-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

To clean . .
to gloriously
CLEAN
that is all Colgate's tries to do

How simple this question of clean teeth really is!

The only thing a dentifrice can do (as every dentist will tell you) is to clean your teeth. So every one of the precious ingredients in this remarkable dental cream has a single purpose—to bring unequaled cleanness to teeth, gums, mouth.

Colgate's (through a small amount of calcium carbonate) begins to clean by first delicately scrubbing the teeth and gums, ridding the mouth of all impurities.

Then—and by this time Colgate's has worked up into a sparkling foam—it washes every inch of mouth surface. See? The very causes of decay are first brushed free and then rinsed away.

What else does Colgate's do? *Nothing!* If Colgate's tried to cure some fancied tooth or gum trouble it simply wouldn't clean so well. Remember that most Americans use this dentifrice because the normal mouth—like yours—is healthy—and that Colgate's brings to teeth and gums unequaled cleanness.

Colgate & Co. Est. 1806

Colgate & Co., Dept. 213 C-1, 581 Fifth Ave., New York.
Send me a sample of this modern dual-action Dental Cream that most Americans use.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

4 out of 5 are Pyorrhea's victims

Pyorrhea wins because neglect triumphs over science every time. This enemy of good health strikes 4 out of 5 after 40 and many younger.

It is insidious. Its poison forms at the base of neglected teeth and if allowed to pursue its grim course, it may sweep through the body ravaging health and energy, often causing such serious troubles as neuritis, rheumatism, stomach disorders, and even loss of teeth.

An Easy Way To Protect Yourself

There is a simple way to place yourself among the favored few. Don't wait for your gums to bleed and to shrink from the teeth. Go to your dentist for a thorough examination of teeth and gums. Do this at least twice a year. And start using Forhan's for the Gums regularly.

This scientific dentifrice contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. It thwarts dread Pyorrhea or checks its progress, if used in time, and prevents trench mouth and gingivitis.

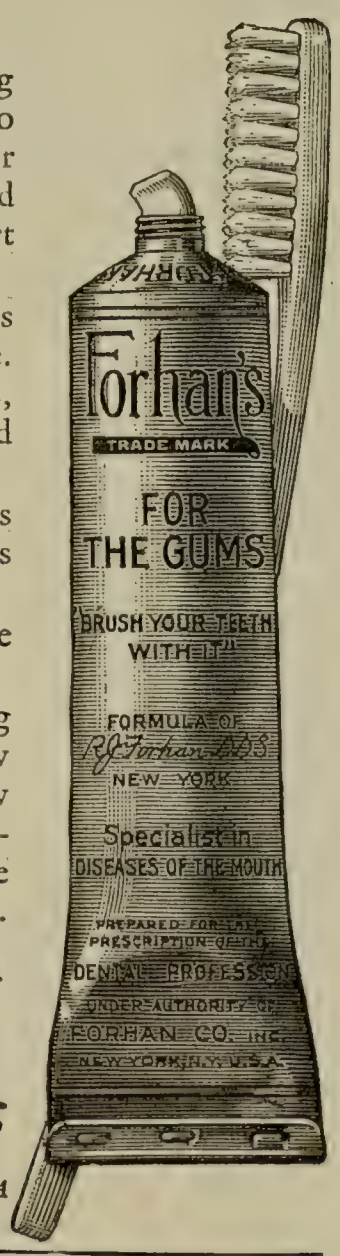
It keeps the gums firm and healthy. It keeps teeth white and protects them against acids which cause decay.

Children like the taste of Forhan's. It is the ideal dentifrice for the whole family.

Take no chances with your health. Start using Forhan's for the Gums today. It costs a few cents more than the ordinary tooth paste—a few cents that will declare rich dividends. It is insurance that protects your health against the attack of Pyorrhea. At druggists, 35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.

Forhan Company, New York



Forhan's *for the gums*

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE... *IT CHECKS PYORRHEA*

We make this promise

Everybody wants a sweet, fresh breath. If you try this new, sparkling Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant once, you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only hide bad breath with their telltale odors. Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant is a success. Try it.

[EASY GO Continued from Page Fifty-one]

ous kid of a few years back, now swollen with fat, and a has-been on the sunny side of thirty, working as office boy for Jack Fugazy, a second-rate fight promoter.

Windshield Bagley estimates, offhand, that Willie Jackson earned $250,000 before he suddenly crumpled and fell before third-raters, at a time when he was desperately trying to earn a stake to see him through the barren years of his retirement.

Not gambling or reckless hospitality, but marital infelicity and undue trustfulness, are stated as the causes of the unfortunate Willie's financial bereavement, just when he was about to crack under the strain of constant hammering. Willie's wife and his fortune went elsewhere simultaneously, Windshield tells me, and when Willie came back to the ring it was only to discover that he was through.

Inasmuch as he had taken the manager's share of Jackson's generous earnings, I should like to have asked Windshield, "What about yourself?"—to have asked him why he was now reduced to seeking employment as a second in Dempsey's corner for the Tunney bout. However, I forbore. But, if it takes a manager to explain why fighters can't take care of their money, perhaps a fighter could put a finger on the mental infirmity of managers who make fortune after fortune by uncommon shrewdness, but who spend their 'tweentimes in a state of insolvency or thereabouts.

ONE day, before Gene Tunney had acquired his championship or his florid vocabulary, he and I were lunching off the armchairs, and as we dallied daintily over the corned beef and Hogan potatoes I asked him: "When are you going to get a manager to manage your manager?"

"My dear fellow," Gene said—for that ineffable something-or-other already had begun to tinge his most casual speeches with rather distressing refinement—"I have been giving the matter very serious thought, y'know. Really, I mean to say truly, y'know, I regard Will Gibson as the best manager in the boxing profession in the matter of caring for his boxer's interests and obtaining the most advantageous terms. But the dear chap really is most improvident with his own money, and someone certainly ought to put him on an allowance or he'll wind up poor."

Up to that time, Gibson and Tunney had not shared more than $30,000 a year as an average, but Gibson previously had frittered away a quarter of a million that he had derived from his association with Benny Leonard.

In fact, Gibson tells me that in his twenty-five years in one phase or another of the prize-fight business he has handled $500,000 of his own. Will really gave that fortune quite a mauling, for there was none of it left when he began to urge Gene Tunney on the promoters, the public, the press, and,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Ask for these big, brown, crisp peanuts. Hunt for the glassine bags, with the famous MR. PEANUT on them. 5c everywhere. "The Nickel Lunch."

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UNSEEN NICKS

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A dash of Ed. Pinaud's Lilac—a quick tingling rush of circulation—and those tiny nicks are healed, soothed, forgotten!

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ED. PINAUD'S LILAC

Lilas de France

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-TWO]
yea, even the pulpit, as the young man to smack Jack Dempsey's face and thus vindicate the fair name, if any, of the manly art.

I rode from New York to Philadelphia with Tunney, Gibson, and Tex Rickard one day last August, when Tex was fulfilling a promise to produce his clean-limbed, clean-spoken, clean-living party of the second part who wouldn't blanch at the sight of Dempsey's coco-buttered, barbed-wire whiskers scowling in the opposite corner. There were some misgivings among the sponsors of the promised spectacle in the Sesquicentennial Bowl, and Gene was being trotted down from his camp at Speculator, New York, just to reassure them.

AS we pounded along, Gibson slouched in his seat in the compartment, doing sums.

"Oh, half a million easy," he said at length. "Of course, Leonard was my big money-maker; but then I ran a fight club for years and made a lot of money at that.

"Leonard and I split eight hundred thousand dollars in twelve years. We got three hundred and fifty thousand for two fights with Leftie Lewie Tendler, and the first of our big fights with Rocky Kansas, staged in the old Federal League ball orchard at Harrison, New Jersey, brought us seventy thousand. After that we got Kansas again in the old Garden for sixty thousand."

Remembering that awful ten-round session of poking and hauling between two fighters who seemed full of solicitude for each other in the Harrison ball park, I made an unkind suggestion:

"So you got sixty thousand dollars for the return match in the Garden. I wonder if, by any chance, the boys could have been thinking of a return match that night there in Jersey."

"OH, my goodness' sakes alive!" Mr. Gibson exclaimed. "Oh, for goodness' sakes, my dear sir! I hope I misunderstand you, because, as you should know, boxing is a fine, clean sport in which two splendid specimens of young manhood, and so forth and so forth, as the case may be."

"Forgive me, Mr. Gibson," I said.

"Certainly," Brother Will went on. "But, as I was saying, I've handled half a million, I've been in the hands of the receivers time and again, I've been tight contrary to law, I've owned race horses, and, if I may use a vulgar idiom, I've had a hell of a good time.

"One day, at Saratoga track, I bet my last fifty dollars on a lop-eared, saddle-galled, spread-legged son of a ten-dollar jass-mule bred to a sawhorse, and they paid me fifteen to one when the rest of the field ran the wrong way.

"I collected the money and hung it all on the nose of another long shot in the second race, and when the horses went to the post for the sixth I had fifty thousand dollars cash money hanging on the line. I stood to win two hundred thousand on the day or borrow carfare home."

"Well, did you borrow?"

"It was a long walk for a hot afternoon," said Will. "I put the bee on a friend for twenty."

"Are you broke now?" I asked him.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"A gal will drink up an awful lot of mineral water on you, at twenty-five dollars a quart, if the owner slips her half."

New beauty *Immediately*

By Madame Jeannette de Cordet
Famous Beauty Specialist

HAPPILY there is a new and sure way to bring out *more* of your own beauty almost immediately.

So perfectly do the shades of Pompeian Beauty Powder and Pompeian Bloom accord with the tints and tones of the natural skin that their combined use gives fresh, youthful beauty—instantly.

This powder is soft and velvety to the touch—delicately perfumed—it spreads evenly, with an enchanting smoothness, and stays on for hours at a time.

Pompeian Bloom, a rouge with youthful tones, looks exactly like your own coloring. It remains on unusually long. It does not crumble or break, but keeps compact and usable—and comes off on the puff easily.

All shades of Pompeian Beauty Powder and Bloom for sale at drug and toilet counters, 60c. (In Canada, slightly higher.) Purity and satisfaction guaranteed.

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Beauty Powder
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Get New Panel and Samples

1927 Pompeian Art Panel, "The Bride," sent for only 10c. Painted by Rolf Armstrong. Store value easily 75c.

Also samples of Bloom and Powder with Mme. Jeannette's booklet of beauty hints.

TEAR OFF NOW! You may forget

Mme. Jeannette, The Pompeian Laboratories
3200 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Madame: I enclose 10c (a dime, coin preferred) for the new 1927 Pompeian Art Panel and samples of Beauty Powder and Bloom.

Name_____
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CANDY

Sweeping in on every wind and tide of all the Seven Seas, romance sweetens and enriches the candy you buy for those you love.

The fruit laden shores of distant lands, the date palms of Arabia, the sugar fields of our own Hawaii, the maple forests of New England, the cocoanut groves of the dreamy tropics, the orchards of Italy, the honey bees of Mexico, the cocoa trees of South America, the nut groves of Spain.... all make their precious contributions and these by the magic of the American confectioner are transformed into the wondrous array of delicious candies that delight a nation.

Just like an Orchestra

Candy is merely a grouping together of the good things of Earth which make for health and energy and which are eaten every day under different names. Nuts, milk, sugar, butter, molasses, eggs, gelatine, corn syrup, malted milk, fruits, chocolate and other foods are combined into candy.

Just as an orchestra is a combination of various musical instruments, so candy is a combination of acknowledged, wholesome food products and therefore is itself a wholesome food. These foods are body builders. They relieve fatigue and stimulate vigor. Take a few bites a day for energy.

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National Confectioners' Association and Allied Industries

Educational Department, 1627 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo.

EASY GO

[Continued from Page Fifty-three]

"Isn't that a wee mite personal?"

"Purely in the interests of journalism," I said.

"Well, what if I am?" Will stalled. "Tunney will knock Dempsey's ears down and we'll make two million dollars in the next two years."

Poor Mr. Gibson overestimated his champion's fealty, however. He is now only a stepmanager to Gene Tunney. Having won the title, Tunney shied away from the man who patiently, shrewdly, and insistently, over a period of three years, had pressed him forward and finally got him the chance that Harry Wills had been yowling for since 1919.

When I last interviewed Will Gibson, he was Tunney's manager for honorary purposes only and didn't know whether he would ever make another quarter with him.

DURING that run to Philadelphia, Rickard rifled the files of his remarkable memory and announced that he had gathered in $18,000,000 in admissions to prize fights up to that time, most of it in the last six years in the region of New York. By now that aggregate has exceeded $20,000,000. But whether Tex has a dime or a million dollars I don't know.

In my occupation of writing about sports, I sometimes feel rather *déclassé* because I take more interest in a program of fist fights between half a dozen young, cauliflowered alley athletes who may be intellectual and ethical cripples than I do in a football game between Yale and Princeton, a match between William T. Tilden and Whomsoever II, or a championship round between Bobby Jones and the next best man.

Sordid they may be. But there is something compelling, to me, in the affairs of these irresponsible stumblers, some of them with the

Paul Berlenbach is surrounded by a lot of altruistic advisers.

minds of babies, who couldn't earn forty dollars a week outside the ring without resort to the blackjack and shooter, but who can run their earnings up to hundreds of thousands by giving and taking them on the chin.

Although there is no accurate tab on Harry Greb's earnings, it is no exaggeration to say that he picked up $500,000. However, I recently noticed a newspaper item

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Read and Heed the

Tycos

Fever Thermometer

The advance warning of a change of temperature should never be neglected. A *Tycos* Fever Thermometer should be instantly available in every home, ready to tell whether the "hot" feeling which Jane complains of is just a cold or something more serious.

Tycos

FEVER THERMOMETERS

are the same reliable thermometers carried by physicians everywhere. For sale at the druggists.

Send for free booklet, "Childhood, Youth and Old Age."

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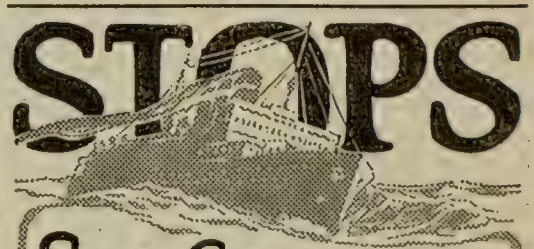
STOPS



SEA SICKNESS

—in the roughest waters. This appalling nausea is unnecessary suffering. Mothersill's prevents Travel Sickness on your journeys by Sea, Train, Auto, Car or Air. 31

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HEALS

SORE GUMS

And keeps the teeth and gums in best possible condition. Whitens and preserves your teeth. No grit. The original iodine dental cream. Sold at drug stores.

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DENTAL CREAM

SAVES · SILK · HOSE

SILK AID toughens the threads of silk, greatly increasing resistance to wear. Prevents snags and runs. A magic for keeping silk hose and lingerie LIKE NEW.

More Than Trebles the Wear of Silk Hosiery.

Harmless to skin or any kind of fabric. Buy SILK-AID today of our agents, or package, one dollar postpaid. Guaranteed to satisfy or money back. We want district managers and local agents to sell consumer direct.

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We train you to be a real detective and secret service operator. When you finish course we assist you to get a position. "SCIENCE OF CRIME DETECTION," by John D. Connors, detective and finger print expert, trains you at home in 10 weeks. Course used in training our own men. Write for particulars. TRAINING DEPT. 29C, CONNORS DETECTIVE AGENCY, New Haven, Conn.

Firms in need of detectives, write us.

Children like

KEMP'S BALSAM

for Coughs

How I Get Pretty Teeth

By Edna Wallace Hopper

Of course, I have always consulted the ablest dental advisers. For many years, by their direction, I spent a half-hour daily on my teeth. I used cleansers and polishers. Night and morning I used magnesia—forced it between the teeth. That prevents decay by neutralizing acids.

I applied antiseptics in a mouth wash. Then I used deodorants to insure a sweet, pure breath.

But now dental experts have combined all these factors in a single tooth paste. They call it Quindent, meaning five in one. It contains many ingredients, and applies in one minute all the teeth and gums require.

Now I use Quindent only. It applies cleansers and polishers, magnesia, antiseptics and deodorants. It forms, they tell me, the utmost in a dentifrice.

I am urging all to use it, all who follow my advice. And everyone will who knows it. You have never known a tooth paste so dainty, so efficient, so complete. The makers supply me with samples—enough for 20 uses. Mail the coupon for trial tube. Do this and see what changes come, even in one day. You will be delighted.

Trial Tube Free 65 L

Edna Wallace Hopper,
536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago,
Mail me a 10-day tube of Quindent.

.....

This Man Makes $6000 A Year—Do You?

Mr. W. H. Cryne of Connecticut made $6119. A Tropical salesman in Ohio made $6020, another in Wisconsin $11,270. These are average men. Our best salesman earned $33,000.

W. H. Cryne

Here's opportunity! We have a limited number of openings for men of established character and respected integrity—not necessarily experienced salesmen, but willing to work hard and faithfully. You may be the man in your community to represent this million dollar concern.

Tropical paints, varnishes and enamels are sold direct to big industries, public institutions, cities and other large buyers. The high quality of Tropical products is guaranteed by our quarter-century of success and backed by national advertising.

Write today for our profitable proposition. Send photo if possible and details of business experience.

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Cleveland, Ohio.

TROPICAL

One of the largest Manufacturers of Maintenance Paints in the World.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FOUR]

stating that his estate amounted to only $80,000. I can understand that, having known Greb. Once he hired a yacht and put to sea off Atlantic City to entertain a party of his friends. I have done just enough yachting to report that your complete yachtsman would not think of entertaining with mineral water in every glass.

Leftie Lewie Tendler was paid $160,000 for his two bouts with

One fighter lost $3,000 in one crap shot and laughed it off.

Leonard, and Will Gibson estimates his aggregate earnings at no less than $400,000—which would leave him about $270,000 after the deduction of his manager's share. Yet, Leftie Lewie is around again, I notice, long past his time, taking smacks on his mutilated countenance for diminished purses, from fighters who couldn't have lasted five rounds with him when he was the veritable Leftie Lewie.

Johnny Dundee, another gnarled and knuckle-marred old man, as ages run in this fierce profession, is still at it, with the purses diminishing in proportion to the decline of his power. He was a great club fighter once, but his sun set long ago.

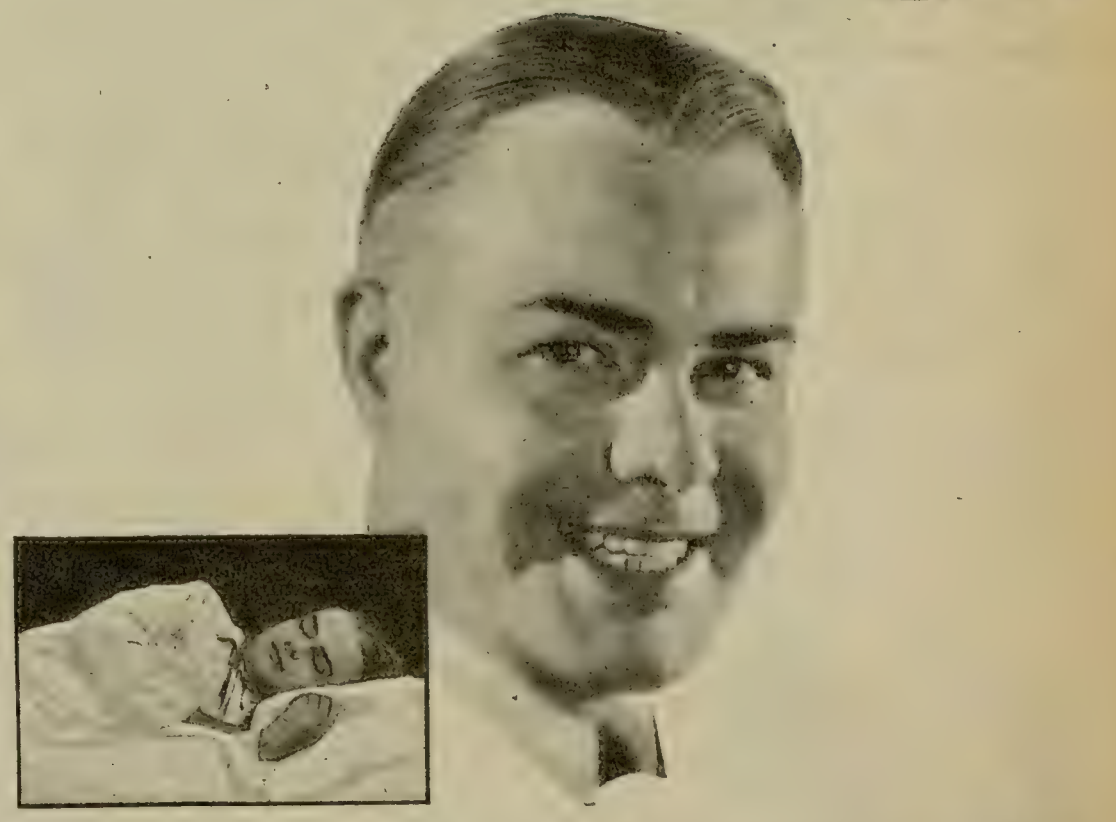
I HAVE no accurate idea how much Jack Dempsey made. When a man makes more than a million, why quibble? But even he isn't immune, because a man from the brake beams attempting to operate a million-dollar business may make mistakes. Furthermore, Dempsey is soft to the touch, and naturally the boys that wind the clutching finger through his lapel and murmur, "Listen, Jack, old pal," would be affronted by any relief amounting to less than $500.

Paul Berlenbach, still a young and not badly punished fighter, is credited with earnings of $500,000, which figure seems plausible to me. Thus far, Paul has husbanded his money; but he is a fellow beset with altruistic advisers, and of all the advisers known to man the altruist is notoriously the most expensive in the long run. He will sell a man goldfish ranches, inventions, and jewelry set with rock candy. And I maintain that any fellow who would take advice from some of the altruistic advisers that I have seen hovering around prize fighters needs no assistance in losing his money.

He is fitted for the job by nature, and you can't improve on that.

THE END

Sleep *like a baby at* Night



Now from Switzerland—a new food-drink that brings quick, Restful Sleep . . . and All-day Energy. Let us send you a 3-day test

Yes, you can sleep like a baby at *night*. You can sink into deep, luxurious sleep almost as soon as your head touches the pillow. You can sleep soundly and peacefully the whole night through.

Modern science has found a natural way (a way without drugs) to give you sound, restful sleep that quickly restores your tired mind and body.

Morning finds you a new man. Fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. You have the energy to carry you right through the day and into the evening.

That is the experience of most Ovaltine users.

A 3-day test will show you. We urge you to make this test. It is well worth while.

Sound sleep—active days

Taken at night, a cup of Ovaltine brings sound, restful sleep and all-day energy quickly and naturally. This is why:

FIRST—it digests very quickly. Even in cases of impaired digestion. It combines certain vitalizing and building-up food essentials in which your daily fare is often lacking. One cup of Ovaltine has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

SECOND — Ovaltine has the power actually to digest 4 to 5 times its weight in other foods which you eat. Thus, soon after drinking, Ovaltine is turning itself and other foods into rich, red blood.

This quick assimilation of nourishment is restoring to the entire body. Frayed nerves are soothed. Digestion goes on efficiently. Restful sleep comes. And as you sleep you are gathering strength and energy.

Hospitals and doctors recommend it

Ovaltine is a delightful pure food drink. In use in Switzerland for thirty years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the great war it was included as a standard ration for invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today hundreds of hospitals use it. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only for sleeplessness, but because of its special dietetic properties they also recommend it for malnutrition, nerve-strain, convalescence, backward children and the aged. Just make a 3-day test of Ovaltine. Note the difference, not only in your sleep, but in your next day's energy. You tackle your work with greater vigor. You "carry through" for the whole day. You aren't too tired to go out for the evening. There's a new zest to your work; to all your daily activities. It's truly a "pick-up" drink—for any time of day.

A 3-day test

All druggists sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or they can mix it for you at the soda fountain. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send the coupon with 10 cents.

Now more than 20,000 doctors recommend Ovaltine

OVALTINE

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Builds Body, Brain and Nerves

"My nerves were very bad and prevented me from getting proper sleep. After using Ovaltine I was able to sleep well after many months of restlessness during the night."
William Johnson, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Since taking Ovaltine I am sleeping fine and my nerves are much better. In a week's time I had very pleasing results."
William Welland, Rochester, N.Y.

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37 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... *State* .....
One package to a person

Forged Iron for your home Authentic in design Reasonable in price

THERE is beauty and sincerity in every curve of this rugged McKinney Forged Iron Hardware. All designs are distinctive and authentic of the best of early metalcraft. They have character and charm. All necessary pieces are available through Builders' Hardware Merchants: hinge straps, entrance handle sets, shutter dogs, etc.

McKINNEY FORGED IRON HARDWARE

Four strikingly fine forged iron lanterns by McKinney are now displayed by Department and Hardware stores. Made of rust-resisting Armco Iron and finished in Duco. Be sure to see them. Return coupon for full description.

FORGE DIVISION, McKINNEY MFG. Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Please send me, without obligation, the items I have checked:
☐ 4 plates showing details of lanterns ☐ Brochure on Forged Iron Hardware
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THE PEACE OFFERING

Sandy Smooths the Path of Love to Lil's Heart

A Humorous Adventure in LIBERTY'S Popular Cover Continuity

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By Leslie Thrasher

SANDY sped homeward over the turnpike. Since morning he'd been out in the company's car. Fourteen restless days and nights, due to his quarrel with Lil, had wrecked his dream of ever marrying her.

Three hundred and thirty-six hours since he'd seen her! 20,160 minutes! Seconds—he got lost in the figuring. Farmhouses flashed past.

The City Hall clock boomed 5:30 as he circled the safety zone on Main Street. Suddenly the blood rushed to his head. Lil, on the arm of that old lover, was crossing the street! Jealousy and anger paralyzed him.

This was the end—he would commit suicide as soon as he got to his room.

Slowly he climbed out of the car. The sidewalk swayed. In a daze he saw a little girl on roller skates stumbling up the stoop ahead of him. "Is this number one-ninety-one?" she asked Sandy.

"Why?" he yelled at her.

"This letter's for here," she said, shrinking against the railing. "It's been down the street at my house all week. It's for Mr. Jenkins at this number."

"I'll take it!" Sandy offered. "You're a good girl. Here's a dime. What's your name?"

"Mollie Brandt, thank you, and I'm in the First Grade." She clattered down the steps.

Her name could have been Sophronia or Anastasia for all Sandy cared. The envelope was in Lil's handwriting! Sinking down on the stoop, he read the letter, dated one week ago. Everything was all right again. Lil still loved him!

He rushed back to the car and took all the short cuts to Main Street. He grinned sheepishly now that he realized the cause of Lil's and his quarrel was no old lover—but *only her stepbrother!*

"I'll have to tell her about Aunt Alice, after all," Sandy thought. (Aunt Alice was the Jenkins' family skeleton; a peculiar old lady who always carried a carpetbag and gave pennies to strangers on the street.)

Five minutes later he went into the florist's. "Violets—corsage—*quick!*" he ordered, waving a ten-dollar bill at the clerk.

Then he ran next door to the druggist's. "I want that one!" He pointed to a rich-looking lavender box of candy.

Outside, he nearly knocked over a messenger boy. Forcing the bouquet and candy upon him, Sandy yelled: "Here's the address, and two bucks!" And he shoved the boy into a taxi at the curb.

For ten minutes—they seemed hours—Sandy paced the sidewalk. Then he dropped a nickel into the druggist's phone, the tinkling gong sending shivers along his shins.

When the messenger handed Sandy's sentimental trophies in at the Morses' door, Buster, a playmate of Junior's, brought them in to Lil; he carried them gingerly, as though they were eggs.

Lil buried her nose deep into the heart of the corsage, whispering Sandy's name.

"Is it really you?" he heard Lil ask a moment later, when the phone rang. "Of course I still do—more than ever."

Buster was understanding for the first time sweet words he'd so often seen on the movie screen.

"Oh, love," he mimicked, with hands crossed over his heart. Then he heard a kiss smacked over the wire. "Humph," he said, "phoney stuff!"

(To be continued next week)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Perhaps It Was Better

I substituted for a teacher in the primary department of our Sunday school who was to be married soon. One of her pupils, a lovely little girl, was very fond of her and asked numerous questions regarding the wedding. Thinking she would like to go, I invited her to go with me. She thought it over, and said:

"Thank you, but I believe I would rather remember her as she looks now."—E. A., Memphis, Tenn.

What's the Use?

I wanted my little Frances to become acquainted with some of the great paintings. I showed her a copy of The Gleaners, by Millet, and told her the story of the picture. I wished particularly to impress the title upon her memory.

Several days later I asked her if she remembered the name of the picture. After a moment's thought she informed me: "Old Women Pulling Weeds."—D. R., St. Johnsville, N. Y.

Sousa Endorses the Harmonica

"I am a great advocate of the Harmonica," says Lieut. Commander John Philip Sousa, famous bandmaster, "and especially endorse the Harmonica bands which are winning sweeping popularity. This instrument is a foundation for a musical career; and many boys and girls who are now learning music on the harmonica will step into the great symphony orchestras and bands of our country some day."

You can learn to play a Hohner Harmonica with the aid of the Free Instruction Book. Get a Hohner "Marine Band" today and ask for the free book. If your dealer is out of copies, write M. Hohner, Inc., Dept. 157, 114 East 16th Street, New York City.

HOHNER Harmonicas

Takes Out *every bit of pain instantly*

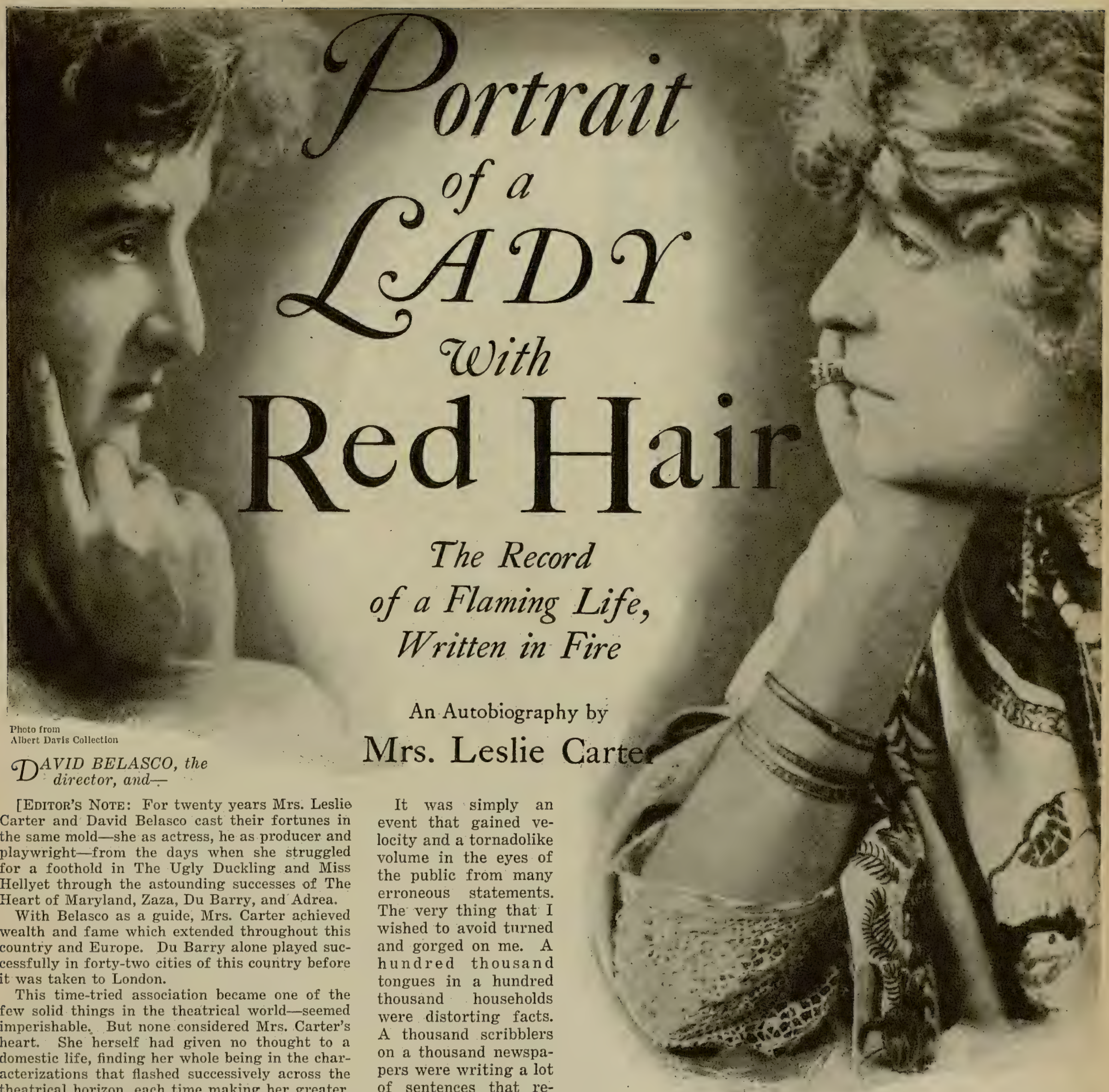
CORNS

The minute you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, the pain stops. This quickly healing method does what no other remedy can do for you—it removes the *cause of corns*—friction and pressure of shoes. Once gone, they never come back. Any new irritation caused by tight shoes is stopped at once. No such results are to be had by any other method.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are thin, medicated, antiseptic, protective, healing. Absolutely safe and sure. Buy a box today at your druggist's or shoe dealer's.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on — the pain is gone!



Portrait of a LADY With Red Hair

The Record of a Flaming Life, Written in Fire

An Autobiography by

Mrs. Leslie Carter

Photo from Albert Davis Collection

—DAVID BELASCO, *the director, and*—

—MRS. LESLIE CARTER, *his greatest star.*

[EDITOR'S NOTE: For twenty years Mrs. Leslie Carter and David Belasco cast their fortunes in the same mold—she as actress, he as producer and playwright—from the days when she struggled for a foothold in The Ugly Duckling and Miss Hellyet through the astounding successes of The Heart of Maryland, Zaza, Du Barry, and Adrea.

With Belasco as a guide, Mrs. Carter achieved wealth and fame which extended throughout this country and Europe. Du Barry alone played successfully in forty-two cities of this country before it was taken to London.

This time-tried association became one of the few solid things in the theatrical world—seemed imperishable. But none considered Mrs. Carter's heart. She herself had given no thought to a domestic life, finding her whole being in the characterizations that flashed successively across the theatrical horizon, each time making her greater.

Then she met William Louis Payne, a reigning theatrical favorite, and in this installment she tells of her secret marriage to him, how the news reached Belasco before she communicated with him, and of the dramatic conversation over the telephone when he deliberately tore up the whole fabric of their association and the two separated so definitely that to this day neither has spoken to the other.]

PART NINE

TOO much had passed between Mr. Dave and me ever to discredit the fineness and solid texture of it by any ugliness. If I could say I disregarded a hundred meaning approaches that led to the debacle, or that there was an organized heaping up of detail upon detail that should have warned me, I would be preparing the way for a critical analysis of what happened between David Belasco and me. But there is no such thing.

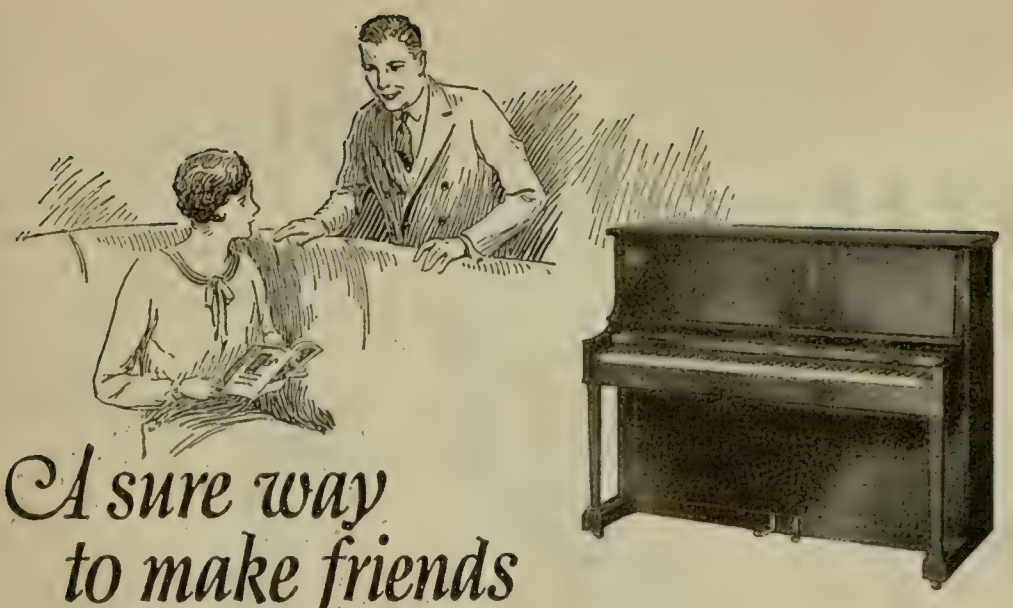
It was simply an event that gained velocity and a tornadolike volume in the eyes of the public from many erroneous statements. The very thing that I wished to avoid turned and gorged on me. A hundred thousand tongues in a hundred thousand households were distorting facts. A thousand scribblers on a thousand newspapers were writing a lot of sentences that revealed not a word of the truth. For the truth was so simple and unadorned by anything approaching the spectacular that to this very day—to this very hour—the wonderment of what it brought forth has never left me.

For twenty years Mr. Belasco's spirit and mine had stood erect in the face of opposition, hatred, poverty. But the traces were eased for both of us. He had accomplished what he had set out to do for me, and I had helped him to accomplish it. He had, by this time, many stars under his management, and that close companionship between my household and him was lessened.

They said I lied to him. From the very first, when I had cause to lie and did not, this charge he never laid to me. They said Victorien Sardou had offered to write a play for me—that I wished to leave his management—and my method was marriage; when, in the very essence of things, with life being smoothed for me, my boy growing older, that would have been Mr. Dave's first wish for me.

They said—they said—they said! No one, to this hour, knows the truth. What was the truth? In the grip of a medley of inexplicable conduct the circumstances arise to confound your reason—to affront your intelligence and silence your conjecture.

AFTER a strenuous season we closed Adrea in Williamsport, Pennsylvania, in June. On arriving in New York, I bought a new

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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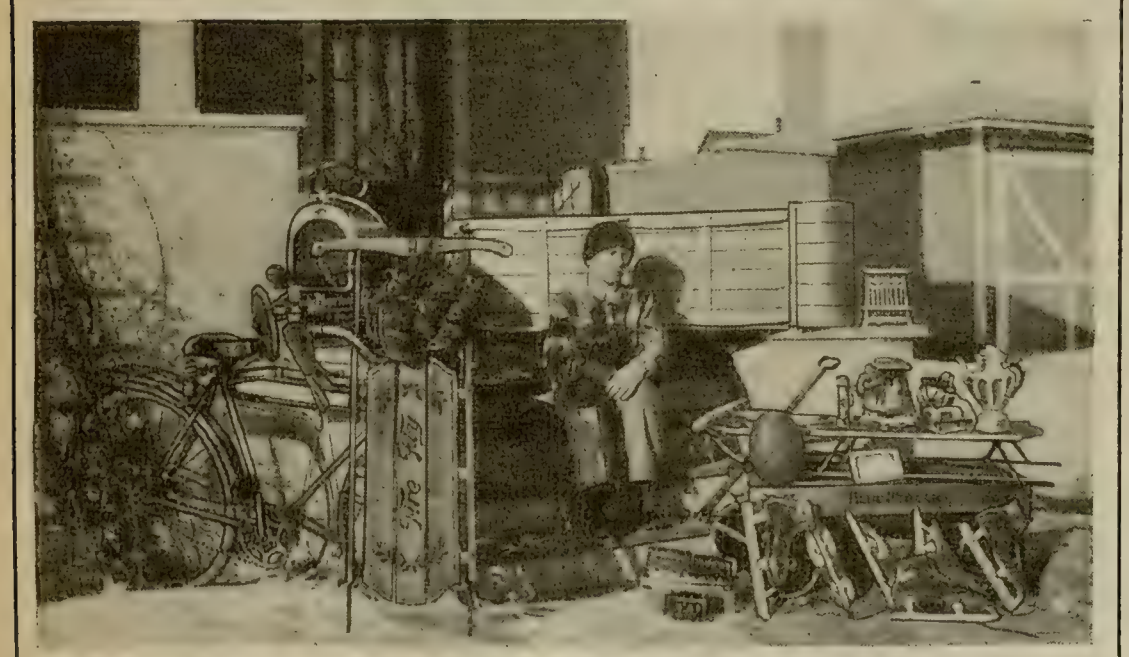

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[PORTRAIT OF A LADY WITH RED HAIR
Continued from Page Fifty-seven]

touring car, and it was decided to take a leisurely trip through New England, with my son Dudley and a party of friends, including Acton Davies, the critic of the New York *Sun*. At the last minute the group was augmented to include William Louis Payne, an actor who had distinguished himself in a comedy that was one of the season's successes.

The situation that had taken no years to define had sprung from admiration, mutual interests, good breeding, a rare sense of humor, a delightful mind, and a likeness in thinking. Without premeditation, and very happily, I moved on into that oval which destiny had circled for me.

Four weeks later, in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, Mr. Payne and I were married. One of the clergyman's daughters, who was a witness of the ceremony, recognized me. On our drive back to Boston we stopped for luncheon with Alexander Higginson at his country place, arriving in Boston late in the afternoon.

IT had always been assumed in the theater that the marriage of a star lessened her value in the eyes of the public. I remembered Mary Anderson's retirement on her marriage to Antonio Navarro de Viana; I remembered Olga Nethersole's refusal of a mutual friend of ours for that reason. Borne in on my recollections were similar cases.

What precise aspect that impulse wore that kept my marriage secret, I just can't say, but I am sure of one governing reason: I was becoming satiated with the public's feeding on my private conduct. Bernhardt once said to me: "Lalie, give them coffins and animals and they will leave your private life alone."

So I thought:

What I do with my soul, what I do with my body, is my own business. They own my art, my talents; these they have always had the best of. Now I am going to let down the veil. Just for one moment to step out of the furnace of blinding publicity. Just for one hour's rest from jumping through the tissue hoops in the open ring—with all those famished, staring, reading eyes gone from your life. Just a second to lay aside the iridescent, tightly fitted dress of harlequin.

And so I told no one, not even the one I should have told—and that is all there is to the broken friendship of Caroline Carter and David Belasco.

There were too many luminous moments in our lives for him ever to hide the kindness of his vision for me. The hurt lay not in the marriage, for he had often contemplated such a thing for me. It lay in my not telling him. That was the spear wound that festered in his side and would not heal.

TWENTY years earlier, in those first months when Daniel Frohman was denying through the newspapers that David Belasco had taken charge of Mrs.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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By Edna Wallace Hopper

About three years ago I announced my desire for an exceptional shampoo. I had never found, in Paris or elsewhere, a shampoo that satisfied me.

I published the fact that if anyone brought me the ideal shampoo I would buy carloads of it. I would place it on every toilet counter, and tell millions of women about it.

Well, it came to me from one of the oldest soap chemists in America. They said, "We have made shampoos for 60 years and over. We have made up and tested some 250 formulas. This is our final result. It is not only the supreme shampoo, but it gives the hair a marvelous glint."

It amazed and delighted me. Then I had my office submit it to some hundreds of women. From everywhere there came demands for more.

So this shampoo has won the prize I offered. Now it is sold on all toilet counters as Edna Wallace Hopper's Fruity Shampoo. And countless women, all the country over, are thanking me for that shampoo.

You can find it anywhere. The price is 60c per bottle. If it does not please you, your druggist will return the price. But I know you will be as delighted as I was to find a shampoo like this. Please try it. The name is Edna Wallace Hopper's Fruity Shampoo.

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Mrs. Carter in Du Barry, which she also played on the screen (above), and in Kassa, a later play (right).

Brown Bros. photo

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT]

Carter's future and they were trying to batter down his defenses by all sorts of arbitrary methods, Mr. Dave came to the Madison Apartments very late. It was after 12 o'clock. They kept him play-writing, rehearsing, stage-managing, grinding, so that for months these were the only hours left for us to build in.

Weary to the point of exhaustion, he laid his watch on the table to give himself just thirty minutes' rest, and closed his eyes. When he opened them the watch was gone.

It had been presented to him by the mother of Mrs. Bradley Martin, Mrs. Sherman. Inscribed in it was a list of names of the women in society whose gift it was. It was the thing he treasured most, because the services he had rendered them, by producing and arranging their amateur performances, were paid for in coin like this—a token from one friend to another.

I HAD taken it. When he asked for it back, I said:

"No; this is going to be your hostage. You might forget to return to the woman who thinks she can act, but you'd never forget to return for your watch."

He nodded his head smilingly and let me keep it.

"In the meanwhile, and it may be a long, long meanwhile for me to learn to act, let's you and I arrange a code. I want you to say this: 'I always will keep the promise that I first made you. I always will stand by you.' Every day that you come you will say, 'I always will,' so that I will have the assurance you have not been influenced. Every day that you can't come, you can still say, 'I always will.' If the time ever arrives when you no longer feel able to fulfill your contract, or if you doubt your faith in my ability, you will never need to tell me so—you will stop saying, 'I always will' and then I'll know."

For twenty years I never failed to hear it. At 6 o'clock in the evening, no matter how far the distance, after a conversation in regard to the conditions of the theater, the trip, metropolitan news, his voice would always end, "I. A. W." —and if there was no voice to say it, the telegrams always sent it.

Once, when in St. Joseph, Missouri, which then was the last outpost of communication by telephone, on the roar of a thumping hurricane of rain, when I could hear nothing else, clearly, loudly, cleaving through all that distance from New York came his "I. A. W."

Finally these three letters began to organize themselves into a symbol, like a herald blowing on his silver trumpet to tell those in the kingdom that all is well. On an evening in a distant city when the telephonic communication had been delayed by difficulty on the line, the thought came to me, "If I ever fail to hear his 'I. A. W.,' that day I will fail to act."

Ignited by the tiny match of a young girl's admiration and garrulousness, there started a fire that swept every reporter from every rung of the fourth estate into David Belasco's office. They came in swarms with their loaded lethal weapons, and he began to deny it.

He denied as he had been denying for twenty years. This time he did it arrogantly, vehemently, sure of himself and sure of me in what he was repudiating. Defiantly he denied what I should have put him in possession of long before to affirm. In that and that alone lay the only irremediable and irrevocable fault. Later that night, Acton Davies made a special journey to tell him his city editor had verification of the marriage from the minister at Portsmouth.

At midnight in Boston, at the Hotel Touraine, he called me to the phone.

"I have just heard from strangers a thing I do not believe. They say you have married. Is it true?"

THERE were marks in his tones of some deliberate intent.

"Yes, Mr. Dave, it's true. I wanted to tell you myself. Won't you let me come and—"

Someone has written that more can be said in one minute than can be forgotten in a lifetime. Back the voice came —that voice whose nature never had partaken of anything but comfort and encouragement for me, and in its white-hot tones was everything that made him kick the ladder from beneath my feet, and in that uncontrolled movement destroy not alone myself, but all those whose fortunes were bound up with mine.

It wasn't just bitterness: it was as if you had taken all the sounds of hurt and rancor and a hostile iciness, and typified them in one note.

"Listen! Can you hear me? I want you to hear me, because you are listening to my voice for the last time. Do you hear it? Do you hear it?"

Hear it? I shall hear it until I hear nothing more forever!

It was the first time I ever failed to hear his "I. A. W." and the last time I ever heard his voice.

It seemed now as if I were living in a novel where group after group of situations piled up for me only at the instigation of the fictionist in a crooked world.

In Taormina in Sicily, overlooking the Mediterranean, is a white villa with a clipped ilex maze, so old that it might have been planted by Pan himself. Some

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The Styles of Today are more Comfortable!

YES, the dressed-up age is past. The well dressed man today is at his ease. We no longer fit our bodies into clothes; we wear clothes that fit our bodies—clothes that let us be active and free.

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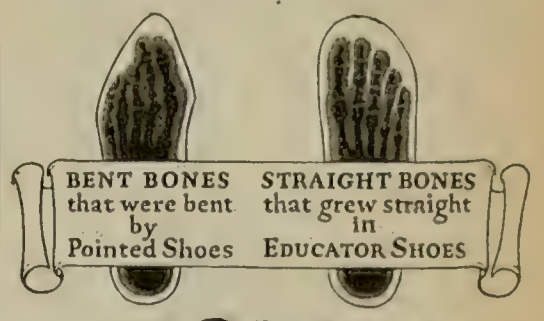

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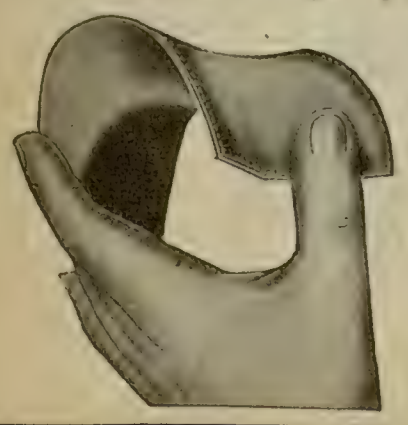

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[PORTRAIT OF A LADY WITH RED HAIR
Continued from Page Fifty-nine]

weary patrician with infinite patience had planned it for a Roman holiday. Down its tortuous aisles you walked, and just when you thought you had found egress you would be confronted by a leering faun on dancing feet with his finger pointing back over his shoulder; down green passage after passage you traveled, hunting, panicky, searching for your exit.

Whenever you thought the maze was ended, you were met by the mocking face of a sleepy satyr, or by the amused, ironic smile of some Roman god, always motioning, motioning you backward.

"There is no outlet this way," their jeering countenances seemed to shout. "You must go back—back."

THE path my present way led seemed like that Sicilian maze. Back over the once firm ground—like lava, it gave beneath your feet. Back over foundations that formerly held secure under your old assured tread; only now to have them crumble like decayed timber. Up a step, only to have it collapse with the quickness of a rotten plank. And the moorings that in the past had held your finely laden ship all hacked away.

The wharf, at one time so full of greedy, adoring friends, which held those frantic waving crowds who always wished you *bon voyage*, was now cold and deserted. It is no slight thing to keep on acting after one feels dramatically dead. But I did, according to the method, according to its principle, with the energy of inspiration gone, with the structure barely covered.

Through intermediaries and attorneys it was arranged that Du Barry should come into my ownership. With it that autumn I went on tour.

In a Pittsburgh bank, on the advice of an old friend, Alexander Moore, since Ambassador to Spain, I deposited $47,000, the results of it, to avoid a lot of useless and prolonged litigation in which, in this particular, I was in no way at fault.

Overtures were made me to appear under the management of Charles Dillingham and Charles Frohman. There was no need of small assurances between the latter and myself. It was purely a business contract. He always deafened his ears and sealed his eyes from the first moment he met me—he did it to the end.

However, he made every effort to find a play that spoke my language, and thought he had found it in Henri Bernstein's The Thief. But on its way from Bessie Marbury's office to my home, it made a detour into Daniel Frohman's office and outfitted his wife, Margaret Illington, that season.

The choice finally fell on a play called Article 47. C. F. commissioned Edwin Milton Royle to rewrite it. When it came into our possession such words as "matutinal glare" for "glorious sunshine," and other things as absurdly impossible in a play, ran through the acts.

The characters talked like walk-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

3 to 1 he misses!

Basket ball! Waste basket ball! Confusion in the office. Paper balls shot at the nearest basket. Great way to waste time! Great way to litter the office! The "boss" grits his teeth. Who to fire first? Then the bright suggestion: "Put a waste basket by *every* desk." Remarkable how it speeds things up!

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY]

ing textbooks for a literary class in a college. I refused to play in it. It was given to Haddon Chambers to rewrite, and he made a very finished, fine drama of it; but the managers were enjoined by the courts through Mr. Royle from producing it. And that's that.

Out of the background of misunderstanding now emerged one of the two figures who attempted to pour oil on the unnecessarily troubled waters—Oscar Hammerstein. The other, his emissary, approached me the evening before Christmas in the person of Lee Shubert.

"Life's funny, Mrs. Carter. Everybody wants to live it backward, when it's forward it has to be lived, with a little help. Mr. Hammerstein and I think you and Mr. Belasco have been identified too long together in the theater for a split-up. So I'm going to him tomorrow, if you'll give me your permission."

"I have no quarrel with Mr. Dave. Go."

Something with its wings tightly folded, compassionate and quiet, walked side by side with Lee Shubert in his deliberate errand on Christmas. With eyes that had never gazed on anything but the divinity of man, it looked over the rim aghast at the tumult and implacable anger within; then, veiling its eyes, it stepped backward into space.

WHEN he entered my apartment the morning after, Mr. Shubert looked everywhere around the room, but not at me. About it, ranged against the walls and on the mantel, were many pictures of David Belasco. His eyes rested on them for a long time, then again sought the floor. He didn't know how to begin.

"As bad as that, Lee Shubert?" I asked.

"As bad as that, Mrs. Carter," he answered quietly.

There was a long, long pause. I was becoming used to these pauses in my life—everyone paused now. He raised his head, nodding toward the photographs.

"I tell you what you do, Mrs. Carter. You take those pictures and put them all away." His mouth went awry and he caught his lip between his teeth to steady some emotion. "When my brother Sam died I thought I'd never smile again; but I had to learn all over. I just had to—for my own sake, I had to."

He gulped.

Hard-shelled little Lee Shubert! —with his chain armor always on, so that no one ever saw the heart that beat beneath it.

After some correspondence, John Luther Long came over from Philadelphia in regard to a theme he had in mind. It was really the story of Sister Beatrice. After discussing it, I gave him the commission to write it. When the finished product came from his hands, it was called Kassa.

Its setting was medieval Hungary, and it cost more than $100,000 to produce. It paid constant and faithful attention to the legend of the story, but Mr. Long had carried his mastery of form to such a state of dramaless and gutless perfection that his bored audiences turned their heads in satiety, as from a clown who, in his eagerness, attempts too many somersaults.

Brown Bros. photo

The author in one of her old cars.

Photo from F. J. Wilstach

(In oval) William Louis Payne, Mrs. Carter's husband, in a motion-picture part.

The first act alone was set with more than a hundred platforms.

It turned out to be not alone a ruinous but an unsuccessful play. In Philadelphia, where it ended, I gave the whole production to Sam Nixon, with these words: "Do what you want with it. I never wish to see it again."

IT was during the run of Kassa at the Liberty Theater that my friend Mary Garden said she regretted not having seen my *Zaza*. With Hamilton Revelle and most of its original cast, I gave a special matinee for her in New York.

Mary Garden! One has always felt a kind of magic while with her, as if the air were heavy with something strange and hard to define.

Wherever she lives, everything about comes alive: the atmosphere, the rooms, the people, the waiters. She can no more help the dynamo that charges her, making of her gorgeous body an authentic dramatic gesture, than she can resist the air she breathes. Caring for nothing in the world so much as for the dictates of it, she sets in motion every mysterious, irresistible, and divine motion.

Mary Garden is an actress, and a great one. She loves to act more than she loves to sing. And she can sing. People are not engaged for the Opéra Comique in Paris unless they have voices. Nature formed bones in her chest just to the right degree and placed in her throat cunning, perfect instruments to eject sound, and gave her a lovely mouth to send it forth. But—but—Mary Garden wants to act! To paraphrase *Scaramouche*, "She has a gift for acting and a sense that the world is mad."

Most of her application in opera was given to the plastique of a role rather than to its music. When singing for Oscar Hammerstein at his Manhattan Opera House, Mr. Hammerstein, who knew voices with the instinctive, incorruptible judgment of the German, wanted to present her in a part that would compel her to remain restrained and temperate of movement.

HE did so; it was called *Griselda*, and was much like *Marguerite* in Faust. He wished her to act through her voice and not through her lovely body. She had as marvelous value as an interpretative mural of one of Edwin Abbey's medieval women, in a tightly fitting crimson velvet gown, with two long massive gold braids of hair under a woven fillet. But she had no value to herself in the part, for it would not permit her to act.

She never sang it after one week. Mary Garden is too consumed with an extra dose of life for suppressions. The sheer lustiness in her face, the vividness, the vital sparkling that goes on there in a perpetual strong tumult, tell you plainly what price she pays for her gifts.

Exotic as she is, she moves in an important and premeditated atmosphere of her own choosing. The validity of her choice is that she translates it into the beauty of the ages. She has never been sick or sorry from the day she was weaned. When the time comes that she must pass, I should like to write her epitaph. I should say:

"Mary Garden, who reminded one of beauty."

Eager to join my company on this occasion was a very gifted young girl, an Isadorable, as we called her. She had been a dancer with Isadora Duncan, and in discussing careers and generalities Mary said:

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

your dog

Dog Crosses Alaskan Range to Save Men

"LITTLE SQUAW, Alaska, Dec. 25th, 1926 (AP)
Carrying a scribbled note from two miners crippled by an explosion, one of them blinded, a malamute dog crossed a 3000-foot pass in the Brooks' mountain range at night, with the mercury 40° below zero, to his master's cabin."

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This is the time of year your dog needs a tonic. Guard against sickness and general weakness with Sergeant's Condition Pills. See Page 20 in the Dog Book.

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In the Spring, dogs need a blood tonic. Sergeant's Arsenic and Iron Pills are splendid for this purpose. For glossy, healthy coats, use Sergeant's Mange Medicine, Pp. 27, 28, 29 in the Dog Book.

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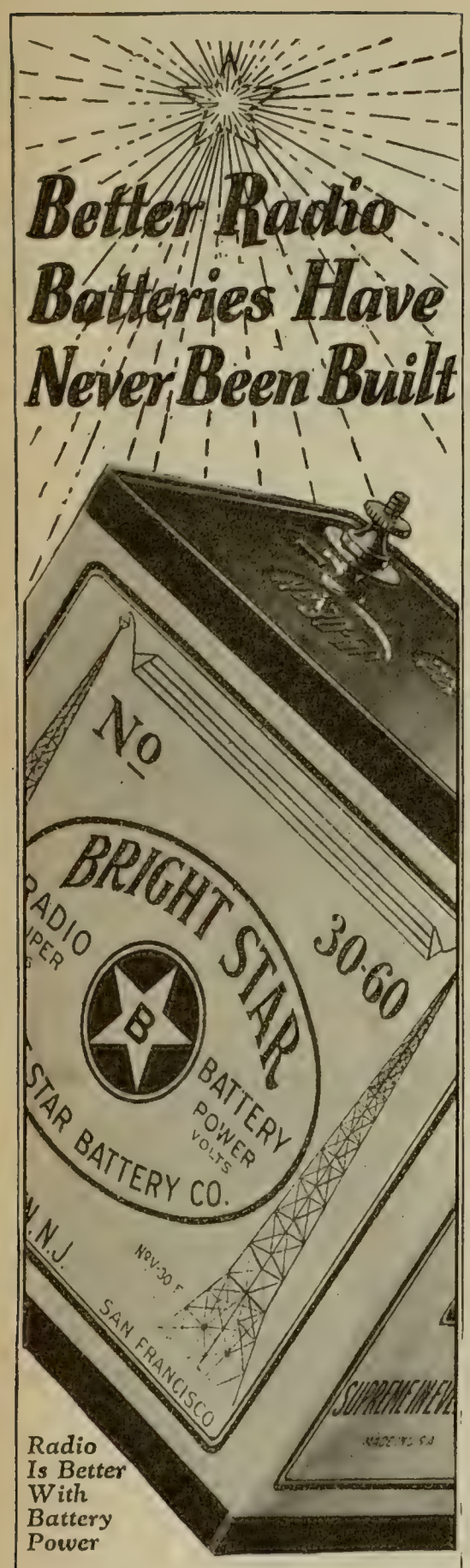

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17 Years Building Quality Batteries

[PORTRAIT OF A LADY WITH RED HAIR
Continued from Page Sixty-one]

"Tell her not to attempt the stage unless she has some means of carrying herself along when the evil days come.

"The people who tell me they despise money are hypocrites or asses. All over the world they are saying or writing that poverty is the greatest spur for genius. That is not true. The constant anxiety about money is one of the most degrading things I know. It is the iron in the flesh, and it nails you to the cross, with your hands helpless, more quickly than anything in life. It eats into the heart like a cancerous growth.

"To be without money takes away your courage and your pride. It exposes you to endless humiliation. You don't know how mean you can be without money—how small, how cowardly. It is like a sixth sense, really, because without it what can you do with the other five?

"If I thought it would do any good, I would go to every rich man in the world like a Kafir begging in the mud. I would say to them:

"'Preserve the decency and dignity of the girl who is trying for an artistic career. Let her be independent as she works, unhampered by the corroding anxiety of lack of funds. You have so much—give a certain infinitesimal part for this one thing, so that she will be able to accomplish her work; so that she may come out of it frank and generous and unashamed.'"

"They would give it to you, too, Mary." I felt her earnestness.

"Yes—for Mary Garden, but not for the cause. No, my dear; I don't want it that way."

LATER she said: "I have no quarrel with life. For me it is the maddest, beautifulest, fantasticalest world. But I have known many who have."

Dynamic, physically flawless, she always gives you the picture of Minerva springing unheralded, full born from Jove's forehead.

After the failure of Kassa, Rupert Hughes wrote for me a play named Two Women. Once again I came before a New York audience, this time under the management of Cort and Shubert. The drama was adapted from an Italian play called The Statue Carni. The only thing I remember about it is that it tried to make an angel out of a harlot.

I had no more heart in the theater. I bore a likeness to something that walked and talked and moved its body, but the soul had taken leave of absence. Every time I went on the stage, the things that had always taken on the thrill and throb of newness transformed themselves into events that could not be banished.

Certain living threads were woven in with my dramatic pattern; away from them there was no altar cloth. I never felt myself complete without Mr. Belasco, without his sagacity, without his kindness, without his clear, sane dramatic feeling.

One has seen at times his shadow stretch before him in elongated, unnatural lengths, and whichever way one turned, the sinister reflection made fantastic and curious gestures in capricious arabesques. One laughed and turned away in those days. But now, wherever I looked, wherever I walked, it minced before me; wherever I turned, it mocked me

Photo from Albert Davis Collection

Mrs. Orson Dudley, mother of Mrs. Leslie Carter.

with its vague, inexplicable attitudes. So I said: "I will walk no more that way. I will walk no more in any way where there are shadows that can make me afraid." And I never did—not for many, many years.

England! England with its fields and lanes, its hedges, its pools, the rush-fringed brooks tucked cunningly away. The ruined arch above the village street, the ancient cobble church with its old burying ground that holds a Peg Woffington or a secretly buried Monmouth.

In Taplow, on the Thames, across from Maidenhead, on the famous Bath Road that was made by the Romans, lay a house. Although constructed 200 years ago, it was built for me. Just like many other places, the owner designs them, but you fit them. It was formerly a priory, but had been restored by some owner with a reverent hand. It sat in the midst of yews and beeches like a demure little nun, its head decorated with many quaint chimney pots.

THE lawns of England! They are unmatched anywhere in the world! They have taken generations to produce, and generations have with a worshiping spirit carefully tended them. Straight from the house down to the water's edge in great velvetlike lengths ran the lawns of Amerdon Ponds.

The place contained many small ponds, from which the estate took its name. The whole place and country about were thick and heavy with past glories, now smoothed and shining with the invisible patina of English country life.

We decided to take a long lease on this place. Mr. Payne was now producing sketches with Sewell Collins in London, and it was within easy motoring distance. Had it been far away I still should have leased it for its ancient wiverns over the doors and its chimney pots.

Mr. Kleine was then the great Italian producer of moving pictures. He made a trip from Turin to Amerdon Ponds to lure me into doing Du Barry in the films. I had been approached before in America in regard to making pictures; but that industry had little dignity in the eyes of the profession at that period. But since that day Gabriele d'Annunzio has given it distinction by writing Cabiria for Mr. Kleine, and Sarah Bernhardt, with her art in Queen Elizabeth, raised it to a plane that never after sank back to its old level.

I signed a contract with Kleine, and with members of the original cast, of which there was my *Cossé-Brissac*, Hamilton Revelle, and Campbell Gollam, we made Du Barry in Turin, taking ten months to complete it.

Moving pictures have given me so much happiness that I cannot cavil with the limitations the perfectionists complain of. If there is the voice lacking, we have in its place a subtle physical enjoyment without any intellectual backbone.

Charlie Chaplin said to me:

"I AM not here to educate the public, but to entertain it. Everywhere, everybody is talking of more culture in the films. What we want in the films is more heart, meaning, translated, 'hokum,' which is derived from the Greek word 'sob,'" his eyes danced. "Shakespeare is hokum—yes hokum combined with the beautiful. In fact, all hokum is beautiful. The Odyssey is the best hokum I know. Is there a greater sob episode than *Ulysses* in rags, worn and weary, recognized by no one but his old dog Argus?"

"Charlie Chaplin," I answered, "if you think the Odyssey hokum, I should like you to give me the equivalent of the non-hokum."

He made his face long and grave, sucking in his cheeks with the grimace of the Montmartre clown. Then it slipped back into the wide Chaplin smile.

"President Coolidge," he answered, making a sign that this was not to be repeated.

And so, with Charlie Chaplin defining what the movies need, I take leave of them.

Just before the completion of Du Barry my mother died.

In America, where her passing took place, I went to fetch a consecrated legacy—a little girl my mother had adopted some years before. Mary now became our own, and was no longer Mary Dudley, but Mary Payne.

In next week's LIBERTY, Mrs. Carter tells of her residence abroad during the war and of her return home.

Here range pronghorn and buffalo . . . vast herds of Herefords and sheep . . . *and giant bears in mountains that roll down to the sea!*

The MILWAUKEE ROAD

STRETCHING through the Northwest from Chicago to the sea is a startling panorama of the progress of civilization. A few years ago the first fur-traders and gold-hunters penetrated here—followed by the Covered Wagons fighting mile by mile against Sioux and Blackfoot. Today the four last mountain ranges are crossed by *a great electrified railroad system.*

At one end of the panorama are Chicago and the industrial cities of Wisconsin and Minnesota. At the other mountains covered with dark primeval forest sweep to the edge of the Pacific where Japanese ships dock by the side of beautiful cities.

Savagery and civilization touch with startling picturesqueness everywhere.

Beside the trail

Elk come down from the hills and feed among white-faced cattle. Wild horses in Montana race beside the train. Wolves and deer watch curiously from the mountain slopes. Villages of prairie dogs stand at attention. Pronghorn antelope may still be seen upon the plains; and on some of the bigger ranches bison range free. Bear, cougar, mountain goat and bighorn sheep inhabit the forests. And the eagle soars over all.

Here is a reservation where the Sioux keeps to his wigwam. You cross the giant Missouri. Here is the new Gallatin Gateway to Yellowstone. Here Butte, gorged with copper and gold. Here is Spokane, heart of the Inland Empire, like Lombardy in the lap of the Rockies. Here dazzling Rainier looks down upon beautiful Puget Sound and the glories of the Olympics rising beyond. And here are the great ships connecting America with Alaska, the Orient and the South Seas!

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Geometry *Invades the Salons of Fashion*

By

MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

THE geometrical, almost architectural construction of the present styles virtually excludes garniture. A triangle collarless neckline, such as appears in model 5547, is one of the most successful of the spring launchings. One might say that the letters V and Y are the most popular letters in the alphabet, stylistically speaking.

On the two wraps shown here one may produce the geometrical line by the simple trick of crossing the fronts over the open patch of dress now showing. In shorter, only slightly more than three-quarter lengths, these coats are appearing in very much the same outlines on even summer things.

Almost nothing but belts are set on apart. Something that looks like a door knocker is the favorite ornamentation of the Callot Sisters and many other important dressmakers of Paris. Our model 5547 carries this ornamentation, and if it is not new, it still is one of the most important notes of the styles as they have thus far revealed themselves. Nothing is static in fashions, however, and as it shifts, the movement of that knocker effect one might say is westward, or toward the left hip. When perched there it usually takes the form of a bow or a godet, coming in tightly at the new high or natural waistline, and helping along the cause of "movement," with its full, spreading, undulating ends.

In our evening dress, of which the skirt is shown in movement, you will see this idea incorporated into a more sophisticated design. You know, the French always strive to make sophistication seem simple. In this instance, to a wrap-around skirt as guileless as they make them in its straight, untrimmed line across the back, they have given the feeling and the movement of a sash with that front godet.

The artist writes from Paris that this dress actually ties together. So the frock has borrowed one more idea from the tailored costume, another one being of little leather belts on dresses "for the dance." This motif of tying the panels together is taken from the very popular, very comfortable, and very, very pretty coat-dress that does not go on over the head but ties or buttons on the side. After all, this evening dress, which seems so difficult, has points that go far toward making it easy to build. The edges and the seams are picoted.

And now a word about dressing the waistline: There is a decided tendency for belts and even dresses to roll round the body and come together in some kind of fastening at the waistline on the side. When the girdle is of tissue an arrangement of pearls, and for street dresses such an arrangement of fur, often brings the two side panels together. In variations of model 5547 sometimes a monogram takes the place of that buckle on the front. This dress in voile and without sleeves would be good for summer.

It is reported that this summer we are going to be permitted to keep (relatively speaking) cool in cottons and linens once more. Of course one should change linen dresses about once an hour unless content to look mussy; but during the first fifteen minutes of their freshness nothing is prettier. Bolero effects are good, and some of the summer simplicity is broken with three tiers of them in the blouse, above a perfectly slim, straight skirt. The bolero effect is produced in the accompanying coat model 5550 with bias bands of the material stitched on. The dress, which here is of beige kasha matching the coat, would be excellent in colored linen.

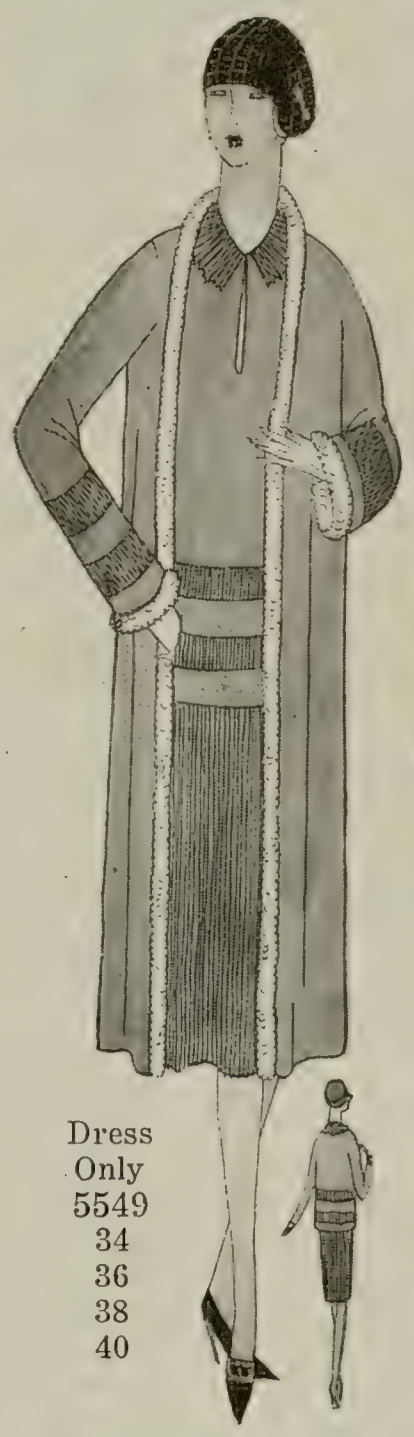
BEIGE, tan, and the natural linen color are succeeding pinks and rose in the mode of the moment. The dress under coat 5550 is in the one-piece line that simulates the two-piece frock of last summer, with the waistline lifted almost to "normalcy."

The details shown in these creations go into almost countless combinations, and thus make the mode in all of its shadings.

A less formal dress on the general scheme of model 5547 has a skirt of black-and-white crepe with the double jabots in front hanging much lower than the skirtline. The bodice of black crepe goes into a bolero effect in the back, under a fitted belt that lies flat around the high waistline, only descending into a deep V down the front. The turnover collar is of the black-and-white crepe, finished with a black-and-white bow falling almost to the waistline.

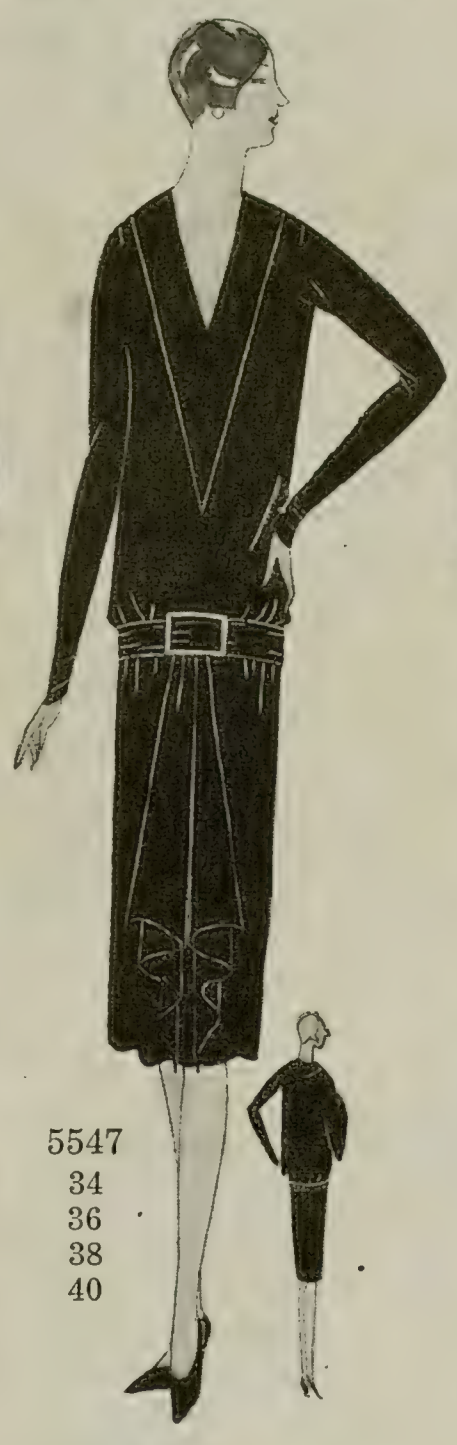
A copper-colored satin frock blouses above a wide belt that ties once, without a bow, and falls straight down the side below the hemline, like an unanimated version of the one in the dance frock shown here in motion. There are square buttons for trimmings.

So much for some variations of the mode.



Dress
Only
5549
34
36
38
40

A DRESS and coat of rich blue crepe de Chine, which would be good also in voile.



5547
34
36
38
40

BLACK crepe satin was employed for this model, with its mother-of-pearl buckle.

Coat
Only
5550
16
18
20

WORN over a dress of the same color, this beige coat is extremely good style.

5548
16
18
20

VERY charming is the wrap-around evening dress made of pink chiffon, and tying together on the left side.

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To Be CHIC—Be Different

By Bettina Bedwell

Paris, February 13, 1927.

THE outstanding fact of styles today is the changing proprieties. Short skirts, legs filmed lightly with silken gauze, and low necks in the daytime have been with us sufficiently long to be eminently decorous. They created a world-wide stir when they first outraged the code of custom, but they have become so habitual to women that it is a bit eccentric to comment upon them. However, fashion is busy making other, equally significant, alterations in our sartorial habits. You must be *au courant* with these newer changes if you want to achieve the allure of the grand chic.

Women who go by the book in choosing their clothes, and in wearing them, no matter how well informed they are on styles, are apt to find that by following rules they miss out, while some smart lawbreaker gets all the praise. It is dangerous to introduce discord into the harmony of perfect dressing, and yet it is the small off-key note, by the expert, that gives the ultimate distinction. Women who establish styles often do so by wearing the wrong thing at the right time.

The tremendous vogue for sports clothes was started in just this way. We wore 'em first in the country and at the country club. It took daring to bring them into town, and to appear in them on the sacred sidewalks of Park Avenue, but when that was done by the pioneers, who braved it out by looking odd for a short while, everybody copied.

Proprieties changed, and it is now as correct, if not more so, to wear sports clothes in the city in winter as to appear in more elegant and elaborate clothes. This happened because sports clothes interpret in an outstanding way the spirit of our epoch. They are encroaching further upon other fashions.

Women who stick strictly to the etiquette of style still wear the afternoon frock or ensemble, but many supremely fashionable women with more esprit wear sports clothes instead. They are creating new proprieties. Tweeds and tricots that carry the aroma of the country are coming to the ultrafashionable Paris luncheon table, to the thé dansant, and even to the wedding. They haven't been worn to evening parties yet, but—wait and see. Let somebody else start it.

One of our models is a tweed dress, from Chanel, that I saw the other day at a formal luncheon at the Ritz. It was the most admired and envied frock of all, and there were a lot of de luxe toilettes present. I'll admit this is tweed done differently, and also another kind of tweed. It is thin and so supple that it makes a beautiful bowknot. Chanel has used it to tie knots, in exactly the same way as crepe de Chine or any soft silk is usually handled. It is brown-and-beige tweed, and the blouse has a bolero back and a regular sports collar. The three-quarter-length sleeves are eked out by white piqué cuffs, and the inner collar is of white piqué. The straight skirt has two flaring box plaits in front. It is the double belt of tweed, tied in knots to show a piqué gilet, that gives this modish sports dress its greatest charm.

There are plenty of critics who will say that a tweed frock, however smart, is unsuitable to a formal luncheon; but, unsuitable or not, it is distingué, and suitability, truthfully speaking, is becoming a bit unfashionable.

At a thé dansant the other day, in the Volterra, on the Champs Elysées, I remarked on the swelling tide of sports frocks for this kind of affair. Somehow, with their pert, fresh-air simplicity, the sports frocks had an allure that velvet and crepe afternoon clothes lacked—perhaps because the most fashionable women were wearing them.

A conspicuous example is the sports ensemble from Jean Patou shown on this page. This ensemble is an instance of the value of a little discord in a sweet harmony of color. The gray kasha coat and skirt are jazzed up by a sweater in silk bouclette of a vivid green with stripes of red shading from light to dark, and by a narrow belt of red suede with a buckle made of gray enamel.

Worn with a neutral sweater this ensemble would be charming, and among those present in a restful, pleasing way, but it would never stand out as a costume of strong vitality and charm.

America is about equally divided between women who innovate styles and those who follow. For the first is made the new mode of wearing the sports costume pretty much for all daytime affairs. They are in the vanguard of the times, and if it gets a jolt, they should worry.

For the others the more discreet costume, even in sports, is better; such a costume, say, as our other Patou model, which may be routine style, but which is never an infringement of current manners. It is a costume of one-color note—all grege, that between-gray-and-beige shade. The straight, sleeveless frock of grege crepe de Chine is topped with a sweater of grege silk tricot that is pleasingly woven in diamond design, and banded and belted with crepe de Chine.

In Paris this kind of sports dress is worn pretty universally by women who want to be chic without being too daring.

The Reboux hat of grege felt with a wide band of violet and grege ribbon is a charming accessory.

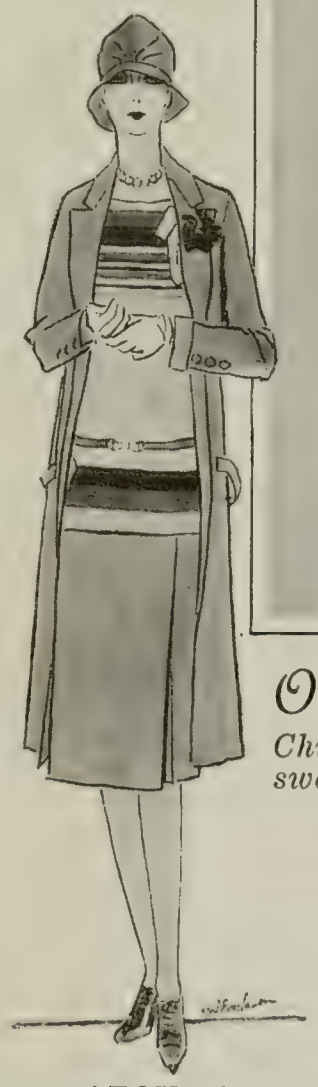
ANOTHER model is an afternoon sports frock of tweed from Yvonne Davidson, in rose-and-white featherweight tweed, with a wrap-around skirt that closes in the back. The jumper has an alluring half-cape panel, and all of the seams and borders are banded with rose military braid. The belt is made of plaited military braid.

The new proprieties admit the greater freedom and increased comfort of sports clothes to replace an outworn elegance.

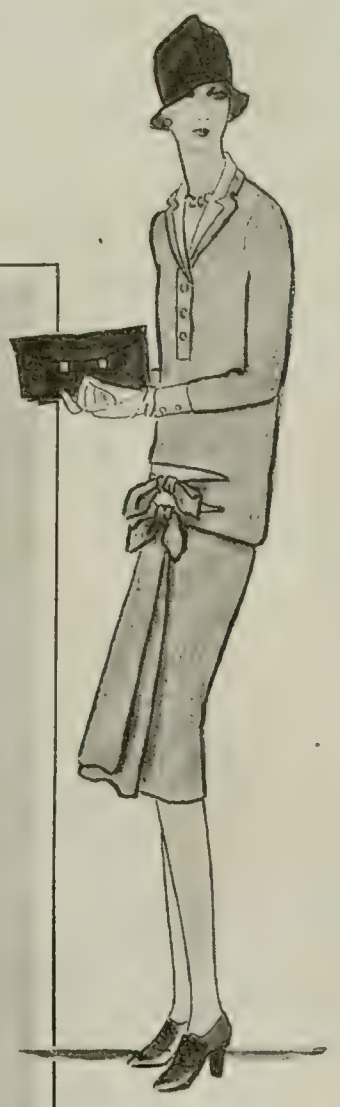
Life today is too full for the leisure that is required for true dignity and old-fashioned courtesy to be at their best.

OVER a straight frock of grege crepe de Chine, Patou suggests a sweater woven in diamond design.

NEW and distinctive is the cape panel introduced on the jumper of this rose-and-white tweed sports frock.



PATOU jazzes up this ensemble of gray kasha with a brilliant red-and-green sweater of jersey bouclette.



TWEED as supple and light as silk makes this charming Chanel frock with a double-knotted belt.

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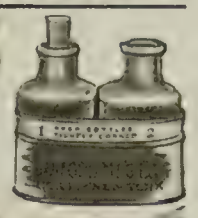

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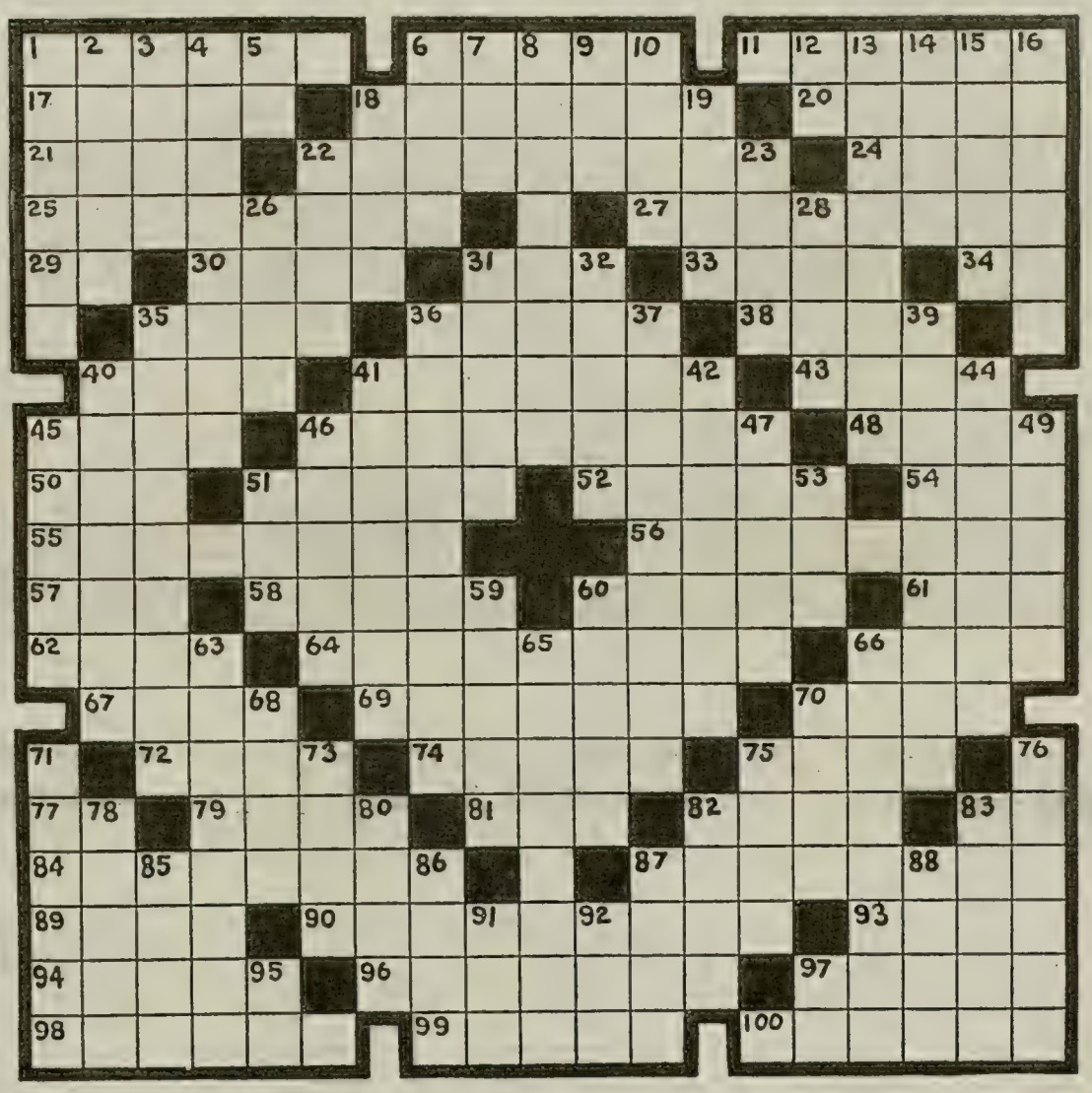


Prize Puzzle No. 27

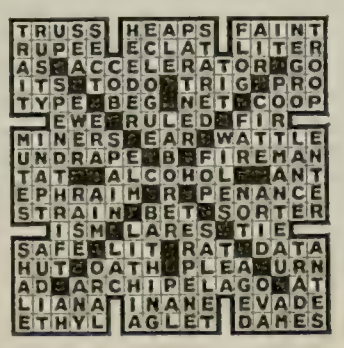
By VERNON W. KEELEY, Chicago, Illinois

HORIZONTAL

1 A tripod
6 To supply with regular meals
11 The universe as an orderly system
17 Bird of the thrush family
18 Covered with fine hairs
20 To break a hole in
21 Poems
22 To exonerate
24 Long lived
25 Dictionaries
27 Gloomy
29 An exclamation
30 A recounting
31 To steep
33 Rightly
34 Japanese measure of area
35 Sensitive
36 A city of North Africa
38 To pass lightly over
40 Abrupt
41 To waste by degrees
43 A protuberance
45 Short, sharp sounds
46 Oozes through the pores of a texture
48 Small stinging insect
50 A playing card
51 Controls
52 Savory
54 To cease to be
55 Small fishes
56 Endure
57 A pronoun
58 Napped
60 Thread named for a French city
61 A cardinal number
62 Afresh
64 Respites
66 Jutting rocks
67 A city in Holland
69 Suffered extreme indigence
70 A planet
72 Periods
74 Fathers
75 Stone ale mug
77 A form of to be
79 Disorder
81 Nothing
82 To become insipid
83 A pronoun
84 Fanciful
87 A nomad
89 An image
90 Pouring
93 Suffers illness
94 Marksmen
96 Classifying
97 Coin of East India
98 Two-wheeled vehicle
99 A widow's mourning garments
100 Felt the want of

VERTICAL

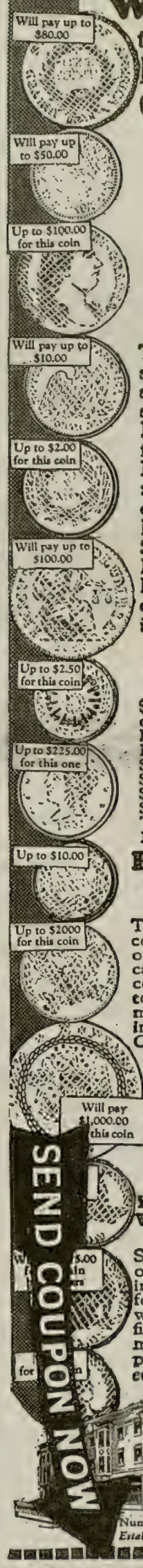
1 Angles with a hook drawn along the water
2 Cattle round-up
3 A wild goat
4 Visitants
5 Printer's measure
6 Receptacles for storing
7 Aged
8 Those things that nourish
9 A fabulous bird
10 Double
12 A bone
13 A bird
14 Priestly caste of ancient Persia
15 Heating chambers
16 Swamp grass (plural)
18 Running plant
19 To pack away
22 A meadow mouse
23 Sheep
26 A vehicle
28 Deer (plural)
31 Wrecks
32 Early Roman emperor
35 To replace
36 Part of a church (plural)
37 Pain assuagers
39 Obligatory
40 A habit-forming drug
41 Richly ornamental borders
42 Reclined
44 Spats
45 Honorary title used in Turkey
46 Meaning
47 Thresholds
49 The years between twelve and twenty
51 To free from
53 River in England and Wales
59 To draw off
60 Even
63 Justifies
65 Aggravate
66 Striking and vivid representations
68 Chief
70 Fine, rich soil
71 Gaudy
73 Inebriates
75 Strong taste
76 Skilled
78 A variety of coffee
80 Morsels
82 Sudden pain
83 A scuffle
85 A satellite
86 One of a tribe of American Indians
87 Gains
88 Rents
91 Sooner than
92 Amid
95 Very
97 Japanese measure of length



Answer to Puzzle No. 26

OLD MONEY WANTED

We Paid $200 to J. D. Martin of Virginia FOR JUST ONE COPPER CENT



"Please accept my thanks for your check for $200.00 in payment for the copper cent I sent you. I appreciate the interest you have given this transaction. It's a pleasure to do business with a firm that handles matters as you do. I wish to assure you it will be a pleasure to me to tell all my friends of your wonderful offer for old coins."
JULIAN D. MARTIN, Va.

This is but one of the many similar letters we are constantly receiving. Post yourself! It pays! We paid Mr. Manning, New York, $2500 for a single silver dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams, Ohio, received $740 for some old coins. We paid W. F. Wilharm of Pennsylvania, $13,500 for his rare coins. In the last twenty years we have paid hundreds of others handsome premiums for old bills and coins.

All Kinds of Old Coins, Medals, Bills and Stamps WANTED!

$1.00 to $1,000 paid for certain old cents, nickels, dimes, quarters, etc. Right now we will pay $50 for 1913 Liberty Head nickels (not Buffalo) $100 for 1894 dimes, "S" Mint. $8.00 for 1853 quarters, no arrows. $10.00 for 1866 quarters, no motto. $200 each for 1884 and 1885 Silver Trade Dollars. 10 cents each for 1912 "S" Mint nickels, etc., etc.

Big Cash Premiums for Hundreds of Coins now Circulating

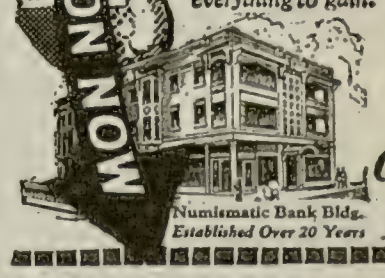
There are literally thousands of old coins and bills that we want at once and for which we will pay big cash premiums. Many of these coins are now passing from hand to hand in circulation. Today or tomorrow a valuable coin may come into your possession. *Watch Your Change.* Know what to look for.

It pays to be Posted on the Big values of Old Coins

Knowing about coins *pays!* Andrew Henry of Idaho, was paid $900 for a half-dollar received in change. A valuable old coin may easily come into your possession or you may have one now and not know it. *Post Yourself.*

You Will Open Your Eyes When You Read Our Large Illustrated Coin Folder

Send 4 cents. We will send at once our highly illustrated and interesting Coin Folder. WRITE TODAY for this eye-opening large, valuable wealth of information on the profits that have been made from old money. No obligation on your part. *You have nothing to lose—everything to gain.*



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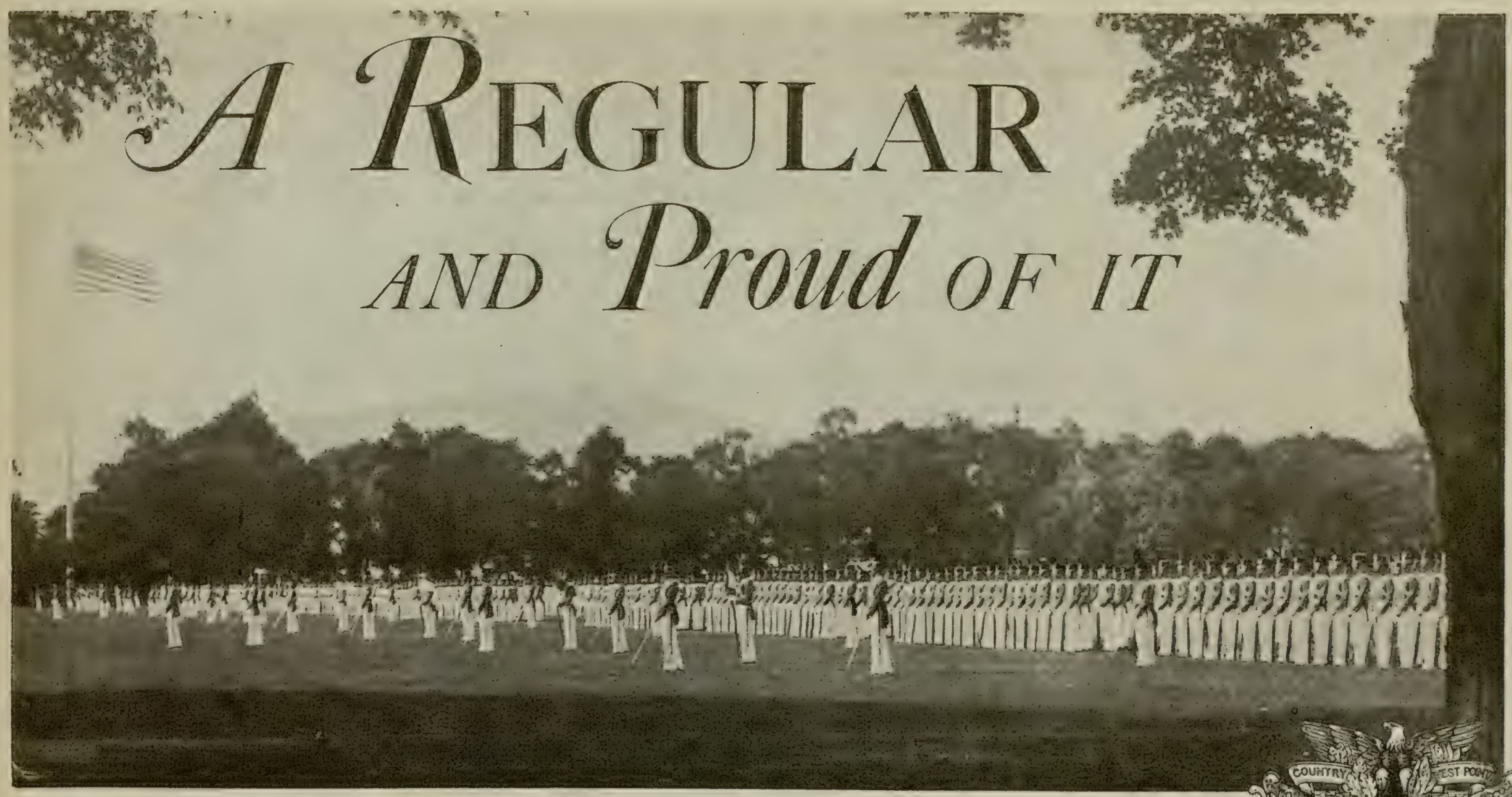
A Regular and Proud of It



Inter. Newsreel photo

THE future Regulars. Cadets on parade at West Point.

An Army Officer's Reaction to War Birds

I AM an officer in the Regular Army. I'm proud of my profession; it's a necessary and an honorable one. To become proficient in it has taken years. It seems to me that at least it is entitled to respect. But one of the principal pastimes since the Great War seems to be bawling out the Regular Army.

We hear that we are pompous incompetents. We are also called bureaucrats. martinets, and stuffed-shirts.

If we have any brains, we are alleged never to exhibit them, and any man with a grouch who cares to do so may belittle the Regulars and be sure of a large audience.

These snappy charges make good reading. Some of them are witty. But before they are believed in their entirety it is well to reflect that almost without exception every great military commander—as for example Alexander, Hannibal, Marlborough, Frederick the Great, Von Moltke, Napoleon, Scott, Lee, Grant, Kitchener, Hindenburg, Haig, Foch, Pershing, et al.—was of the permanent military establishment—the Regulars of his home land.

War Birds seems to be the latest attempt to attack the men who have devoted their lives to the military service of the United States. This story gives the adventures of 210 gallant aviation cadets who went overseas to train with the English. It's told in diary form, therefore cannot be controverted. Besides, the author is dead, and it would be unfair to question his veracity in any manner whatever. Yet I must take exception to certain things.

From the diary it would appear that the cadets were sent to various flying schools and training fields; and that they saw a great deal of destruction and a number of violent deaths, and were so impressed that they took to strong drink, carousing, and associating with wild women.

It is further affirmed that they trained on night watching and whisky. Nightly debauches rendered them unfit for duty on many of the following days.

Then some whippersnapper reported the details to the London office of the American military command, and a major was sent down to correct matters. This major, according to the diary, was so un-American that he believed what an English colonel told him. The major did no coddling; therefore he drew a lot of enmity from the "boys," who remarked that he might have been an officer, but he surely was no gentleman. Even before the Crusades, this slur was considered rather clever as a military wise crack.

The correcting major was also branded a West Point graduate, indicating that some stain went with graduation from the Military Academy. This I didn't get. I am not a graduate, but, believe me, I wish I had been. Throughout my military service I have been trying to beat the West Pointer and usually have failed.

I MAY believe in my own mind that I am a natural born soldier; but how much better would I be were I a graduate of West Point? A good deal better.

The diary writer probably heard some temporary officer say something he didn't actually mean about West Point graduates, and being exceedingly young he misconstrued the meaning.

The diary is interesting in spots. Were it free from plagiarized and uncultured phrases from a certain type of wartime Englishman it would be a great deal better.

Finally this young cadet was commissioned. But, on account of a premonition of death, he felt he must enjoy life while the opportunity existed.

I have no quarrel with anyone concerning his personal actions. Here were a number of young men in a foreign country, with enough money to gratify their pleasures and fair-weather associates to convince them that while war was hell it certainly made for good times.

The gravamen of my complaint is not that this youth saw fit to comment on my profession in an adverse way. But he seems to have had the idea that a man in the air service had a monopoly on danger. Just why he should have become obsessed with such a belief I am not able to figure out.

If the writer had been furnished the real percentages of casualties, perhaps he would have overcome this obsession, eschewed drinking, and been with us today. But with ignorant officers glibly talking of 60, 70, and even 80 per cent casualties as every-week occurrences, it is not strange that he could not overcome his premonition.

The enormous figures quoted by a certain class of temporary officers are absurd. History and military experience have yet to tell of any troops that have been able to stand more than a 25-per-cent casualty list. Knock over one man out of four and the remaining three will pass their reserves more quickly than it would take Paddock to break the string at the finish in a hundred-yard dash.

If the authentic casualty figures had been known to the unfortunate diary writer, he might have remained sober and done a vastly better job of soldiering.

THE END

"Yes, *with* Balcranks *even your car springs protect you*"

THAT is exactly what progressive car dealers throughout the country will inform you this Spring.

For Balcranks are actually constructed in such a way that collision shocks are doubly absorbed—not only by the tempered springs supporting the sturdy round bar, but by your car springs as well. This additional protection is made possible by a scientific method of attachment which directs any excess shock DOWNWARD into the car springs—an exclusive Balcrank feature that every new car deserves.

And Balcrank beauty, too, stands supreme. The color finishes are applied by a special Balcrank process, and will not chip and peel like ordinary finishes. Even the trimmings are made of special non-rustable "balloy" metal that retains forever its bright appearance.

Protection against bumpers that are higher or lower than Balcranks is assured by the ten-inch fending area.

Balcranks, with individual fittings for your car are priced from $42.50 to $55.00 per complete set, front and rear.

Up-to-date car dealers equip with Balcranks—bumper equipment is seldom furnished by the car manufacturer. Insist on Balcrank "Collision Absorbers" for your new car. The Cincinnati Ball Crank Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Balcranks carry the Underwriters highest rating and are the ONLY passenger car protection approved as strong enough for one-ton trucks.

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COLLISION ABSORBERS

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THE STYLE THAT MAKES 'EM LOOK AT YOUR CAR

NEW!

Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 486, the Heavy-Duty battery that should be specified for all loud-speaker sets.

The Layerbilt patented construction revealed. Each layer is an electrical cell, making automatic contact with its neighbors, and filling all available space inside the battery case.

DIFFERENT!

For greatest economy all loud speaker sets require the new Eveready Layerbilt "B" Batteries

IT WILL pay you, in convenience and reliability, as well as in dollars and cents saved, to use this remarkable battery.

The reason for the Eveready Layerbilt's surprising performance lies in its exclusive, patented construction. No other battery is like it. It is built in flat layers of current-producing elements, making practically a solid block. The layers make connection with each other automatically, and occupy all available space inside the battery case. Layer-building packs more active materials in a given area, and makes those materials produce more electricity.

Every loud-speaker set should use Heavy-Duty batteries, for they alone offer economy on modern receivers. When you buy new "B" batteries be sure to get the Heavy-Duty size, and remember that the Eveready Layerbilt has proved to be the longest lasting, most economical of all Heavy-Duty batteries.

Our laboratories are continually testing batteries and in all our tests we have yet to find a battery that is equal to the new improved and radically different Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 486. The development and perfecting of this remarkable battery is an outstanding battery-building achievement. It is the result of many years' experience plus the facilities and resources of the pioneer manufacturers of all dry cell batteries.

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New York San Francisco
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Tuesday night is Eveready Hour Night—
9 P. M., Eastern Standard Time, through the following stations:

WEAF–*New York*	WCAE–*Pittsburgh*	WGN–*Chicago*
WJAR–*Providence*	WSAI–*Cincinnati*	WOC–*Davenport*
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WTAG–*Worcester*	WWJ–*Detroit*	KSD–*St. Louis*
WFI–*Philadelphia*	WRC–*Washington*	WGY–*Schenectady*
WGR–*Buffalo*		

Love's Greatest Mistake

The Story of a Girl Who Went Hunting in the Danger Zones of Romance

A Serial by

Frederic Arnold Kummer

Pictures by James Montgomery Flagg

HONEY McNEILL turned the key of her sister Jane's apartment. Jane's husband, George Sommers, was away; Jane had said she was going to bed early. Softly Honey pushed open the door. She heard a man's voice from the living-room, slow and caressing:

"Jane, I'm crazy about you!"

Then Jane's in protest: "Oh, Don! *Don't!* Please go. Suppose my sister should come in!"

Fierce jealousy stabbed Honey. Through parted curtains she caught a glimpse of Jane struggling in Don Kendall's arms. He was trying to force her to kiss him. So these were the ways of New York!

Honey was pathetically new to the city. The day before, she had left the small Pennsylvania town where her father, ineffectual "Pop" McNeill, had worked and died. She had come looking for a job—and hoping for romance.

Now, hearing the words from the living-room, she thought bitterly of a party in her home town at which Don, a rich and dashing New Yorker, had whispered that he loved her. But it was Jane he had escorted home that night, while Honey was left in the care of Herbert Gibbs, a young and conscientious New York architect.

And it was with this same Mr. Gibbs that Honey had just spent a dull evening, while Jane was with Don, the fascinating ex-aviator.

Honey retreated into the corridor in a panic, carefully closing the door behind her. Yesterday she had had high hopes. On the train an elderly man had given her his card: William Ogden, a banker. He had asked her to look him up. But her sister Jane was sure he was designing. And she declared that Mona Terry—a model in a smart shop, whom Honey knew—was crooked.

And now—Jane herself!

Honey rang the apartment bell, and, when Jane opened the door, was greeted with the words: "Hello, Honey! Mighty glad to see you."

Don's glowing voice! Would he ever again say that he loved her—and mean it?

HONEY caught a glimpse of Jane struggling in Don's arms. He was trying to force her to kiss him.

Part Four

"HOW are you, Don?" Honey said quietly, although she was shaking with excitement.

"Fine." The old charming yet somewhat cynical smile lighted up his eyes, his face. "You are very lovely tonight. Lovely always."

"Thanks!"

Honey forced herself to a coldness she did not entirely feel. There was a caress in his voice which in some subtle way seemed intended for her alone. If she had not seen him, heard him, with Jane a few minutes before, she might almost have believed in him. Now it was impossible—absurd.

"You'll excuse me, won't you?" she murmured. "Good night."

With a contemptuous nod, she hurried down the corridor to her bedroom.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[LOVE'S GREATEST MISTAKE
Continued from Page Seventy-one]

A few minutes later she heard the front door close. Then Jane came to join her.

"Did you find the key?" she asked, throwing herself on the bed. She was excited, nervous, her breath coming in staccato gasps.

"I haven't looked."

Honey draped the dress she had just taken off over a hanger before she took her purse from the dresser and made a pretense of searching for the key.

"Here it is, after all. Slipped between the lining, just as I thought. If I can ever get at it."

With trembling fingers she tore at the frail silk.

"All right." Jane's voice showed relief from suspicion. "Don't spoil your bag. Funny, Don's stopping in that way—wasn't it? He sometimes does, to smoke a cigarette. I didn't expect him, of course. Had no idea of it. I was sound asleep."

Honey suspected that her sister was not telling the truth, but made no comment.

"Of course," Jane went on, assuming the defensive because Honey said nothing, "it may seem a bit queer to you, my receiving him in this." She indicated her negligee, very delicate and sheer. "But, as I say, I was asleep. And in New York people don't pay so much attention to such things as they do at home. George would be furious, I suppose, if he knew; but—"

"I won't tell him," Honey said quietly.

"Of course not, dear. It would only make him unhappy—and suspicious. Over nothing—nothing at all. But it isn't George I'm thinking about half as much as it is you."

"Me?" Honey stared. "What have I got to do with it?"

"NOTHING, in one way. And yet, in another, perhaps a great deal. You remember, Honey, don't you, that I warned you last night about men like—like this Mr. Ogden you met on the train? And girls like Mona Terry?"

"Yes, I remember. What of it?"

"Well"—Jane rose and began to examine her features in the mirror in order to cover up her embarrassment—"I wouldn't want anything I might do to influence you—set you a bad example: receiving a man alone, at night, in a negligee—anything like that. I'm older than you, child. And I'm married. You have to be careful. If I thought you'd get any queer ideas in your head on account of Don Kendall's being here, I—I'd never forgive myself."

Honey remained silent. There seemed nothing to say. If Jane had known of her presence in the little hall things would have been easier. Oh, well. If people kissed, even married people, it was their own affair, she decided.

"I've said Don is just a friend," Jane went on; "but he—he's more than that, in a way. Honestly, Honey, I believe he cares for me—a little, anyhow." She reddened with confusion as she made the confession. "In a nice way, of course."

Honey thought of the look of admiration Don had just given her, and there seemed something almost pathetic in her sister's faith in that young man. Don, the great lover—the pagan! Jane would never be able to capture him. Honey felt sure of that. Not even if she managed to get rid of George. It would take a cleverer woman—a younger one.

Honey had once indulged in such dreams herself—had dreamed of becoming Mrs. Donald Kendall. She smiled at her conceit. Don had not even troubled to answer the letter she had written him. Perhaps Jane had been the cause of that. Sudden jealousy flamed up in the girl's breast, but she managed to hide it from her sister.

"Have a pleasant evening?" Jane asked.

"Not particularly." Honey's mind was on other matters. "Mr. Gibbs is not my idea of a village cut-up. But he's nice, just the same," she added quickly. "Only serious—terribly serious."

"Just like poor, dear George," Jane said, with a sigh.

When Jane had left her, Honey lay for a long time in the tiny, dark room, thinking. Once more the hum and roar of the city came to her, but it seemed now the roar of a mighty and very cruel wine press, in which thousands of human hearts like her own were being daily crushed to atoms that the wine of Life might be made.

"A SUCCESSOR to Mary Pickford at last!" Mr. Morse exclaimed. "And I don't mean maybe, either."

II

HONEY and her sister were just finishing a late breakfast when Jane received a telephone call. From the guarded way in which she spoke, answering in monosyllables, Honey concluded that Don Kendall had called. She was sure of it when Jane announced, a little later, that she was going out, and began to dress with unusual care. She did not ask Honey to go with her.

"I have some shopping to do," she said, "and some business at the bank. If I'm not back for lunch, just get yourself a bite. There's plenty in the ice box."

"All right," Honey smiled. She was greatly pleased by the prospect of having the whole morning to herself.

Opening a newspaper, she began to glance through the Help Wanted advertisements. Rows and rows of them, nearly all calling for experience, references. She possessed neither. The task before her, the prospect of going interminably from office to office looking for a position, suddenly assumed gigantic proportions. She glanced out of the window. The city, by day, seemed a vast gray ant hill, swarming with workers, into whose ranks she would have to fight her way—alone. For a moment her courage wavered.

An advertisement for a cloak model brought Mona Terry to her mind. On impulse she went to the telephone and called her up.

"Can't talk now," Mona said. "I'm busy. Drop in at my apartment this evening. Any time after six. Bye-bye."

Which was that.

Honey had scarcely put down the receiver when the bell tinkled.

"Hello," a guarded voice came over the wire. "Is Mrs. Sommers in?"

"No. She went out about half an hour ago."

Immediately the voice changed, and Honey recognized it.

"Greetings, Honey dear. This is Don. I hoped I'd find you alone."

"Why?" Honey asked coldly, although her heart was pounding.

"You certainly did look wonderful last night, darlin'," the voice went on, ignoring her question. "I couldn't keep my eyes off you. Say, Honey, I've got to see you."

"What about?" Honey said, even more coldly. She could not help remembering the scene of the night before.

"Can't explain over the telephone, but it's important. How about meeting me in the lobby of the Vanderbilt? Around five."

An impulse to refuse point blank rose in Honey's mind, but something checked it. Don certainly owed her explanations—why not allow him to make them?

"Very well," she said quietly. "But I can't stay. I have an engagement at six."

She hung up the receiver, patches of scarlet in her cheeks.

She had just finished a late luncheon when a telegram came for her. It was from New Haven:

LEAVING HERE ON TRAIN ARRIVING GRAND CENTRAL FOUR-THIRTY. IF POSSIBLE MEET ME FOR TEA. HERBERT GIBBS.

HONEY stared at the telegram, a frown of perplexity in her eyes. Since there was no way in which she could communicate with Mr. Gibbs, only two courses lay open to her. One was to meet him, as he asked, and explain her previous engagement. The other, to ignore his wire completely. But Herbert Gibbs was, after all, a pleasant friend. She would have a few minutes with him, at least.

"I must be getting popular," she laughed. "Three engagements in one afternoon. I guess I'll wear my gray crepe."

Honey had made the frock herself, from an alleged Paris model in a woman's magazine. But she was too lovely to look other than charming in whatever she wore.

She was at the station too early, but Mr. Gibbs' pleasure at seeing her made amends for her wait. Honey, as she saw him coming toward her, thought him, for the first time, almost good looking. It surprised her, too, to realize how muscular and well built he was. He had new color in his cheeks, a new brightness in his eyes. He did not seem at all the studious person she had pictured him.

"Hello," he said. "It certainly was sweet of you to meet me. Where shall we go for tea?"

"I'm afraid we can't go anywhere," Honey told him. "I have another engagement—at five." Then, as she saw his disappointment: "I'm awfully sorry. There wasn't any way to let you know."

Mr. Gibbs glanced ruefully at his watch.

"I never was lucky," he grinned. "Perhaps another day. It's twenty minutes to five now. Have you far to go?"

"The Vanderbilt," Honey said. "Is that far?"

"No. Only a few blocks. Suppose we have a—a soda instead of tea. Pretty dusty ride down. I'm thirsty."

At the soda counter, they talked about Honey's efforts to find work.

"How's everything going?" Herbert asked.

"I've made a list from the newspapers," she

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-FIVE]

Chicago's Quietest Guest Rooms
—at the City's Very Center—in the
MORRISON HOTEL

The New Morrison, when completed, will be the world's largest and tallest hotel, 46 stories high, with 3,400 rooms.

Guest Room in the Tower, Morrison Hotel

TWO blocks from the world's busiest corner, and at the very center of Chicago's most animated and festive social life, the giant tower of the Morrison Hotel soars forty-six stories into the clouds.

The Tallest Hotel in the World

Here, after a strenuous business day, the traveler ascends in a few seconds by express elevator to the quietest sleeping quarters on earth. Hundreds of feet above the traffic of the street, not a sound penetrates the unbroken silence—as profound as that of a forest camp or mountain lodge.

The Terrace Garden and Boston Oyster House

Half a century ago the Boston Oyster House won its reputation with the epicures and connoisseurs of Chicago. The Terrace Garden, of more recent origin, with its glittering entertainments and delicious meals has also contributed a large share toward the international fame of Chicago's liveliest 24-hour corner.

1944 Rooms With Bath, $2.50 Up

There are 1944 rooms, all outside, each with bath, running ice water, bed-head reading lamp and Servidor. Every floor has its own housekeeper, and all guests enjoy garage privileges. Stores, theatres, offices and railroads are nearer than to any other hotel—a fact which so enhances the income from sub-rentals that rates of $2.50 to $5.00 are charged for rooms that would cost $5 to $8 in any other foremost hotel.

Write or Wire for Reservations

MORRISON HOTEL
THE HOTEL OF PERFECT SERVICE
and TERRACE GARDEN CHICAGO'S WONDER RESTAURANT
CLARK AND MADISON STREETS
"IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-THREE]

said. "Hope I shan't have to go back home, a failure." She gave him one of her brilliant smiles. "It isn't nice to admit that you have failed."

Mr. Gibbs greeted this remark with a gay laugh.

"You—fail?" he said. "Impossible. Do you know, Honey, your mission in life is to make some man a wonderful wife—not to spend your days over a typewriter."

"Really? That sounds fine. But I've got to live, you know, while I'm looking for a man."

"Do you think he would be very hard to find?"

"Well—nobody has offered to pay my board and lodging yet. There are lots of attractive women in New York. Millions. I'm just a very small frog in a perfectly enormous ocean. Nobody knows I exist."

"That isn't fair." Herbert gazed down at her, his expression suddenly very tender. "I know it—and appreciate it—tremendously. There are mighty few women in New York as attractive as you are. At least, none that I know. You're—wonderful!"

Honey glanced at the clock.

"Ten minutes to five," she said.

"Plenty of time," Mr. Gibbs grumbled. "I'll take you down in a cab."

He was annoyed, and Honey saw it. When they were seated in the taxi, she bent toward him, lovely, vital, fragrant.

"I wonder if you'd let me call you Herbert," she whispered. "You call me Honey, you know."

"Try it," he whispered back. "Just try it."

"Herbert," she dared, smiling.

Then Herbert Gibbs swept her into his arms and gave her a swift, eager kiss. He was somewhat clumsy about it, and crushed her hat a little. By the time she had arranged it they had arrived at the hotel.

"I'm sorry," he said.

Was he thinking of the hat?

"Don't be. It—it's quite all right. Call me up sometime."

With gay lights in her eyes, she sprang out of the cab and ran up the steps of the hotel.

III

BEFORE Don caught sight of Honey she saw him, towering above the throng like some ruddy young giant. He was staring out over the heads of the crowd, his chin lifted, his mouth hard drawn. Seeing him thus, it was easy to picture him driving hawklike through the air, to strike down some unwary opponent. For an instant Honey's heart trembled. Perhaps he was waiting to strike her down, as he had others! Swiftly, ruthlessly—even carelessly.

Suddenly he caught sight of her and came forward, his hand outstretched, his face wearing the old familiar smile.

"My, it's good to see you, dear," he said, drawing Honey to a seat beside him. "Seems like ages, almost, doesn't it?"

In spite of the thrill she always felt in his presence, Honey refused to smile.

"It does seem like ages since you've paid any attention to me. And you never even answered my letter."

"There was a reason for that."

"What reason?"

"Your sister asked me, the day after the party at Ben Troup's, to let you alone; not to see you. She said you were just a—kid, and that people at home would talk if I went around with you so much."

"But—why—if you—if you meant it?"

"Oh—because of my reputation, I suppose. Nobody thinks I'm in earnest. A bad egg. You know how it is when a fellow has a little money. They say he's just—amusing himself. I guess that was right, too, in a way. So, when she asked me to lay off—"

"You decided to amuse yourself with her," Honey interrupted bitterly.

"Well—why not? She's a very charming, very beautiful woman. Bored with life. If it has pleased her to be taken to a few parties, what's the harm? There's been nothing wrong about it. Dancing—some drinks! Good Lord! A fellow must have some fun in life."

"It may be fun to you," Honey retorted, still refusing to respond to his smile; "but it won't be for Jane if she keeps on thinking you care for her."

"What makes you say that? Does she think I care for her?"

"I'm afraid she does."

"Well, I do—in a way. She's bright, amusing, cheers a fellow up. And tremendously good looking. But I've never cared for her the way I do for you."

Honey thought of the scene she had witnessed the night before. Was Don a liar? Or did he really like her as much as he said?

"That night at Ben Troup's," he went on, his voice heavy with caresses, "I told you I loved you. I still do. I want to see you—to be with you. That's why I telephoned this morning. I want you to have dinner with me sometime—very soon. Did you say you had an engagement tonight?"

"Yes."

"So have I. Some friends have asked me to go to the Paradise Club. But I simply had to see you, after last night. Call me up, dear, in the morning. But don't let Jane know. She thinks I'm some terrible wolf, ready to devour her beautiful little sister. And I'm nothing of the sort. Just a man who admires you very much. You are beautiful, Honey dear. Very beautiful. Any man might be proud just to be seen with you. So sweet!" He pressed her fingers in his big, powerful ones until Honey winced. "You believe me, don't you?"

"I don't know," she gasped, realizing that she felt something, whenever she was with him, that she felt in the presence of no other man—some tremendous attraction that seemed always to be sweeping her into his arms. Weakness, perhaps. She felt glad that they were in a hotel lobby.

With an abruptness characteristic of all his motions, he suddenly rose.

"Sorry, dear, that I must run along. Just time to dress for dinner. It's been wonderful, our having even these few minutes together. You will call me up, won't you? May I drop you anywhere? My car's outside."

"No," Honey whispered, faint, confused. "I'm not going far." Mona Terry's apartment on Madison Avenue was just a few blocks away. For a moment she clung almost desperately to his hand, then dropped it. "Good-by."

Honey sat in the lobby for many minutes, keenly aware of the spell Don had cast about her—of her pounding heart. After a time she got up, almost wearily, and went out to the noisy street.

"What am I, then? The office boy? The boob who pays the rent?" He took a step forward, grasped Mona by the wrist.

IV

MONA TERRY was dressing for dinner when Honey arrived at her apartment. She opened the door, wearing the filmiest of step-ins.

"Welcome, little stranger," she exclaimed. "I'm just getting into my make-up. Come along."

She dashed through the studio living-room into the bedroom adjoining, and resumed her seat before a triple-mirrored dressing-table.

"Cigarettes over there. No cocktails till my boy friend gets here with the liquor. Can't keep the stuff overnight these days."

She applied some final touches of mascara to her lashes, swung around on her stool.

"Glad to see you, Honey child. You're the first person from the old home town ever took the trouble to look me up."

"What a beautiful apartment you have!" Honey exclaimed, dazzled by the array of furniture, hangings, rugs. "Simply lovely. And you're lovely yourself."

"Think so?" Mona laughed. "Well, my boy friend says I'm the Queen of Sheba to him. So that's all right." She gave Honey a long, critical stare. "Say, kid, you're not hard to look at yourself—even in that bunch of rags you're wearing. In the right clothes you'd be a knockout."

She slipped into a fluffy evening gown of green chiffon. Against it her red hair flamed like a torch.

"How's Sally? Still talking her fool head off? Some head—for a pin. If she'd break loose—come to New York, the way you have—I'd make something of her. Found anything to do yet?"

"No." Honey shook her head. "I don't know anybody—not anybody I can go to. There was a man I met on the train—"

"Money?" Mona asked quickly.

"Yes. Plenty of it, I guess. And awfully nice."

She explained in detail her little experience with Mr. Ogden.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[LOVE'S GREATEST MISTAKE
Continued from Page Seventy-five]

"Go to it, kid. If you make him run after you hard enough, you're certain to catch him. Men are mostly alike. Use all the good looks God gave you and keep them guessing. That's my system. And don't let them fool you with promises, either. Get it in writing—certified checks. I'd look this bozo up if I were you. But dress the part, first. Nothing like a good front to get the money. They put them on banks, don't they?"

Mona ran a comb swiftly through her bobbed hair.

"Wish that boy friend of mine would hurry. Say"—she paused in the act of lighting a cigarette—"why not make it a party of four? He can get a man for you."

"I'm not dressed," Honey objected.

"I can fix you up. Look here." She threw open the door of a closet in which a row of gowns hung from a brass rod. "Help yourself. I'd like to see you really dolled up once. I bet you'd hand us all a surprise."

Honey began to laugh. Always, it seemed, she was destined to appear in borrowed finery. Would she never have any lovely things of her own? Somehow, the question turned her thoughts to Mr. William Ogden; but Mona quickly turned them back again.

"Here," she said, dragging a fragile evening gown from one of the hangers. "This ought to suit you. One of our newest models. Flowered chiffon. I get these things from the shop—at a discount, of course."

Mona pulled stockings from a drawer, satin slippers from their trees in the closet. "Put these things on while I give my sweetie a buzz and tell him to bring a friend. Then I'll come back and hand you a few points about make-up. I see you don't know anything about it."

MONA'S friend, Mr. Ray Becker, presently arrived, bringing with him his roommate, Mr. Eddie Morse. When they had been introduced, Mr. Morse, after one glance at Honey, struck an impressive attitude, made a sweeping gesture.

"A successor to Mary Pickford at last!" he exclaimed. "And I don't mean maybe, either. Mona, where have you been hiding this dream of beauty? She's a wow! A knockout! The screen's just been waiting for her."

"Friend of mine," Miss Terry remarked dryly. "Run along into the bathroom and help Ray with those cocktails. We're late, as it is. What did you have to do—make this gin?"

"Eddie's in good form tonight," she went on to Honey, when the two men had gone. "He does something over at the United Studios. Gag man, I believe. Good egg to know, if you're thinking of going into pictures. But don't fall for that line of his about making you a star overnight because you're so beautiful. It's old stuff. Just string him along and promise him nothing. He only makes about three hundred a week, and that's just cigarette money in New York. And, by the way, kid, I don't know anything about your capacity, but if you're not in the habit of drinking this homemade gin, watch your step. You drink half a dozen rounds of cocktails, and then something creeps up on you and crowns you with a piece of lead pipe. Get me?"

Honey nodded as the two men returned to the room, one with a cocktail shaker, the other bearing glasses. Mr. Becker, whom she judged to be under thirty, was slim and dark, and extremely well dressed. He gave a curious impression of sleekness, from his shining black hair to his equally shining shoes. A smooth sleekness. His smile was quick and disarming, but there was a glint of something raw and cold in his rather small dark eyes.

Mr. Morse, his companion, was not at all good-looking, but Honey liked him better. There was quick humor in his homely face and laughter in his eyes. Just a good-natured boy, she thought, slipping her second cocktail behind some books on the table.

Mona was arguing with Ray Becker over the question of a place to dine. After each of several suggestions Mr. Becker shook his head and Honey heard him say, "Padlocked."

"Isn't there a place called the Paradise, or something like that?" she asked rather timidly.

The others stared at her.

"Sure. The very place!" Mr. Morse exclaimed. "A lot of picture people go there. I'd like some of them to see this kid. Myself, I think she's the coming queen of the movies."

"What made you think of the Paradise Club?" Mona asked Honey. "It's one of the niftiest joints in town. And you only in New York a couple of days!"

"I—I've heard about it," Honey stammered. "A friend of mine spoke of dining there."

"Not this bird William Ogden you met on the train," Mona laughed—"the one who was so crazy about you?"

At mention of Mr. Ogden's name Mr. Becker's small eyes showed curious glints.

"Do you mean William Ogden, the banker?" he asked softly. "In the Union Trust Building?"

"I believe that is his address," Honey replied, confused. "But he's not the one I was speaking of."

Mr. Becker gave Mona a slow stare. His hand moved almost imperceptibly in the direction of the bedroom.

"Excuse us a moment, folks, won't you?" he said gayly. "Mona's got a little matter on her mind she wants to talk to me about."

The two went into the next room, closing the door.

When they were alone, Becker turned to his companion and spoke in a voice as brittle as tempered steel, yet so low that it could scarcely be heard a yard away.

"Ogden's worth forty million," he whispered. "With an invalid wife. What could be sweeter? Do I understand he picked this girl up on a train and tried to make a date with her?"

"So she tells me."

"All right. Stick close to her—see? Get her under your thumb. Keep her there till I'm ready. Don't let Eddie Morse or anyone else turn her head. Ogden's a fox. Nobody has been able to land him—yet. But they all fall, sooner or later, if the trap's baited right. This girl's a queen for looks. And innocent as a two-year-old. She doesn't know what it's all about. Ogden realized that. You do as I tell you and we'll frame this bird for some real jack. I'll figure out the details tonight."

Mona stared and stared, her eyes narrowing.

"Honey's a friend of mine."

"Friend, eh?" Mr. Becker's voice was as smooth as his oiled hair, but his eyes were black flint. "What am I, then? The office boy? The boob who pays the rent?" He took a step forward, grasped Mona by the wrist. "You do what I tell you, you poor piece of cheese, or I'll break every bone in your body. Play that on your piano."

V

HONEY glanced with frank curiosity around the brilliant night club to which Mona Terry, Ray Becker, and Eddie Morse had brought her. Don Kendall, she thought, was probably somewhere within this perfumed, music-laden place.

In that atmosphere of artificiality, of sophistication, Honey seemed a rose with the dew on it, surrounded by wax imitations. She did not notice the admiring glances of the men at near-by tables, because she was thinking of Don. Romance—and Don. Her eyes sought for him everywhere.

Across the table, Ray Becker was talking to Mona Terry in close-clipped undertones, almost without moving his lips.

Eddie Morse began to relate a wordy story.

The yarn fell flat as far as Honey was concerned; for suddenly she saw Don Kendall, moving out on the dance floor, a woman in his arms—a lovely, dark creature with petulant lips and an insolent stare.

As he caught sight of Honey in her borrowed finery, Don almost stopped in his tracks. This was not the Honey he had known. He stared incredulously.

TEN minutes later he was at their table, gay, smiling, debonair.

"Honey darlin'," he whispered, leaning over her chair, "you're wonderful! Simply wonderful! I'm mad about you. Honestly."

"I suppose you just told that charming brunette the same thing," she laughed.

"Not exactly. She's married to one of my best friends."

"Would that make any difference to *you?*"

"Not a bit, if I loved her," Don replied. "Nothing would. Are you going to give me a dance later on?"

"Certainly, if your married lady will let you off long enough."

"I'll see to it." He flashed a smile and was gone.

"You say his name is Kendall?" Ray Becker asked, other questions forming in his chilly eyes.

"Yes. A boy from my home town. His father is president of a big steamship company here in New York."

"I see." Mr. Becker made mental notes. "Nice-looking chap. How about another drink?"

"I can dance, too, you know, baby doll," Mr. Morse announced, rising. He whirled Honey out on the floor. "Is the handsome young sheik with the hot eyes the hero of the piece?" he grinned.

"There isn't any hero yet," Honey flashed back. "And I doubt if my sheik looks me up again."

An hour later, however, Honey found herself once more in Don Kendall's arms. How superbly he danced!

"You're so sweet," he whispered, straining her to him. "So terribly sweet. No wonder they call you Honey. Do you remember that night?"

"When you first told me you loved me?" Honey laughed, but her lips were trembling.

"Yes. You know I care. And shall—always. When am I going to see you again?"

"I don't know. I'll call you up—maybe."

He was holding her so close that she could scarcely breathe. The thought of him crushing Jane in his arms, declaring his love for *her*, the night before, swept through Honey's brain, stabbing cruelly.

"Can't we sit down somewhere—for a moment?" she gasped.

"Why, of course."

He whirled her into the lounge, drew her to a soft-cushioned divan.

"What's wrong, dear?" The pressure of his fingers on her arm hurt her.

"Last night"—Honey steeled herself to speak the accusing words—"when I came home after dining with Mr. Gibbs, I—I opened the door of my sister's apartment—with a latchkey, and saw you holding her in your arms—kissing her—telling her—" Sobs prevented her from going on.

Don's face was a mask. Would he try to explain away that scene?

Honey's infatuation, her ignorance of city dangers, Ray Becker's gluttonous money-hunger—all these are closing in about her. Will she be crushed, or is sheer innocence a protection in itself? Next week's installment will tell you.

VOX POP

A Painful Cure

CHICAGO, ILL.—I have just finished reading your article on psychoanalysis entitled, Giving Sex a Back Seat. I do not remember a single thing in my past experience which so filled me with *horror* and *loathing* as that article. I doubt your wisdom in publishing anything so stark.

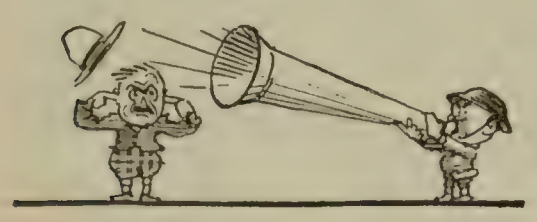
It seems to me that this world would be a horrible place in which to live if we were to judge and be judged on the basis of our basest motives. The most beautiful things in life are not those that are scientifically dissected. Why shatter the ideals of youth with pornographic thoughts?

When I reached the age of twenty I know how miserable I felt when I got out into the world and the scales of romance dropped from my eyes. Is it any wonder that a youth commits suicide when he plumbs the depths of filth while his mind is immature?—*Leland E. Eaton.*

Rapping the General

VIRDEN, MAN., CAN.—General Reilly's article is pure bunk. He forgets to mention that Britain had armies on many fronts outside of France.

Your boys fought well. We never doubted that they would. Their



share in the fighting is best measured by their casualties: 60,000 dead. Now, you can take that 60,000 from Britain's death roll of 960,000, just to make round numbers, and the balance is 15 to 1.

Your losses nearly equaled those of Canada, whose population is one-fifteenth of yours. Compared with the total loss of the Allies, America's was less than *2 per cent.*

That is no reflection on the courage of your troops. They did all that was asked, and did it well.

Reilly has found a poor job for a brave man. At the end of his long war record he is now blowing a tin trumpet. Does America need that sort of advertising?—*George E. Clough, 8th Canadians.*

All Our Clouds Have—

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Robert W. Chambers' story, The Fear of God, is worse than awful.—*Chester McCanley.*

A Silver Lining

GALESBURG, ILL.—Your serial, The Fear of God, by Robert W. Chambers, is one of the best I have ever read.—*Louise V. McDermott.*

Expert Opinion

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Perhaps you would like my opinion about LIBERTY, as I sell more copies than any one individual in the United States. I suppose you know I won the National Championship of LIBERTY Boy Salesmen for 1926.

I want to tell you especially about that feature called Vox Pop. In some ways it's good and in some ways it's bad. I've lost many customers because they get crazy notions from it. It causes a lot of discussion and confusion between my customers. But I have to say this—for every knock LIBERTY gets she gets ten praises!

Another thing—LIBERTY doesn't have enough short stories. When I am trying to sell a prospect a LIBERTY they say, "Why, all you have there is continued stories and articles. I can see only one short story." LIBERTY is bought mostly, I think, for the short stories.

Most of my customers were keenly disappointed in Captain Elliott White Springs' stories because they are so different from War Birds.

One thing more: This Love o' Lil is not taking so well now as it did. Do you realize that it has been running for almost a year now?—*Leon Levine.*

Memories

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I am reading the story in LIBERTY every week because I saw Mrs. Leslie Carter in all of her plays. How I love her! I am old and an invalid now, but my grandson gets LIBERTY for me every week.

I sit here at home and go over all her plays. Her red-gold hair I still see. I hope and pray she still has it. I would feel very sad if I ever thought she had it bobbed. God bless her.—*An Admirer.*

Not So Loud! They'll Hear You!

ELKHART, IND.—I would like to know if *anyone* really takes any interest in the articles entitled, Portrait of a Lady with Red Hair.—*A. B. S.*

In Short, the Berries

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—Give us more Leslie Carter stuff. *There's a woman!* Alive, hurt, vital, wounded, weeping, grieving in every heart-throbbing line of your articles!—*Miss Dorothy Shaw.*

Why We Don't Explode

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Your Vox Pop page reminds the writer of the business end of a safety valve on a steam boiler, at blowing-off pressure.—*C. B. Gaskell.*

From Voce di Popolo

PORTSMOUTH, VA.—I am very much interested in The Fear of God that is now running in LIBERTY, but can't understand English very good. So I would appreciate it very much if you would send me the complete story written in Italian.—*Bocco Florestino.*

Quick! An Umbrella!

FORT LAUDERDALE, FLA.—I like your editorials, but you seem to like to knock prohibition all along. If you like your whisky, go and get it and drink it, but don't try to pour it all over your readers!—*J. H. Cox.*

Morals Wanted

HORSE CAVE, KY.—May I nominate for that imaginary volume, that comprehensive collection of facts, The Encyclopedia of Useless Information, the recent article in LIBERTY, Don't Tell My Husband!—by Thyra Samter Winslow?

May I ask what useful purpose this article serves? No moral is offered; no conclusion is reached; no advice to either husbands or wives is given.—*Warren Baldridge.*

Move Over, Pa!

JELLICO, TENN.—Without a doubt, LIBERTY is the best magazine for its price published. I never miss an issue, and wish to say that some of these old hens and roosters who are

always throwing off on LIBERTY are all a lot of bunk and overflowing with banana oil.

Eleanor Gary is certainly right. We young folks need a place in LIBERTY, too.—*David J. Harkness.*

He Hears the Devil Chuckle

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Gosh! So Yarda B. Kitt, who wrote in Vox Pop, thinks that in securing the passage of prohibition the devil has been successfully fought.

Well, well, well! At last we now know that deliberate poisoning, making the toting of a bottle popular among even school boys and girls, automobile "necking" parties in some dark lane, in which the aforesaid bottle plays a large part, is her idea of successful fighting.

This particular section of our venerated Constitution was enacted while some *millions* of our young men were in Europe, and I venture the assertion that at least eight out of ten of them would have been openly opposed to the enactment had they been here. Is a law good law that was jammed through under those circumstances?—*P. H. Richardson.*

SUP *and a* CUP *for* St. Patrick

By ETHEL SOMERS

When well blended, shape the finished marzipan into potato forms, roll in cocoa, and mark the eye formations.

A party table set for the St. Patrick's menu, which may be served complete, as given here, or simplified.

THE St. Patrick's Party needs no introduction. It's the menu that is all-important. The menu herewith presented is appealingly emerald, from the Irish Potato Soup to the frosty Emerald Icebergs with their accompanying jeweled cakes.

Our suggested St. Patrick's Day menu may be used for a supper to start the party off in the right spirit. Or the same meal may be reduced by a process of elimination for light refreshments to finish a pleasant evening of Irish jigs and reels.

Here's wishing you the pleasantest of evenings, and much true Irish fun.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY MENU

Irish Potato Soup — Shamrock Salad
Potato Chips — St. Patrick Sandwiches
Savory Tea — Emerald Icebergs
Erin Cakes
Marzipan Potatoes

Irish Potato Soup: See Cream of Potato Soup, page 53, LIBERTY'S 100 Standard Recipes, and garnish generously with a sprinkling of parsley. Serve hot with toasted crackers, croutons, or soup balls.

Shamrock Salad is made by filling selected, washed, seeded green peppers with any of the following: Cream cheese, plain or plus chopped pickles, olives, or parsley; gelatin or chicken salad. Take care to pack the mixture well into the pepper shell. Chill, slice, and arrange on lettuce, using as individual shamrocks or in groups of three to form a larger shamrock. Serve with any desired salad dressing.

Gelatin Filling: See Perfection Salad, page 31, LIBERTY'S 100 Standard Recipes. Substitute pickles or olives for the pimento. Color green.

Chicken Filling

¾ cup cooked chicken
½ cup olives, plain or stuffed
½ cup sliced celery
¾ cup mayonnaise

THE white meat of the fowl is preferred and should be cut into uniform cubes. Combine with the other ingredients, mix well, and pack into the pepper shells. Chill thoroughly before slicing.

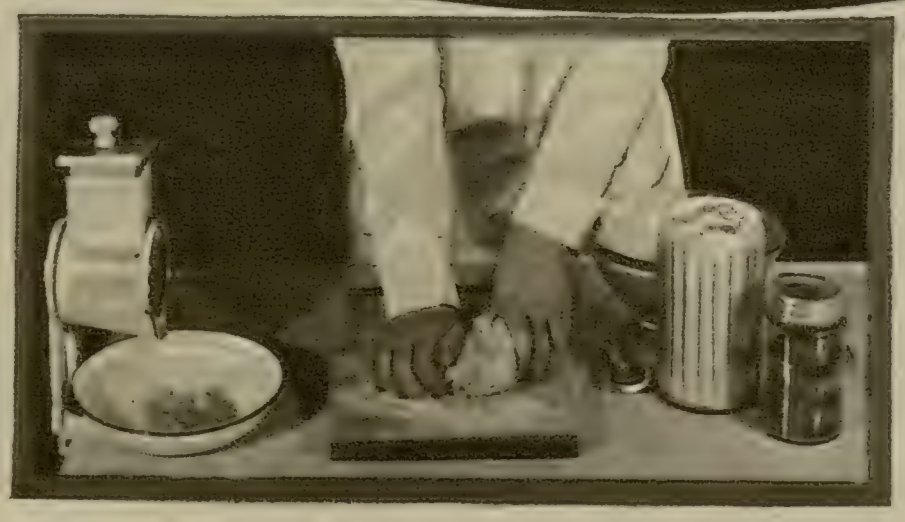
St. Patrick Sandwiches: Plain or cream-cheese sandwiches, cut shamrock shape, may be served.

Savory Tea: Prepare any fruity type of tea, such as Orange Pekoe, and serve with loaf sugar, the outside of which has been painted with the green juice of crushed mint leaves.

Emerald Icebergs may be made from either a lemon ice, colored green, or from pistachio ice-cream.

Erin Cakes

⅓ cup shortening
4 to 6 tablespoons cold water
¾ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon baking powder (to be used by beginners only)
1½ cups of flour (bread flour preferred)
1 glass mint apple jelly



Knead the marzipan mixture on a board sprinkled with confectioner's sugar, using a similar but firmer pressure than that used for kneading bread.

MIX and sift the dry ingredients. Cut in the cold fat by repeatedly catching it between the edges of two knives and cutting through it. Continue stroking the mixture with two knives until the fat is worked into fine balls resembling a coarse corn meal. Gradually add the cold water, mixing it in lightly with a knife or fork. Continue adding water until the dough may be shaped into a ball and handled on a lightly floured board. Roll out to ⅛-inch thickness. Cut into diamond shapes of equal size. Using these in pairs, place a teaspoonful of the green jelly on the lower diamond, moisten the outer edge with water, cut a small diamond-shaped hole in the upper piece and place it on top, pressing the edges of the two firmly together to prevent any seepage of the jelly as it melts in the baking. Place in a hot oven (475° F.) for 12 to 15 minutes, or until browned, and on removing from the oven, add a bit more jelly so that it may stand up in the center like a mounted emerald. Serve cold.

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3-12-27

Marzipan Potatoes

1 pound almonds
Boiling water to cover
1 pound confectioner's sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 to 2 tablespoons water, as necessary
Cocoa

COVER the almonds with boiling water. Cover the kettle and let stand for at least five minutes to blanch. Squeeze off the brown skins and put the blanched almonds on a flat tray to dry. When thoroughly dried, grate them as finely as possible in an almond grater (see picture). Place the grated almonds in a large mixing bowl, add the confectioner's sugar, vanilla, and 1 tablespoon of water. Knead the sugar and almonds together and work thoroughly, much as you would bread dough, but using considerable strength to give a perfectly blended mixture, kneading on a bread board generously sprinkled with confectioner's sugar. When the mixture is well blended, shape into potato-like forms and roll in cocoa. Shake off any superfluous cocoa and make the eye formations with the broad end of a toothpick.

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½ pound of lean pork, veal or beef tenderloin, cut in small pieces. 2 cups celery, cut small. 1 cup dry onions cut in small pieces. 1 can LaChoy Sprouts. 3 tablespoons LaChoy Soy Sauce. Bring lard or cooking oil almost to boiling. Fry prepared meat with tablespoon of LaChoy Sauce, until done, stirring constantly. Next add celery and onions, and a little soup stock. Cover while cooking until vegetables are done. Add LaChoy Sprouts and heat thoroughly. Add gravy and serve hot with rice. This makes chop suey for two. For additional quantity, use ingredients in proportion to number served.

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Giving the Hands Their Due

An Article by EILEEN BOURNE

IF you are to believe the poets, there are hands like white butterflies, hands like proud white peacocks, hands as soft as the down of pussy-willow buds, hands like fluttering doves—to say nothing of the white wonder of dear *Juliet's* hands.

The character analysts add that there are hands that reveal sensitive, gross, warm, or ardorless natures; and an artistic or an inartistic soul.

But it really matters little whether our own hands flutter like butterflies, so long as they don't rock us with embarrassment at the table—bridge or luncheon. You can laugh off that heinous offense of raising your partner's bid with no assisting tricks if you have a pair of "proud white peacocks" at your wrists' ends. Without them you feel the worm that your partner's look implies.

So it's nice white hands for forgiveness, and nice white hands for show.

No well equipped dressing-table is without its complete manicure outfit for emergency use and the hands should have a weekly or semi-weekly professional going-over.

Woman is conscious of the importance of the manicure, but she must not concentrate on the fingers' ends and let the skin on the hands redden or wither and age. One may rejuvenate a neglected face, but the years cannot be "lifted" off the hands.

The skin on the hands is subject to far more punishment than the skin on the face, and more preservative treatment of them is required to prolong their youthful texture.

The natural lubricating oil that keeps skin on both face and hands young, soft, and pliable is removed more frequently from the hands by soap and warm water. The hands have to be washed, of course, but when washing them avoid the extremes of hot and cold water and let the water keep running the dirt through the drain. Tepid water is best for the hands. When drying them, pat rather than pull on the skin, for the pulling wrinkles it. But, above all, at least once a day apply a hand lotion. This is the surest way to protect your hands from showing telltale age marks. If you have no favorite hand lotion use olive oil or cocoa butter or a good cold cream.

When you are putting cold cream on your face at night, also rub it on your hands.

If the hands are thin and scrawny, build up the tissue with a combination of equal parts of lanolin, cocoa butter, and olive oil; two ounces of each. Heat in a double boiler, then beat until cold. Massage from the finger tips back toward the wrist, applying the cream liberally with gentle, forceful strokes and circular movements.

For rough and reddened hands, equal parts of glycerin and camphor water are highly effective. The camphor water whitens and the glycerin softens the skin.

If it is necessary to plunge the hands in strong, soapy water, plenty of grease must be rubbed on afterward. If you apply the grease, you may dispense with the rubber gloves that many women find a nuisance, but the more protection offered with gloves the less washing and greasing of the skin will be required.

In the protective oils recommended for the skin on the hands, you have the additional good feature of their preventing brittle nails and hangnails.

Large, dilated veins should be treated by massage, the operation being performed preferably with the hands raised over the head. Witch hazel should follow the massage.

A great many people are troubled with brown spots on the hands that are neither freckles nor moles. They are commonly called liver spots. For these, a saturated solution of hyposulphite is usually effective.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

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247 Park Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

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Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty, by Eileen Bourne.

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Wild Life Among the Pot-Washers

An Ex-Hash-Slinger Sings the Glories of the Kitchen Sink

An Article by BARRY FOX

Pictures by F. D. STROTHMANN

SCALD 'em with a hose of steaming hot water and they're half dried before you take them out with the towel.

EDITOR, LIBERTY:

I'm lazy as the devil, but the article Slingin' It, in LIBERTY, was too much for me. I inclose my reply, which you may not see fit to publish even if you think it's good—since it puts Eleanor Knowles in her place, which is *not* writing up the life of a waitress. It would be all right if she confined it to the sections she's worked, but when she goes into the general field—these gran' an' glorious United States—she loses her head—or her pen.

I lay claim to accuracy, and all that, you know. If you want to check up on me I can give you references. The swellest hotel in Tucson invited me to work in its dining-room. And I would've, only I'd just landed a job as society editor of the *Daily Star*.

Sincerely,
BARRY FOX
(Miss, not Mister).

BEING a waitress is one of my most necessary and convenient occupations. I've "slung it" on Fifty-seventh Street, New York, and in Tucson, Arizona—both towns with a few more than three restaurants. When Eleanor N. Knowles says a good waitress can get a job in any town in this country that has more than three restaurants, and, if she is broke, have some change in her pocket by the end of the first meal, I stand up to dispute her. The good old tipping system fades away with Eastern standard time.

I've served a Governor, a university president, several big writers, a few movie stars, cowboys, plumbers, and the general run of diners out without getting a cent beyond my weekly stipend. And it wasn't because I was a bum waitress, either. They came to my tables to eat, but they didn't leave money. It simply isn't the habit in the wide open spaces.

In a Tucson restaurant I worked from 12 noon on December 3 until Christmas—eight hours a day and seven days a week—for the $17.50 the management paid me. There were five waitresses in the place and one of them got an extra dime during that time. Christmas Day I drew $1.75. After Christmas some people from New York arrived and I got twenty cents a day when they sat at one of my tables. The man who tips in the West is spotted instantly as an Easterner, and there's a fight to get him to your table.

Experience as a waitress is part of a girl's necessary equipment, if she's going to bum around the country on her own. But it's no rosy road to affluence. That $17.50 a week meant four hours a day of rush work. Rush work meant serving thirty dinners in thirty-one and a half minutes. The rest of the time was spent filling salt and pepper shakers and sugar bowls, folding napkins, making teaballs, writing menus, dusting chair rungs, and swatting flies.

It's easy to talk about arm service and tray service, but there's tray service *and* tray service. The second kind means heavy silver trays and heavy silver service. It's not only fallen arches you get then; it's a weak back and sloping shoulders.

I'll soap the dish rather than dish the soup any day, and here are a few reasons why:

In the first place, dish-washing means just that in a restaurant. The pot-washer does the heavy stuff. In the second place, the restaurant that pays a waitress $17.50 a week pays the dish-washer fifty cents an hour, or $28 a week.

Did you ever think how much it costs a waitress to keep neat and tidy? Her aprons are furnished, but many times she is required to wear a white blouse at her own expense. At the very least, the job of keeping collars and cuffs clean is hers. She has to go into the hot, foody kitchen with a load of dirties, grab up a stack of dishes filled with hot food, make tea for her customers (how I used to pray they'd want coffee!), dash back into the dining-room, and arrive there neat and cheerful.

I've had a man send back the cream for his tea right in the middle of the rush hour, because a fly had got into it. All right. I wouldn't blame him for that. But when I got back with the cream, he decided it was lemon he wanted.

Now take the dish-washer. Lots of room to work in. Plenty of hot water. Dishes that sort easily into a few sizes and stack well. On a hot day she can wear a lightweight dress

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Carl Clausen

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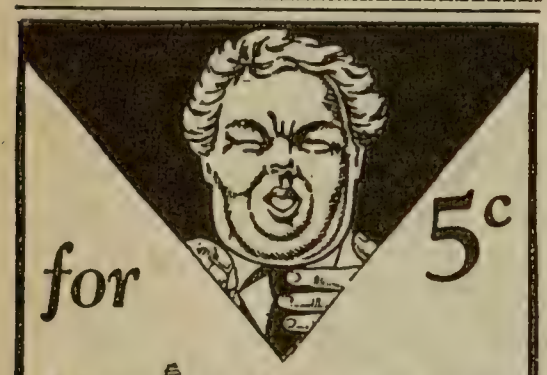

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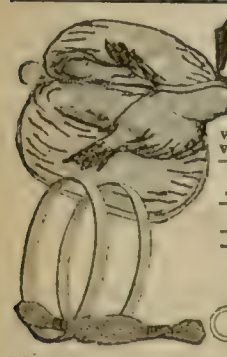

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Virginia Snow, Dept. 2361 Elgin, Ill.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE EIGHTY-ONE]

with no sleeves and be comfortable. Nobody gives a whoop about modesty in the kitchen. She can enjoy gossip with the cook and the second cook and the pastry cook and the sandwich girl and the pot-washer and whatever else the kitchen affords in the way of company. She can laugh out loud when someone cracks a joke—and plenty are split open in the kitchen —and not snicker behind her hand, as a waitress must.

You get five people or more to give you their orders for dinner, and even if you write them down you'll find it hard to remember which is for which. The waitress can't keep looking at her cards. She has to keep the orders in her head.

What you get in the kitchen is life unvarnished.

The dish-washer can work away without thinking about her work and plan the novel she's writing. And it's a safe bet she does plan it, writing being like pyorrhea—four out of five have it.

Nothing can make the waitress' path an easy one. She has to deal with the irritable patrons and dodge people and chairs and tables. But the dish-washer's job is down to a fine point. The waitresses unload their trays of dirties on to a huge galvanized-iron table with an upturned edge to keep the dishes from falling off, and there's a large hole in the center with a swill bucket beneath. All the leavings go into that.

You stack the dishes in the sink, turn on the hot water, and toss in some chipped soap. Slosh 'em around and put them in the drip sink. Scald 'em with a hose of steaming hot water and they're half dried before you take them out with the towel. Nice, even stacks of clean, shiny dishes—and a healthy appetite for the dish-washer. The waitress gets so sick and tired of seeing people eat that, half the time, she loses her appetite.

If you take on a waitress' job looking for "local color," believe me you'll find it thicker in the kitchen—and brighter, too. All you get from the people in front is their public manners. What you get in the kitchen is life unvarnished. It may be crude, but believe me it's real. And the personnel of the average restaurant kitchen changes enough to give you plenty of variety.

IF you want to add to the list of stories that you can't tell mother, or if you want to learn a new song that hasn't found its way into print for very obvious reasons, go to the kitchen. Yet, with it all, you'll probably learn more about life as it is lived by the hoi polloi than you would in most places.

Everyone in the kitchen knows the regular patrons by their orders. I've heard a cook say she'd seen the "fried-ham sandwich walking down East Sixth Street with the chili con carne," and everyone knew the two she meant, even though some fifty fried-ham sandwiches went out of the kitchen every day and the chili con carne sold out each time it was on the menu.

In one place where I worked the first cook was an Irishwoman with sixteen children, and the second cook was a red-headed cockney with seven flare-headed kids. When those women talked, they unconsciously drew upon the observations of their combined twenty-three children. Neither of them could read or write, and it was most enlightening to get the news of the world as they gleaned it from their children.

The pot-washer was a man from Gloucester, Massachusetts, who'd been cutting roads in Tampico, Mexico. All he knew of surveying was to take a donkey away from the town he wanted to cut a road to, slap his haunches, and cut the road over his trail. The donkey knew his way home. I learned more about Mexican jungles from him—the man, not the donkey—than I ever did through moving pictures and stereopticon lectures, and I've since found that it was a surprisingly accurate picture he painted.

THE pastry cook came from Texas, the sandwich girl from Australia, and the second pot-washer was a lad from Chicago's underworld. A census revealed that the least experienced of them all was a girl of twenty who was on her twenty-seventh job.

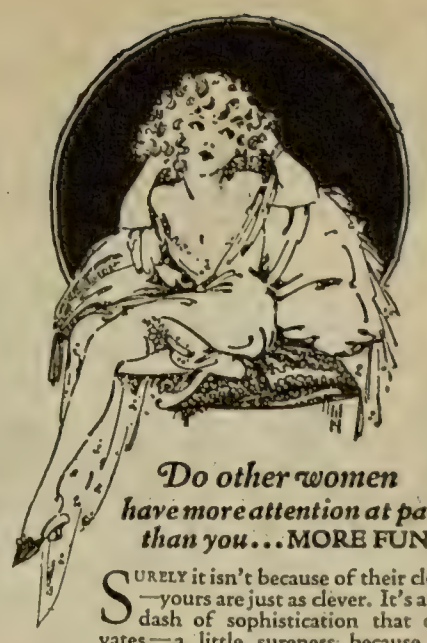
Transients, all of them. Drifting from town to town, State to State, and country to country. Only two hadn't been out of the United States. All of them were planning where they would go next and discussing the relative attractions of New Orleans, Honolulu, and Dunedin.

You can't come out of such a melting pot without gaining a good deal. And most of it is something you wouldn't be likely to find anywhere else.

I've served Governor Hunt of Arizona and Thomas Meighan, Albert W. Atwood, and Dean Cummings, the archæologist. I've slung the food down for movie extras and college students. Actors of the legitimate stage have come to my tables, and so have Mexican ditch-diggers. Gloria Swanson "ate from my hands" in 1919, before she was famous.

But if it's an easy job you want —and "life"—hie you to the kitchen and slip the suds, and leave slinging the hash to the nerveless dumb-bells. They can stand it.

THE END



Do other women have more attention at parties than you... MORE FUN?

SURELY it isn't because of their clothes —yours are just as clever. It's a little dash of sophistication that captivates—a little sureness because they know they are looking their best. But how—how does one acquire that so confident a manner? Perhaps these clever women have attended to an all-important detail that you have overlooked. Your hair—have you noticed it lately? Has it a glint o' gold when the light falls on it? Is there just a gleam of bronze where the wave dips in? If not, you simply have not had a Golden Glint shampoo lately. It's NOT a dye—it's a shimmer and a gleam. Golden Glint!—At drug or toilet goods counters, or direct—25¢. * * * J. W. KOBI CO., 634B Rainier Avenue, Seattle, Washington.

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Our Modest Man-o'-War's MEN

Unearthing the Brave Deeds that Lie Buried in Naval Red Tape

An Article by

FITZHUGH GREEN, U. S. N.

Picture by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

"*WITH complete disregard for his own life, he extricated a woman, thus saving her life.*"

WHEN Admiral Sims refused to accept a medal of honor after the Great War, people said he was making a grand-stand play. But one officer in the Navy Department winked at another and exclaimed:

"Thank God, Billy Sims has the guts to do it!"

A sailor doesn't make a good hero. He can't ride a horse down the Avenue. His uniform is sloppy—purposely so. He looks drunk when he's sober, and sober when he's drunk. He's handsomest in a shower bath. And he spits when he ought to talk. He just "isn't the type," as De Mille would say.

Yet the Navy Department's private Hero File is about the grandest, heart-stoppingest record of heroic deeds outside the Holy Bible. An undersized newspaper man who had a look at it last year emerged from the Navy's Personnel Office with taut fists and gasped: "Makes me feel as if I could lick my weight in wildcats just to read it!"

This Hero File is simply the Navy's "red tape" record of Medals of Honor.

The appealing thing about the Hero File is that it deals with men and not lucky puppets. Some in the file are officers and some are common sailors.

But all are men.

There was the case of Jesse Covington, Ship's Cook Third Class—just about the lowest of the low, militarily speaking—aboard the destroyer Stewart, on April 17, 1918.

> . . . displayed extraordinary heroism [runs the curt official record]. Jumped overboard and saved a man.

The real story is a humdinger. The Florence H. was a fairish large vessel, carrying smokeless powder. She blew up. The whole thing was one of those sickening war horrors of fire, explosion, and mangled bodies. It was incredible that any man kept cool.

Jesse Covington did. His destroyer went to the doomed ship's rescue. All about were fire and smoke. Screams of the dying were drowned by the racket of exploding powder boxes.

While the main work of the rescue went on, Covington saw a wounded man in the water. Burning oil and bursting powder boxes floated around. Covington eyed them for a split second. Then he dove over the side. Why he lived no one knows. But he did. And he saved the poor burned wretch he went after.

> John Henry Balch. . . . for risking his life beyond the call of duty.

John Henry was another piece of official obscurity. He was a pharmacist's mate. He had been going to sea all his life. He knew nothing about land war. In July, 1918, he was astonished to find himself in France with our Marine Corps.

That classic "tornado that turned the tide" has had its share of publicity. But the specific behavior of John Henry Balch of the Hospital Corps is buried in the Navy's Hero File.

As far as one can make out, Balch slaved at a front-line first-aid station from dawn until close to noon. At 11:40 A. M., to be exact, he turned to help lift the next crushed mass of human flesh inside the shelter. This particular mass, which had been a man but a few minutes before, had had its face shot away. But there was enough left for Balch to recognize his buddy.

The sight turned him cold—a clammy, emotionless cold. He wiped his hands. He did not care especially to live any longer now, after what he had seen. He went out into the maelstrom of death. For ten hours he singlehandedly brought back the wounded men from where they had fallen. Every minute of this time he was under hot fire, completely exposed, and visible to the desperately fighting enemy. John Henry lived. Apparently God

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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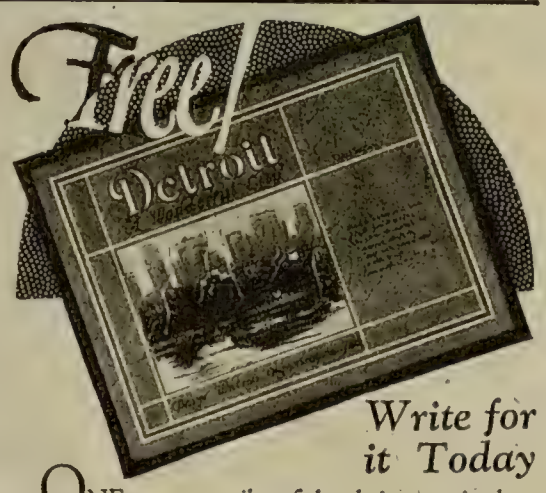

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The Sixth Hat

by

Royal Brown

A short story of a girl who went shopping for a husband

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

[OUR MODEST MAN-O'-WAR'S MEN]
Continued from Page Eighty-three

willed it so—certainly plain luck couldn't explain such a miracle.

One autumn the U. S. S. Alaska lay in Callao Bay, Peru. It is said that her chief engineer and his assistant had the following colloquy on the very day of the catastrophe:

"Soon as we get back to the States I'm going to raise hell about these old boilers of ours!"

"I hope you do. They're death traps!"

"Right. Good God, I sometimes wake up in the night thinking about them!"

A dull thud shook the ship. Not a loud noise; more as if someone had slammed a door two decks below. The two officers exchanged a look. Their faces paled.

"It's happened!" gasped the Chief. He turned and made a dash for the hatch.

Two decks below, a door had slammed: the door of doom on the lives of six men! Four others lay on the boiler-room plates, still alive, but choking in the fog of superheated steam that roared over them. This steam would continue as long as the blazing fires under the furnaces continued.

The four men would be slowly cooked to death. Also, since the stop-valve chamber had ruptured, the lives of others were endangered.

One who has not seen steam glut a small space cannot imagine the prodigious horror of it: the sudden blast, the murderous heat, the deafening roar, the sickening mist.

Into this inferno plunged Edward Barrett, second-class fireman, searing his flesh and risking his life that he might save the injured. By superhuman effort he hauled the fires before he fell unconscious to the deck. Ultimately Barrett recovered from his burns.

BILL CORRY was another brave man who "went back to save another"—only he did not recover. Bill endured Annapolis with the writer of this article. He was as lovable a lad as ever lashed a cringle. The Hero File says of Bill:

> Lieutenant Commander William M. Corry: On October 2, 1920, an airplane in which Corry was a passenger crashed and burst into flames. He was thrown thirty feet clear of the plane end. Though injured, he rushed back to the burning machine and endeavored to release the pilot. In so doing he sustained serious burns from which he died four days later.

Fancy paraphrase could add nothing to that picture of brave but piteous sacrifice.

General Smedley Butler, U. S. M. C., figures nearly as prominently in the Navy Hero File as he did in the press while he was Director of Public Safety in Philadelphia. It is curious that his fine disregard for his own life led to one of the most clear-cut cases of heroism in the whole Hero File.

On November 17, 1915, during the Haitian insurrection, it was planned to attack Fort Rivière with a force made up of companies

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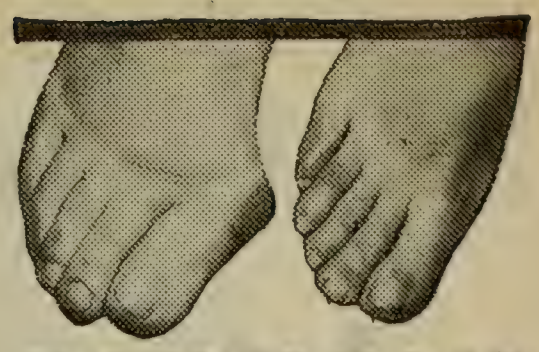

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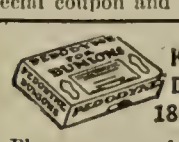

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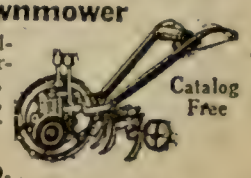

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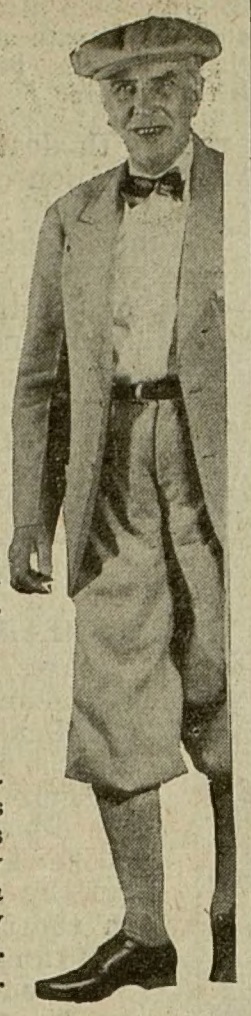

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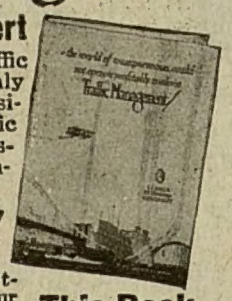

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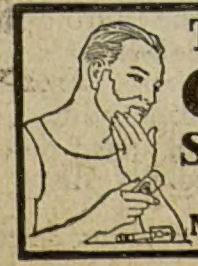

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE EIGHTY-FOUR]

from the local marine detachment. Fort Rivière was an old French bastion fort, about 200 feet on the side, with thick walls of brick and stone.

These walls were loopholed. The original entrance had been on the northern side, but had been blocked. A small breach in the southern wall was used in its stead.

This breach in the wall was the only entrance to the fort. Natu-

Int. photo

General Smedley Butler, U. S. M. C.

rally it was covered by defenders within. A score of rifles bore on it. Almost certain death awaited the first attackers.

Smedley Butler saw the chance someone must take. Success hung on prompt attack and quick capture.

Fire from the native bandits inside the bastion was constantly passing through the hole in the wall by which the Yankees must enter. Butler determined to lead his men to victory by way of this aperture.

But there were men along as big and brave as Smedley Butler. Two such men knew that the death of their leader would jeopardize the whole action. Sergeant Ross Iams and Private Samuel Gross chucked stiff military etiquette and sprang forward at the very instant Butler stepped toward the death hole. They beat him to it and got through the hole first.

Fighting like demons, the two heroes miraculously lived.

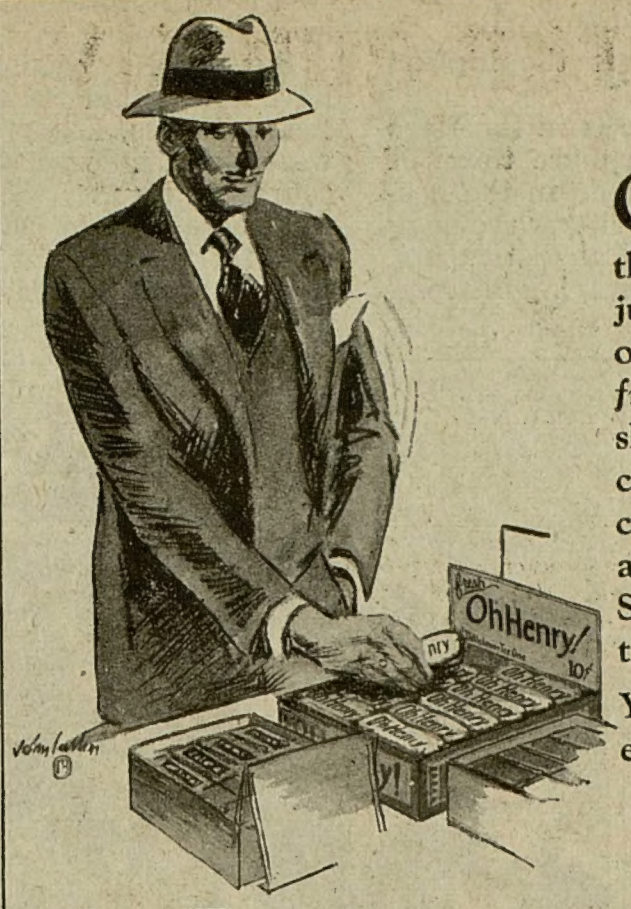
Instantly they were followed by Butler and a thin stream of their fellows. A wild melee ensued. Rifle fire was augmented by clubs, stones, and knives. Men on both sides fell rapidly. But in ten minutes what was left of the twenty-three assaulting Americans held the fort.

The Hero File condescends to state:

> The assault on the fort was made with the knowledge that no quarter would be given by the enemy.

THERE is one kind of courage that is always difficult to delineate or reward. This is moral courage. In the heat of action, or faced by emergency, a man is emotionally stimulated to deeds that he might shrink from under ordinary circumstances. But to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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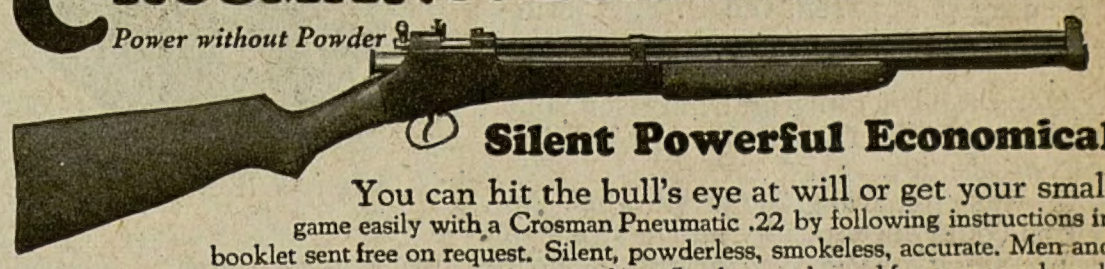

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[OUR MODEST MAN-O'-WAR'S MEN
Continued from Page Eighty-five]

be unnecessarily brave requires the highest sense of duty and self-control.

There are not a few such cases in the Hero File. Conspicuous among them are those of men who were on the sick list or in the hospital when battle threatened. They were mentally depressed by their physical distempers. There was full justice in their lying in comfort to await the outcome of the fray. There was no call, save that inner one of duty, to make them leave their beds and face death at the hands of the enemy.

The official list of this noble type of hero begins away back in 1864, when James Chandler, Coxswain, U. S. N., learned that Farragut was going to make his daring attack on Mobile Bay. Chandler staggered from his sick-bed when he heard the news. He insisted on seeing the naval surgeon in charge.

"I am all right, sir," he said weakly.

The surgeon was a man of understanding. He knew that it was dangerous to imprison such a spirit. He said: "You may leave the sick list at your own risk."

Chandler stood at his gun station on the U. S. S. Richmond throughout the entire action, recklessly brave and pouring the last drops of his energy into preservation of the Union. Only when the Confederate flag came down did he collapse. He might have spent the day in bed and not one of his comrades would have blamed him.

There were thousands of Chandlers in the late war.

SPEAKING of Civil War days brings up the extraordinary case of Thomas Connor, who distinguished himself at Fort Fisher in the winter of 1865. The story of Connor's behavior sounds more like that of a movie star at the climax of a seven-reel thriller than of an immature ordinary seaman sent in with a landing party from the U. S. S. Minnesota.

Fort Fisher's best protection lay not in its powerful guns and garrison, but in the palisade that flanked it on the side of assault.

It was generally believed that no troops could successfully storm so steep an approach in the face of the withering fire that would be directed at them.

This belief turned out to be well founded. When the Federal bluejackets charged bravely up the almost vertical slope, their ranks were decimated by a terrific fire from above. Near the top the blue line wavered. Suddenly panic seized them. They broke and fled.

One man refused to run. He was the lad, Thomas Connor. He knelt alone and fired. A perfect fan of bullets sped his way. But he did not move. One of his stampeding shipmates looked back and saw Connor. He shouted. Others looked.

As suddenly as it began, the panic ceased. The line reformed and took shelter for siege. Thomas Connor, ammunition expended, rose to his feet, hoisted a wounded officer to his shoulder, and casually rejoined his cheering comrades below. Next day the fort fell, thanks largely to the courage of this ordinary seaman.

Naturally, there are in the Hero File a goodly number of cases of sailors jumping overboard to save others. In warm water and weather this is not a great trick for a good swimmer.

But our Navy sailors, so the record shows, have not waited for comfort in their rescues. Ice, darkness, heavy seas, burning oil on the water, and a dozen other perils have not discouraged them.

A mere boy, Jo Davis, jumped from a Norfolk ferry boat into the ice-filled waters of the bay to save a friend. Walter Elmore, age seventeen, jumped overboard and saved from drowning a shipmate on board the U. S. S. Gettysburg in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean in October, with a high sea running.

Int. photo

Aboard the U. S. S. Cassin, the scene of unusual heroism when the destroyer was torpedoed in 1917.

Many names are in the Hero File for intelligent heroism, which is really a grade higher than simple stoic defiance of danger. It takes a cool head and great control to think quickly and accurately in moments of extreme peril.

Such a one was Gunner's Mate Osmond K. Ingram, of whom the record says:

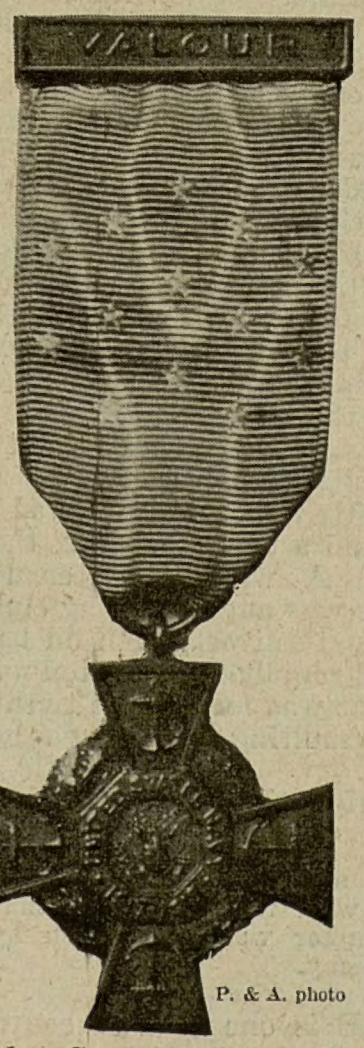
> On the occasion of the torpedoing of the U. S. S. Cassin, October 15, 1917, Ingram sighted the torpedo coming. Realizing that it might strike the ship aft, in the vicinity of the depth charges, he ran aft, with the intention of releasing them before the torpedo could reach the Cassin.

It was a race with death. Ingram knew that if he was a fraction of a second late he would die.

He lost. The man-made steel whale nosed viciously into the destroyer's hull at the very moment Ingram fumbled for the release latches. In the terrific explosion that followed he was blown to bits. He had bravely done his best, and failed. A Medal of Honor was issued posthumously.

Int. photo

Admiral William S. Sims.



P. & A. photo

The Congressional Medal of Honor awarded Navy Heroes of the World War.

IN the Hero File are many cases of unique courage that stand out for their unusual character as much as for the bravery shown.

There was the captain of the forecastle aboard the Lackawanna under Farragut, by name John Smith. In the heat of battle his ship came so close alongside the Tennessee that he could not depress his guns enough to hit the enemy.

Frantically he cast about for something to gratify his fierce desire to injure the enemy. He had no gun or sword, no pike or cutlass. Suddenly he espied a holystone, used for scrubbing the deck. Seizing this, he "wound up" like a major-league pitcher and did a Walter Johnson through the rebel's nearest porthole.

As fate would have it, an officer stuck his face at the porthole just as the holystone came along. He dropped, wounded by the strange projectile. This casualty, curiously enough, had a substantial bearing on the result of the engagement.

John Smith received the Medal of Honor for his quick-wittedness. And, for once, the Hero File unbends enough to say humanly:

> . . . threw a holystone at a rebel, using abusive language against the crew of the ship.

ANOTHER sample of the strange byways of official reward is that of Ensign Ryan, U. S. N., who found himself in the vortex of destruction that leveled Yokohama during the Japanese earthquake.

There is a touch of romance in Ryan's heroism because it involved a lovely lady. As will be remembered, the Grand Hotel fell, a mass of ruins, early in the series of shocks. Fire broke out. From the wreckage came moans of agony and shrieks of fear.

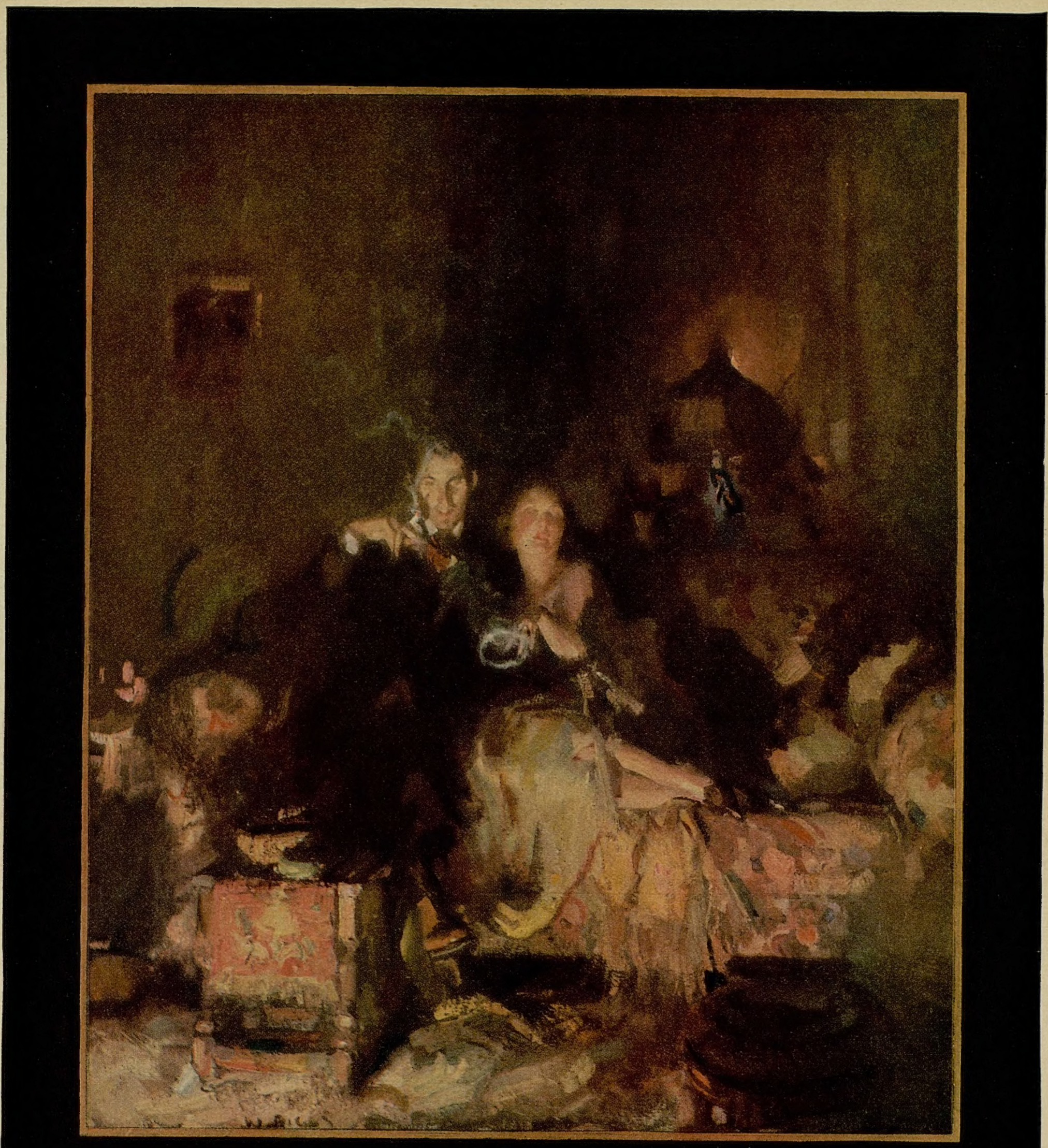
One voice Ryan recognized. By a freak, he was not killed; but he did not hesitate. He rushed into what was left of the hotel, and

> with complete disregard for his own life, extricated a woman, thus saving her life.

There the Hero File stops, omitting the most fascinating portion of the story.

An outstanding feature of the Hero File is the clear thread of resourcefulness and initiative that runs through its pages. Many men of other races are blindly brave; but few can think in moments of great danger. It is this trait that especially distinguishes the American hero.

THE END



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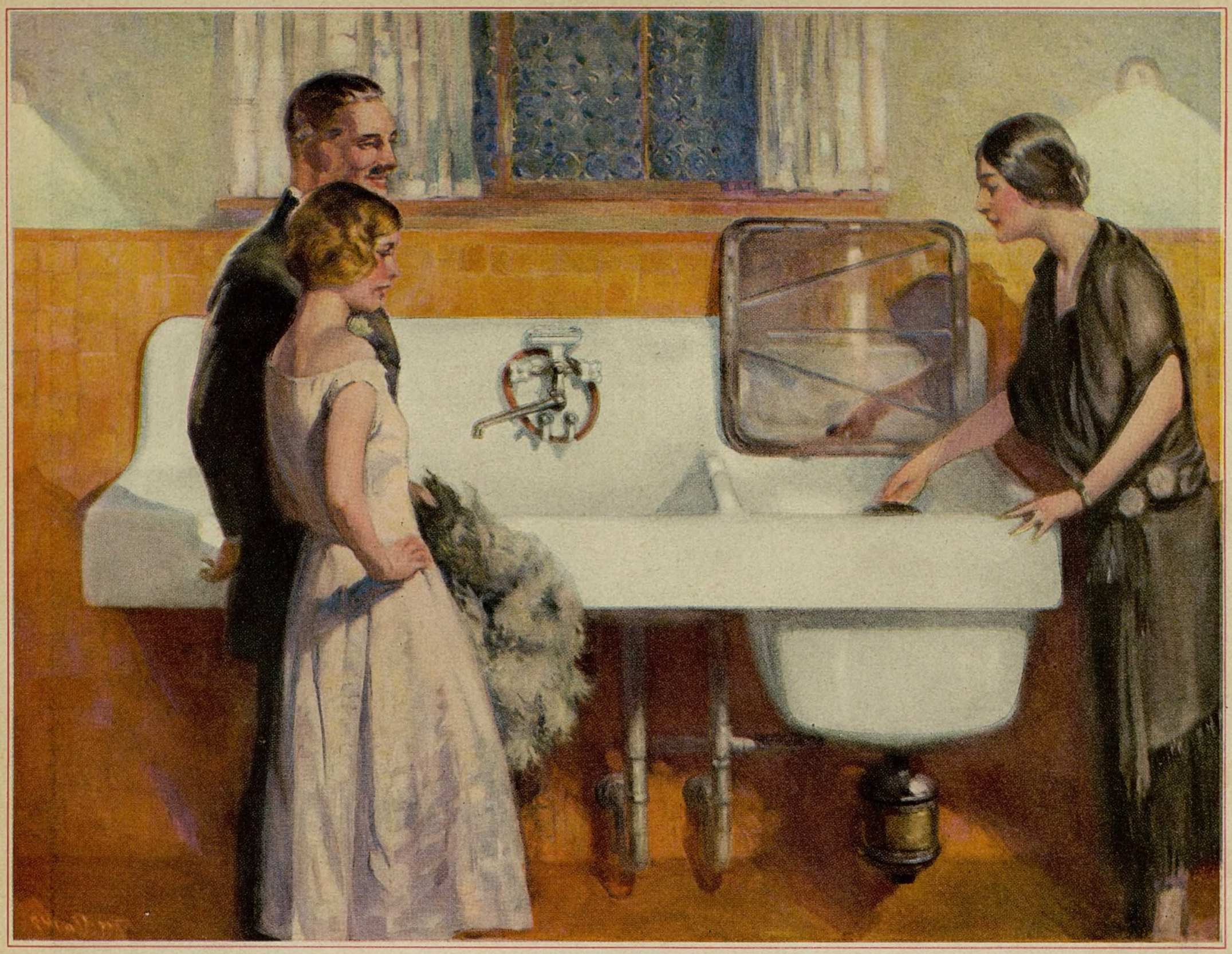

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